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A VIEW OF SIERRA LEONE



REAPING RICE.

A VIEW OF SIERRA LEONE

BY

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West Africa, Hausa Grammar, Earliest Man, Across Equatorial Africa,
Through Nigeria to Lake Chad, Through British Cameroons*

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PREFACE

IN the winter of 1924-1925 I travelled for six months in the colony of Sierra Leone. The first part of this volume is an account of what I saw in the course of my travel, and it is followed by a second part dealing principally with the Mende people.

As in my previous travel books, an account of the peoples I passed through has been my principal object, but I have always described with considerable detail the country through which I passed. Apart from desiring to give an account of the country for the use of other travellers, my reason for so doing is that I consider that an account of a people is incomplete without a description of the land they live in. An anthropological student cannot draw just deductions unless he is perfectly acquainted with the environment of the tribe he is studying. Further, it is necessary he should be acquainted with the fact, say, that there are Europeans and other strangers in the country, and also what they ordinarily do.

Collecting information in Africa is not always a simple affair as regards quantity, and it is far from being so as regards quality. When the simple savage has grasped the fact that it is information that is wanted, and, being of a mercenary nature, that the payment will be adequate, he sets himself out to deliver the goods. Equally as when he trades in kernels or cocoa, or any local product, he cannot refrain from making a small additional profit by adulteration. This as regards information means the facts are embellished and expanded to make up for their paucity.

There is only one way to counter him, that is to preserve no sequence in one's inquiries. Another thing, too, is that with the best intentions in the world, after twenty minutes questioning he gets tired, however honest he may be, and the rest of what he says is not worth the breath expended on it.

As to the fairy tale teller, one can figure him seated in the evening by the fire light and retailing the stupid questions asked him and all the good things he has said in reply, ever and anon throwing himself on his back and kicking his legs in the air as his audience shriek with laughter.

A political officer in a distant colony was holding an inquiry into some killing. Before the proceedings began he informed the chief what the subject to be talked was, so that they might work the case up and have present necessary witnesses, etc. The questions began in the usual way. After a time the next obvious question was, What did he do then? and the obvious answer was, He dug the knife into his heart. That obvious question, however, was not asked, but instead, How far is it from this town to that town? Nevertheless the answer followed pat, He dug the knife into his heart. Howls of laughter from the audience eventually conveyed to the sage and his advisers that they had tripped up through not heeding what they were saying.

Question and answer are often not a satisfactory way of eliciting information from diverse minds, and in holding an inquiry the incidentals are often of more value than the main subject. It is singularly annoying to have spent hours in collecting unreliable information. Profane language as one thinks it over later in the evening after a rotten dinner is justifiable, and the cook is spoken to out of proportion to the want of quality in the dinner; and the decision what to retain or discard is often based on very little solid ground.

It can happen, too, that if the inquirer enters the field with the assurance that at last he is getting exclusive information, he is asking for trouble. It is well to remember that the simple savage is commonly quite an ordinary person, and not a freak variety of the human race. When one finds a raughty young male adult of the blanky tribe complaining mournfully, Here is mother again, and endeavouring for the occasion to look as if butter would not melt in his mouth, one suspects that there are not a few points common to all the varieties of the human species.

It always seems to me that the Anthropologist, nurtured on books, when in the field for the first time, is under many disadvantages; and a point I would invite the inquirer to bear in mind is that he is assuredly regarded as a very big fool by the simple savage. It is irritating, I admit, but chastening, and is due to his general ignorance.

I have mentioned just a few incidentals connected with collecting information as regards the human species. The botanist, zoologist or geologist has an easy time in comparison. The objects of his research, if not passive, at least cannot lie to him.

PREFACE

In this account of Sierra Leone I have referred very sparingly to administration and trade or statistics, much fuller information than I could furnish being obtainable from official publications ; and this is not a general reference book to the colony. Further, as regards the tribes, from the fact that the Temne have been very fully worked up, I passed through their country quickly, and say very little about them. I have given fullest information about the Mende. As will be seen in the narrative, I was able only to touch Kuranko country, and did not enter Konno at all, to my great regret. These important tribes and the Limba still remain to be studied. Other tribes which are only partly in British territory, being divided with the French, are the Susu and Kissi. The Vai, also, are partly in Liberia. Another tribe of which a full study should yield interesting results, but of which little has been written is the Bullom ; but it will be difficult to separate the Mende and Temne accretions. On the whole, except as regards languages, numerous grammars and translations having been published in all of them, very little has been written on the tribes of this colony. Considering their ready accessibility, and the number of individuals belonging to all of them with an excellent knowledge of English, there are facilities for doing it which are wanting in other colonies. At the present date the anthropological information available on this colony should have been very full, and one can only hope it will be taken in hand before many more years elapse. There are many educated natives of the colony who could do useful work in this respect. The fact that more than one figure in my bibliography shows that they are capable of it, but they would require guidance in how to deal with their subject, and should confine themselves strictly to presenting facts and draw no deductions.

The present account of the colony of Sierra Leone and its peoples is necessarily sketchy in view of the few months I was able to stay and to the absence of facilities which would be accorded a Government official appointed to such a duty. I must leave it to others to fill in the gaps. In conclusion, I must express my thanks to all those persons, European and native, who helped either to render my tour through the colony agreeable or productive of material for this volume, and also for some of the photographs.

F. W. H. MIGNON.

Worthing.

PART I

CHAPTER I

ANCIENT HISTORY

SIERRA LEONE was known to the ancients. This mountainous peninsula was called by Ptolemy, the Alexandrian geographer, Theon Okhema, or in its more usual Latin form, Deorum Currus Mons. Voyagers in the centuries before our era must have been well acquainted with this isolated group of forested hills culminating in Picket hill, 2,912 feet high, for it is the most noticeable land mark on the coast of Africa all the way from Cape Verde to the twin mountains of Cameroons and Fernando Po.

• Africa had already been circumnavigated more than once before the time of Herodotus, and in maps based on his historical and geographical work that continent is shown as surrounded by sea on all sides except where it joins Asia.

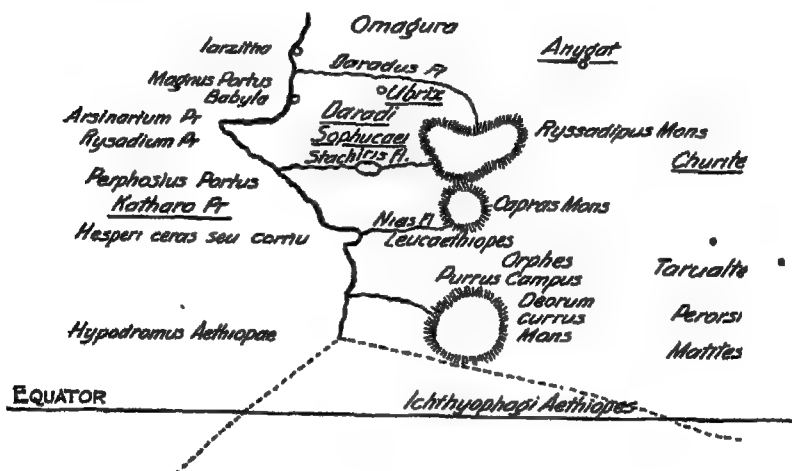
Most of the early exploration of Africa in a westerly direction had been carried out by the Phoenicians or more particularly the Carthaginians, Hanno's voyage to Sherbro being placed at 520 B.C.; and Africa was circumnavigated by a Phoenician fleet sent out by Pharaoh Necho II about 600 B.C. The long-drawn-out Punic wars, however, and the loss by Carthage of her sea power caused a complete cessation, and the further exploration of Africa was not resumed for many centuries. The crowning loss to posterity occurred in B.C. 145, when the Romans in capturing Carthage itself killed off most of the population and razed the city to the ground. In its destruction practically all existing maritime records must have perished, together with the not less valuable accompanying traditions.

So great was the loss that Ptolemy in the second century A.D. did not venture to draw Africa surrounded by sea, as it had been shown earlier, but left the southern portion ill defined, even connecting it on the east with Australia and the East Indies.

Nevertheless, in so doing he gave to the western coast of Africa, as far as what is now called Sierra Leone, considerable detail in regard to names and natural features. From this it may be inferred that trade and exploration had perhaps begun

to be resumed again. There may even have been considerable development, if not as regards distance, at least in the number of ships that were beginning to go down the coast again. At a certain point, however, they all seem to have stopped. There were only vague reports brought as to what existed beyond.

I now give a sketch map of the region under discussion based on the 1478 edition. Places incorporated from the other editions are underlined>.



SKETCH COPY OF PTOLEMY'S MAP OF WEST AFRICA, BASED ON MAPS MENTIONED BELOW.

In the 1478 edition the mountains are drawn as a series of cones. Berlingeri has merely an outline.

1. Rome edition, 1478. Latin.
2. Berlingeri's edition, 1486. Italian.
3. Rome edition, 1490. Latin. (Reproduced on small scale in the *Story of Africa and its Explorers*, by R. Brown. Cassell and Co., undated.)
4. Beniventanus' edition, 1507. Latin.
5. Mt. Athos edition, undated, (?) 1300-1500. Greek. Photographic facsimile.
6. Four maps in Dr. Butler's *Atlas of Ancient Geography*, 1854.

As regards these maps the outlines are tolerably uniform, but the place-names vary somewhat. Berlingeri's map is troublesome owing to the large number of abbreviations; and the Mt. Athos map (photographic reproduction) is of little practical value, being very indistinct and having the outlines very crudely scratched. It serves, however, to check a few names.

The names must now be taken one by one from north to south, and an endeavour made to identify them.

First of all, there is a chain of islands shown in the Mt. Athos map as well as the others. These begin in the latitude of the Canary Islands, and continue to the Cape Verde Islands. They are only roughly drawn and placed in a line with no marked individuality, though some bear names. The wide stretch of ocean between the two groups is also not recognised.

Next to be noted is the island now called Cerne in the sheltered bay of Rio de Oro, lat. $16^{\circ}53'$. This was Herne, an ancient settlement of the Carthaginians.

At Arguin, half a degree below Cape Blanco South, lat. $20^{\circ}30'$, there are remains of ancient tanks undoubtedly Carthaginian.

Iarzitha (the first name on accompanying map) was some port on the edge of the Sahara. It seems to correspond to the present Portendick. Marzitha appears in the 1478 edition.

Omagura is apparently the name of a country or town on the north of the Senegal river, and some distance inland. It indicates nothing at the present day unless the village of Nouagur, about $1\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ of longitude from the coast, be its modern representative. The only possibility that it may be so lies in the fact that "Noua" (Nua) is a prefix in many local names thereabouts, and "Oma" may be a prefix also, thus leaving the root "gur" common to both the ancient and the modern name.

Daradus is the Senegal river. The name has no modern derivation.

There has been a considerable dispute about this river, and it has been held to be the Draa river at the southern end of Morocco. There may in ancient times have been a mix-up of the names and the rivers. Beyond mentioning the matter I can here say no more than that anyhow what we now call the Senegal certainly corresponds with the Daradus on the maps.

Magnus Portus is shown a little to the south of its mouth, and so probably backed on to some lagoon close to where St. Louis now is. The Senegal is shown as falling straight into the sea, and not turning south and continuing along the coast first.

Babyla—or as Butler gives it—Babida, represents another coast town. The accent is presumably on the penultimate syllable, making "ba" a prefix. It is also to be noted that "d" and "l" are interchangeable letters in many African languages. From its name it seems to have been a negro town, the Senegal being then probably, as it still is, the dividing line

between the fair-skinned and black races, the former being tribes of Berber origin, which since the advent of Islam have been strongly mixed with later Moorish and Arab blood.

Ubrix—an inland town near the south bank of the Senegal.
Not identified.

Daradi—A tribe living south of the Senegal. There is no modern equivalent of the name. The Wolofs now inhabit this region.

Arsinarium Pr.—Cape Verde.

Rysadium Pr.—Probably the point close to the modern Dakar. It is a few miles south of Cape Verde and in sight of it.

Stachiris Fl.—This is either the Saloum river or the Gambia. The entrance to the Gambia is difficult to find amongst the shoals, and there is no conspicuous landmark.

Ryssadipus Mons.—This seems to have in name some connection with Rysadium Pr. A variation in the name occurs in the 1507 edition, viz., Ryssadirus. The Daradus, it is seen, takes its rise behind this mountain, and the Stachiris from the sea side.

Sophucaeï.—Shown in the 1507 edition. Some tribe between the Daradus and Stachiris, near Ryssadipus Mons.

Perphosius Portus.—This may be the entrance to the Gambia or one of the inlets among the Bisago islands. The name is not native in appearance.

Katharo Prom.—This is from Berlingeri's map. The prefix "ka" rather indicates that it is a native name, as this prefix occurs in many modern local names; as, the Kasamance and Kacheo rivers; Carabane and Carliack villages; and also in the ancient Capha Mons.

Nias Fl.—This is probably one of the rivers in the present French Guinea. It is difficult to say whether the final "s" of this name is a foreign addition or not. Berlingeri has Nia, and also Stachir for Stachiris. A knowledge of this detail is important for its identification as a native name. At the present day there are tribes about here whose languages admit of syllables ending in consonants.

Capras Mons.—The Nias river is shown as taking its rise here. As Berlingeri has "Capha," and the 1507 edition "Caphas," its identification is not facilitated. It is, however, marked on the map in the region now called Futa Jalon, which is a.

high mountainous country. Conspicuous from the sea between Conakry and Sierra Leone in clear weather is Mount Kakulima.

Hesperia ceras seu cornu.—This may be one of the Los Islands. They jut out and are an easy landfall. Or it may be that point where the land turns just below the Cacheo river.

Leucæthiopes.—These people are placed directly inland from the foregoing point and in immediate contiguity to Caphas Mons. Literally the name means White Aethiopians, and as all the Futa Jalon country at the present day is occupied by Fula, these White Aethiopians must be identified as the Fula* themselves, thus giving these people a considerable antiquity in their present locality.

Masytholus Fl.—Possibly the Rokelle River. ("Ma" is a locative prefix in Temne.)

Purru campus.—(To Purrou Pedion in the Greek version).—If Purru be a corruption of a native word it may be no other than the Poro bush. (Poro is sometimes written Purroh.) Poro is the great society in which the majority of males in the Mende country are educated, and where the rites are performed is called the "Poro bush," "bush" being, of course, used in its bastard English sense. Under different names the society exists among the neighbouring Temne, Bullom and Vai. The word seems to be of ancient origin in the Mende language. It may therefore be that this society bore the same name eighteen hundred years ago. The double "r" rather excludes any connection with the Greek word for "fire," and it must be noted that "poro" is one of the comparatively few words in Mende that admits of a constantly hard "r."

Deorum currus mons.—Sierra Leone mountains.

Amongst places and names far inland and placed evidently from report, are from north to south :—

Atykat.—A town with a name with a Berber sound.

Churite.—Not identified.

Orphes.—Not identified.

Tarualte.—Not identified.

* I have discussed the origin of the Fula in the chapter on Classification of Languages in *The Languages of West Africa*, Vol. II.

Perorsi.—Pyrorsi in other versions. Probably the Gberese, or Kpvesi in its softer form. Their present locality is in Liberia. Their language is closely akin to Mende.

Matites.—Compare Mani, Mandi, which are other forms of the name Mandingo. They were probably only heard of through the coast tribe the Bullom, who for Mandingo would say Matingo.

Hypodromus Aethiopæ, which the Berlinger draughtsman foolishly translates "Hippodromo Aethiopæ," or the Hippodrome of Africa, means the Running-under of Africa. In other words, it is at this point that Africa runs away round a corner, and it is shown as going on to the land of the fish-eaters. There is indeed a sharp point here, and the coast beyond turns inwards and runs away in a long, flat, sandy beach as far as eye can reach. There was nothing beyond to catch the eye of the keenest look-out, and this was the end of the trader's or explorer's personal knowledge as brought to Ptolemy. At this point in the 1478 edition the coast line ceases to be drawn with a firm hand, and becomes dotted, a distinction ignored in the other editions. The copyists are less conscientious. As to the great fishing tribes beyond, they are undoubtedly to be identified with the indefatigable fishing population of what is now called the Gold Coast and thereabouts. These people are placed far away, as indeed they are, from Sherbro, separated from the latter place by a long tract of coast where sea-fishing, though practised, is not a profession so ardently followed, at least not at the present day.

What the other line indicates, going off West into the Atlantic, I do not venture to conjecture. It was probably inserted to indicate great uncertainty as to the trend of the coast.

CHAPTER II

FREETOWN

THE second opening up of Africa was performed chiefly by the Portuguese, and Pedro da Cintra discovered and mapped the coast and estuaries of Sierra Leone in 1461-2. There followed on this a period of three hundred years of legitimate trade, of slave trade and of piracy. Then towards the end of the eighteenth century when the abolition of slavery movement was gaining strength, the question arose as to a suitable place to which to transfer the many ex-slaves in England, and Sierra Leone was decided on. In 1787 three transports under the escort of a sloop of war arrived out with nearly four hundred negroes on board, a number of white prostitutes, and nine officials for the administration of the new colony.

Fourah Bay was the first site. Twenty square miles of land were purchased for the settlement, the transfer from the local Bullom chiefs being confirmed by treaty the following year. By that time, however, the new settlers who had arrived in the rainy season had suffered severe mortality, nearly half, white and black alike, having died before the first year was out.

An addition was made in 1792 by 1,131 ex-slaves brought from Nova Scotia, and for half a century captured slave ships landed their human cargoes to swell the population which was still further recruited from the interior tribes.

All the time death continued to take a heavy toll of the white population, and this continued until within the last few years. The negroes from Europe and America too were able to offer but little resistance to the climate, and it would seem that it was not until they intermarried with the local people that they became fully acclimatised.

The new colonists, as they arrived, were assigned land to farm ; but even in the earliest days of the colony it is recorded with regret that petty trade attracted all those who had received the smallest school education, and they refused to farm. The Creoles, as the negro population of American origin were

called, became more and more divorced from the soil, and the up-country and over-river people grew increasingly necessary for the supply of food to the inhabitants of Freetown.

Later Freetown became a coaling station for the Royal Navy, and in consequence a military station as well. Hence large sums of money have for many years been spent by the Government in the place. The result has been that a large population has been able to exist without either practising agriculture or any other productive industry. Education has been supplied on a generous scale, and the present-day Creole, the descendant of three generations of literate people, has in all probability reached the highest point to which the African black-man can attain.

The size of the colony proper is now 4,000 square miles, and when the protectorate was declared on the 21st of August, 1896, there were added 27,000 square miles more. The total population is over a million and a half. The colony proper is under direct administration and the Protectorate is ruled indirectly, through the chiefs.

I landed at Freetown on the 13th of September, 1924, from the "Abinsi," having left Liverpool on the 3rd. Although I had called at Freetown many times, and had even been a few days in the place more than once when changing steamers, I had never travelled in the interior. I was now out for a six months' visit.

There were the same bush-covered hills with the town spreading up and down and along their lower slopes, but the houses do not generally come to the actual water's edge, since low cliffs of lateritic ironstone intervene. Far away on the other side is the low lying Bullom shore, whence comes daily, but in largest numbers on market days, a fleet of large sailing gigs loaded with passengers and produce, and with their great white sails hanging far over the leese.

The wreck of the "Fulani," beyond the lighthouse, she went on the rocks in 1914, still welcomes one into port.

It was as far back as 1898 that I first landed at Freetown. There was then no hill station, and the place was a death-trap. On this trip, when I came out in September with the rains still in full swing, and again when I left in March, I slept on both occasions without a mosquito net, and found no mosquitoes. Having said that, I need add nothing more to show how changed is the present-day Freetown.

Sir Ransford Slater, the Governor, was on leave in England when I came out, and I did not see him till I passed through

Freetown again on my way home. I had, however, already mentioned to him my proposed visit to the colony, and he had very kindly notified Mr. H. C. Luke, Colonial Secretary, who was acting as Governor in his absence. Mr. Luke, whom I had not met before, had been in Sierra Leone a number of years previously, and had only recently come back after service in other colonies and in Palestine. He is the author of an important work, a bibliography of Sierra Leone, a most valuable publication in that it affords an index to all that has been written about the colony, however small the reference. It is a kind of book that it is practically the duty of every colony to bring out with regard to itself.

Between the time of my landing and my departure I must record the disappearance for ever of an ancient landmark. That was the old secretariat, a building that had been in existence since the year one, or some other long time, and was scarcely holding together. It was not until the furniture and papers and records and stationery had been removed that its bad condition became really visible. On my return from the bush I found this well-known building demolished, and the secretariat and treasury, which were formerly housed there, transferred to other buildings temporarily until the new block of Government offices should be built.

Another matter of interest related to the rock carved with the name of De Ruyter and with other Dutch names in 1664, which had not long since been discovered in repairing a road. It has been fully described in the Royal Geographical Journal. I inquired about it, and regretted to find that owing to a trifling sum of money not being available for the purpose of altering the road so as to leave the inscription open to view, the rock had been buried again in the road.

Shortly after I arrived I had the privilege of being present at the inauguration of a very important change in the constitution of the colony, and the Letters Patent were read before a large audience in the Supreme Court by Mr. Luke, Acting Governor. A comparatively minor change was that for the colony proper there were in future to be three members of the Legislative Council elected instead of nominated. The really important change was that three nominated Paramount Chiefs from the Protectorate were to be on the Council, thus for the first time recognising the Protectorate as entitled to a voice in the affairs of the Colony of Sierra Leone as a whole. The fact of three Chiefs

being on the Council naturally entailed that the Commissioners of the three provinces into which the Protectorate is divided, should be on the Council also. The admission of the three up-country Chiefs was not entirely pleasing to the Creole population, who have always regarded the Protectorate merely as a region for their own exploitation. The change has placed the Protectorate on a legislative equality with the colony proper. The proceedings were carried out with becoming ceremony.

High up in the hills, now connected by motor road with Hill Station, is the village of Regent.

In the early days of the colony there was a training institution for released slaves up there. A few Creoles still live there, and keep market gardens, but the place is very ruinous, which makes it all the more picturesque, surrounded as it is by bush covered hills and intersected by tumbling mountain streams; and the air of decay is all the more enhanced by the driving dense mist which envelopes it for most of the year.

Up there in seclusion lived Major Ross for some fifty years. He had been an officer in the West India Regiment, and was stationed at Freetown. For some military offence he was tried by court-martial and cashiered, and instead of returning to England he retired into these hills, dying a few years ago in his eighties. He lived principally on subscriptions raised by the European community. Taking a Creole wife, he had two or three daughters, either one or two of whom, I believe, married Frenchmen.

I was twelve days in Freetown and stayed at the City Hotel. The acting Colonial Secretary, Mr. G. C. Du Boulay, very kindly offered me a bungalow up at Hill Station, but owing to its inaccessibility, and to my having much to do, I stayed at the hotel. Although I landed on the Saturday morning, it was the following Thursday before all my things were clear of the customs, and I had to engage a clerk to do the work. There are several such about, who make a living by helping strangers, small traders, and others to meet the complicated regulations and fill up the large number of forms required.

An important matter which requires immediate attention on arrival is that of boys. It is important because it affects deeply a person's whole stay in the country, and because once obtained, it is not easy to divest oneself of an unsatisfactory servant, the only alternative being probably a worse one. All I had to do was to take on some I had had before. Alimendi, my old cook, who had travelled so much with me, came and met me on board,

looking thinner and older than when I landed him here on my return from Cameroons the previous November. He said Aruna was there also. He, too, had been with me on my Cameroons expedition. As we came on shore he was there on the jetty in somewhat ragged garments. Alimendi suggested I should take him on again, which I was doubtful about ; but as he was there I told him "yes," and he went home to make himself more presentable. Alimendi had lived at home during all these months, and Aruna had done odd jobs.

Later I added Longboy, who had been with me first as a carrier in the Gold Coast fifteen or more years before, and Aruna brought his cousin Ali to join the party. There was thus the nucleus of a party that was always busy helping each other in the work as they would put it themselves, though I might express it differently.

Although provisions of all kinds are obtainable at Freetown, I brought out with me most of what I should require, for the sole reason one cannot get them packed locally in any adequate way. On an African journey packing is a most important matter. I always use boxes made of three-ply wood on account of their strength and great saving in weight, and they are hinged and have padlocks. These no provision firm takes the trouble to supply locally. When one pays transport out of one's own pocket every additional pound of weight in material is important ; and one prefers it in the provisions and not in the wood-work.

There are English, French and Swiss firms in Freetown as well as Syrian traders. Presumably there is a certain amount of trade and money to be made, or they would not be there. Although, however, a multitude of firms tends to keep prices down, and at the big stores prices are very reasonable, it is no longer so when the goods pass into the hands of the Creole petty traders. Prices become then abnormally high. Competition does not keep down the cost, but on the contrary tends to put it up. The competition seems to be—who can charge most. Although he complains bitterly of the Creole petty trader, yet the native from up-country still goes to him instead of to the European store because he is given ample time and freedom to examine an article, and gets a long conversation thrown into the bargain. He is not hustled, and he has to pay for that privilege.

One thing about the City Hotel was that there was always something to see. Between the houses opposite were glimpses of the harbour and shipping. On Sundays all was still, except

for Creole members of the congregation walking sedately in black clothes, affected by both sexes, into the cathedral. There is one thing about this cathedral, which I was only informed of on this visit, and which is probably unique in all cathedrals. That is that the tower is only on loan. The tower was formerly a military look-out and signal station, and permission was given to join it up with the church, with the right still retained to use it for signal purposes if so required.

On other days of the week the scene is varied and brilliant. A crowd in garments of every colour of the rainbow passes backwards and forwards, the native towns being away both to the right and the left. The train to Hill Station passes along the middle of the street many times a day, but not on Sundays. Heavy motor lorries and cars belonging to Europeans and wealthy Creoles are there. A small boy goes up and down the street chanting something which when told you find to be "Penny, penny, white (s)oad," the "s" being practically eliminated. At intervals he also says "big soad," having large bars as well.

Here I might mention that up-country the soap question irritated me immensely. I made sure I could buy soap everywhere, but when my initial stock of soap for washing clothes was finished I frequently had difficulty in getting more. Even big stores would produce tiny cakes, and say they had no other. All the well-known brands, too, were not there. I was very surprised, to say nothing of being annoyed.

On a Saturday one may see a long sad procession of the halt and the maimed and the blind wending its way to the hospital. A few beg in certain places. One man with both hands cut off was earning a living by collecting old straw bottle covers, which he had feebly tied in a bundle on his head, and was going somewhere with them. Every few steps one dropped, and the nearly helpless old man endeavoured to pick it up and replace it. I saw a passing up-country boy do it once for him. I record this trivial act, for charity is so rare in the African negro race. It is possible that the old man had his hands cut off in his early days for theft.

On the edge of the cliff above the beach market one may see a deranged person hovering about and searching for treasure in the rubbish heaps.

In the town a Creole mulatto woman, also deranged, haunts the porches of well-to-do Creoles. She sits there all night in all weathers, and in the days transfers herself to the markets. Before the war I learned she had a German husband.

There is some very real poverty in Freetown.

The large floating population of up-country men lead a very hand-to-mouth existence doing odd jobs such as carrying from the railway station to the firm's yards, or to and from the beach. The men engaged on this work are very largely Mende. The heaviest packages are carried by Limba men, who are reckoned physically the strongest, and specialise in the heavy work. The pay is small and precarious.

Those who are more fortunate get jobs as hammock-men, now a fast declining occupation owing to the introduction of motors. The Temne largely furnish the cooks and stewards for the Europeans, and also to a smaller extent supply hammockmen; and they always endeavour to prevent a Mende from getting a footing in these occupations. There is one thing about the Temne that is commendable. He will continue to serve as a steward for years and specialise in the work, not wanting to become a cook at once, or even at all. Hence with a Temne steward it is possible to have a well-run house. A Mende has no sooner learnt to do steward work badly than he wants to ruin the digestion, and thereby the temper, of his employer by playing havoc with the food, eventually in consequence soon ceasing to have occupation in either capacity.

Another source of occupation is work on board steamers, either as firemen or deck hands. Some firemen have been at the work many years and have white wives in Liverpool, with almost assuredly other wives in Freetown. The present high wages forced upon the Steamship Companies by the trade unions at home makes the work attractive; but often a man may be months without a job, and he refuses to take inferior work.

The deck hands are taken on at Freetown for the down coast voyage to work the cargo, and are discharged on the return of the ship before she clears for Europe. The headmen are always Kroomen, of whom there is a colony in Freetown, and it was their custom to supplement their gangs with Mende and other tribes. Recently Elder Dempster's had stopped this mixing as far as their steamers were concerned, and required the headman to bring Kroomen only, but in view of the frequent shortage of Kroomen, and in the absence of a language expert, the head Kroomen still continue to "water" their gangs. The reason for the change was that from their bulk and personal strength the Kroos are better fitted to be stevedores.

The headmen had many opportunities of making money.

Many years' experience before becoming headmen themselves would show them how. As an example they would even try to make a gain over the food of their gangs. All the rations used to be issued in bulk to the headmen. They would give as much plain rice as they thought fit to their men, and any salt meat or such like food issued they would keep to sell on their return to Freetown. Their own fellow-countrymen might have to be met a little, but as to others, who were not countrymen of theirs, they had to be content with rice only. One ship I travelled by once had a number of deck hands down with beri-beri, due probably entirely to their defective nourishment. A headman though could often be made amenable by a cash payment, or in default of that a verbal I.O.U. with suitable interest included.

In view of the bad rationing, when deck passengers between ports came on board with supplies of fresh food for their sea-trip, thefts of their provisions were common. I remember some years ago down the coast several crews of Gold Coast natives came on board going somewhere for surf-boat work. As soon as they climbed in on to the deck a rush was made by the deck hands for the sugar-cane and other food they had brought with them. A very serious fight took place, in which an endeavour to gouge out the eyes of their opponents was a leading feature. The Captain naturally took the part of his own men though they were the aggressors, and eventually the whole of the would-be deck passengers evacuated the ship refusing to travel by her. This was a mail steamer.

I understand things are somewhat better now, and it is the duty of an officer of the ship to see that every man gets his ration individually.

As regards other classes of labour, in which I include clerical work, the supply of educated and semi-educated youths turned out of the schools is in excess of the local demand. Formerly all clerical and other posts requiring some education in the Protectorate were filled by Creoles, but now the Protectorate is turning out its own educated youths, and there is in consequence some competition for posts as they occur, though the development of the country is yearly rendering more absorption possible. In consequence many Creoles go abroad, as they have done for years past, and find work in the other English colonies, in the French colonies, Belgian Congo and Cameroons. Local education, however, is cutting off these sources of work, and defective steamship communication, especially to the Congo, renders

getting to some of these places a matter of difficulty. Still there will always be appointments where it is an advantage to have a stranger in preference to a local man. My own idea was never to employ a local man if you could possibly get a stranger.

It is curious how in spite of the spread of education, which is extensive enough to fit young women for the post of typists, the spoken language of the Creoles has developed into a form of English of its own. The English words in that language are very much disguised, and the grammar and expressions are foreign to England. Many words have their origin in some African language or other, names of animals are misused, and the edible trees and plants of the country have names which were never got from any local language.

Much of this might be corrected in the pupils when young if trained in elocution under English teachers. Since the native teachers themselves speak in this way, it is only to be expected that the corrupted speech is carried forward to another generation.

At Bo school, I may mention, the utmost care is taken to ensure good English being spoken, not written only, but this school is solely for natives of the Protectorate, and one will find a Mende or a Temne boy educated there leaves speaking better English than the Creoles. I fear though it is artificial and cannot long be maintained. The Creole language has come to stay.

CHAPTER III

TEMNE COUNTRY

ON the 25th September I left Freetown for Port Lokko, and there being no regular communication, Captain R. L. Wikner, D.S.C., the Harbour Master, very kindly lent me his launch. He warned me about it. It was originally a sea-going steam boat, but the steam engine had just been taken out, being worn out, and a motor engine substituted. This was her first voyage under new conditions. The old engineer, a Sierra Leone man, remained with the hull, being a permanent man ; but he had had no previous acquaintance with motor engines, and wanted to inject oil everywhere. Mr. A. Handford, part proprietor of the City Hotel, had volunteered to come to look after the engine, and he had great difficulty in restraining the engineer. Thanks to his knowledge of the engine we reached Port Lokko that day as early as 4 p.m.

The seven hour journey up such a historical river as the Rokelle was not wanting in interest. We first travelled over the broad estuary and later entered the mangrove creeks that run into it, for Port Lokko is not on the main river. For four hundred years Europeans have traded up and down this estuary, yet at the present day very few of the European residents of Freetown have been up it. Its day is over.

We passed Fourah Bay college, first founded in 1829, Cline town with the railway workshops, and then the promontory on which stand the oil tanks, not then completed. After that our course was directed over to the Bullom shore with its numerous villages consisting of a group of round huts with high conical roofs crowned with a great tuft or knob of grass. These houses are the Temne pattern houses, and as regards the roof are not unlike the roofs of the Munshi people up the Benue river in Nigeria, except that in the latter the tuft or crown is more flattened. Other houses in these villages are built rectangular such as the Creoles inhabit.

On this shore at a place named Medina or Lunge there is a Susu settlement which came over from what is now French territory in 1812 or perhaps a little earlier.

Numerous large native built boats were sailing across the bay with their great irregularly shaped sprit sails, the boatmen generally wearing very widebrimmed grass hats, which serve both as sun hat and umbrella, and are not indigenous to the country. Here and there were dug-out canoes made from a hard wood tree trunk and adzed down very thin, and with neatly rounded bows and stern. Many were at anchor, with one man in each operating several fishing lines. We left Tasso island on the right with Creole houses standing down on the point, and soon after on the left saw the wreck of an old iron schooner high and dry and lying bows on to the mud, with mangroves growing inside it. A ruined stone wharf was close by, and here formerly was a French trading store which was called Tama-langbwa. Now it is all buried in big bush.

A little farther on is the historic Bunce Island, a rocky flat islet covered with dense forest. The launch could not get alongside the ruined stone wharf, on which still lie several old cannon, so putting the nose of the launch on the small stretch of sandy beach there we rode ashore on the shoulders of the boys.

Inside the forest growth are the ruins of an old fort, within the walls of which were dwelling houses, spacious yards, battlements with guns, and great dungeons. The old cannon are marked G.R. It was a great building in former days, but now the walls which still stand are covered with creepers, climbing vines, and the clinging ficus trees; and big forest trees have sprung up everywhere within the walls as well as outside.

Tasso island seems to have been the first site settled on by the English, but De Ruyter destroyed the English factories there in December, 1664, and in their place a new fort was built on the neighbouring Bunce island. The principal trade in those days was in tusks, wax, skins, gold, pepper and guinea grains. Camwood does not seem included, but that came from Sherbro; and there were slaves.

The new fort did not last long, for in July, 1704, the French Commander Guerin, with two warships and nine small craft, took Bunce without resistance and razed the fort to the ground. Among his booty were 4,000 tusks of ivory from the fort, and 3,000 from a boat that happened to be passing at the time. It is then recorded that the English and French companies made a

treaty of peace although their countries were at war, an example of local neutrality by no means uncommon in Africa in old days.

Bunce had further vicissitudes later. Then with the cessation of the slave trade in the river, a timber trade was developed but this too came to an end some fifty years ago, all the timber on the Rokelle and other rivers having been cut out. It has long been uninhabited and at the present day is quite like the mysterious ruins of the story books. Tasso was an annexe as it were, used for farming.

The neighbouring natives are said to possess as family heirlooms many valuable old silver cups, chains of coins, and other objects of value, dating from the old days.

In all these creeks lined with mangrove trees there must have been many very stirring incidents in those bye-gone days, none of which have been recorded in history. Memories of the past, however, live in the blood of the natives, for in Medina creek on the western side, and also on the opposite shore there are traces of Portuguese blood in the present inhabitants, though only showing spasmodically. It is said that the wide-spread Smart family have quite a strong Portuguese strain in them. The younger members of the family, long after the departure or extinction of the Portuguese, used to go to Freetown to be educated, which gave them a superior local position as well as more skill in trade, and hence they were given the name of Smart.

The Bullom have for long intermarried with the Temne, but I cannot indicate the precise extent, and in many towns and villages no doubt the Bullom still remain of pure blood. Anyhow the Temne influence is so great that practically all the Bullom north of Freetown speak Temne just as the Bullom to the south, commonly called Sherbro, all speak Mende, many being comparatively unacquainted with their own language. All the same, there are, I am told, many villages in the Bullom country where the Bullom language is freely spoken among the people themselves. Nylander, a missionary who wrote a small Bullom grammar, published in 1814, thought the language was dying out, but it has not done so yet.

The last part of the journey to Port Lokko was up a narrow mangrove creek, alongside which the mangrove trees had been largely cut down and rice was growing on the mud, a matter I deal with later. Oysters of a very small variety grow on the rocks in the river and on the roots of the mangroves. Part of the way we were very much troubled by biting flies.

The native town of Port Lokko clusters on a steep hillside with two tumbling streams, one of large size, dividing it. At low tide big launches and barges can now get to the small wharf. The Government station, over a hundred feet above the river, is about half a mile beyond the town.

Port Lokko*, which is in Temne country, derives its name from being the place whence the slaves from the Loko country three days away, were shipped down to Bunce island. The tradition is that all this was uninhabited country when the Portuguese first made a settlement at what is now called Old Port Lokko close by.

Its subsequent history is given in "Sierra Leone Studies" by Mr. N. G. Frere, District Commissioner. There appear many local squabbles and war in which Susu and Loko figure.

The principal trade of Port Lokko is in palm kernels which are sent by canoe to Freetown. Elder Dempster's some time since endeavoured to start a regular launch service, but it was not generally appreciated, principally no doubt because the kernels do not lose in weight or bulk by getting wet in the canoes. There are now no European firms at Port Lokko and the trade is in the hands of Syrians and Creoles, principally the former. As a trade place, however, in this part of the colony Port Lokko has declined. Some of its former trade goes to Kambia, which being near the French frontier has greatly developed in quite recent years. Its produce goes by boat to Freetown. Another place that has taken most of the up-country trade is Makene on the railway.

Formerly there were two companies of the West African Regiment here, but the camp is abandoned, and the camp at Mabanta a couple of days' march inland has also been abandoned with the reduction of the force. On the site of the camp all that are now left are the concrete built orderly room and the hospital building, the former being now used as the prison. All the other buildings were of mud and have disappeared. In the station itself the only permanent building is the District Commissioner's house which is of concrete.

— There are fine views from the Station. To the left one can see the low hill near Songo Town ; then the Sierra Leone mountains show up, and in clear weather to the westward one sees the hills near Conakry in French territory.

All round about is farm land with scattered palm trees. The soil is rather poor, being a gravelly laterite and needs to be left

* The official spelling of the town is with two "K's," so I adhere to it.

fallow for seven years or more. By that time good scrub comes up, which is eventually cut and burnt to fertilise the soil. In these farms a few duiker, bush-fowl and pigeon and doves can be got. Forest trees are rare. In fact the mango seems to be almost the only large tree.

I was discussing the habits of bush-fowl with Mr. Frere. He used to go out with a dog to retrieve, and he was rather inclined to take the view that in the nesting season, which was now on, the bush fowl must lose their scent, because the dog failed to find them. It is possible that this is so, and native opinion might not be a sure guide in the matter since they do not regularly hunt the bush-fowl, nor do they use dogs to a great extent as retrievers. I made a number of inquiries later. It seems when the hen has laid her eggs on the ground she never moves nor eats till they are hatched, which is perhaps in a month. In this way she leaves no trail for wild cats to follow up to the dense thicket where the eggs are. Once hatched the young become very active and feed at once. It is quite possible that abstention from food may reduce the body scent of this game bird. When suddenly disturbed by a dog she may fly off and leave her eggs, and if scentless the dog will be able to pick up no trace of her. The question still remains whether the male retains his scent. If so, he would lead off all enemies which would thus leave the hen alone. In all cases when disturbed the hen moves her eggs. I once by accident caught sight of one sitting as I was exploring a dense thicket. I merely looked at her and then went quietly away. Next day I went to look again, and she had gone and the eggs too. They carry their eggs under their wings but how many at a time I do not know.

A black cobra shared my house with me. He objected to Aruna, and one day when Aruna was washing a plate in the pantry, not being able to reach him otherwise, he spat his poison into Aruna's eye, he himself being in the thatch on the top of the wall. This snake always aims for the eye, but in this case not much of the poison could have entered as the snake was higher up and so made a downward shot. Anyhow the eye was ~~all~~ right again in three days time after the application of boric lotion. If the poison goes straight in cure may not be effected in a couple of months. Although we hunted Mr. Cobra we could not dislodge him, but I got him one good whack with a stick. I did not like to shoot for fear of setting the house on fire.

Although Port Lokko has been a prosperous town for a hundred

and fifty years, there seems never to have been a market place, sales of food taking place along the streets. A small shed for butchers alone exists. The real reason has probably been the difficulty in finding a site on the broken and sloping ground on which the houses are closely packed. At the time of my visit the matter was being gone into but did not promise to be easy to solve unless the market people could be got to go outside.

There was a stone mosque in the course of construction, but is struck me the architect seemed to be more acquainted with building churches or chapels than mosques. Still a slight touch of Christian influence would not be out of place. A number of cement blocks had been made, some of which were not yet built in. On these blocks were the names and place of residence in English of persons who had subscribed. Some I noticed were Temne women. The Temne are very largely Mohammedans, but the general acceptance of that religion does not date more than two centuries back. On the other hand it does not necessarily follow that because a man wears a long gown he is a Mohammedan, any more than because a pagan puts on a European's old clothes he thereby becomes a Christian.

The want of politeness in the people is very striking, and I found it much the same through all Temne country. There seemed to be generally a tacit agreement to show neither marks of respect to Europeans nor even to be reasonably well behaved when near them. Laing a hundred years ago remarked on the bad manners of the Temne. I confirm them, and wonder if a traveller coming a hundred years after me will still be able to confirm this yet again.

The Temne country is divided up under a number of Paramount Chiefs, each having a small area of land, and all being mutually independent.

Physically the people differ much among themselves, quite as much as the Mende do among themselves. This is owing to admixture of foreign blood, very largely of slaves, who form a large part of the population. What with the chiefs taking Fula and Mandingo wives, and with a huge slave class of varied origin at the bottom, it is hard to say what the Temne type really is at the present day. Perhaps I should say it is a medium build, say five feet four inches for the men, not too robust a frame, a dark complexion, and a high head well domed but flat-sided and dolichocephalic. This is certainly one type. Another is the short sturdy type, with long body and short very thick legs. One

sees this type among the Mende and I regard it as an ancient submerged type like the Kroo. The women are often inclined to be tall it seemed to me.

In going into the matter of foreign admixture in the Temne I learnt that Mandingo and Fula men often come in and settle and take Temne wives; but the opposite is rare except as regards chiefs. One Mandingo was mentioned to me who had five Temne wives. He had six sons and two daughters all of whom married with Temne, so the Mandingo strain here was definitely absorbed and would not be known of unless inquiry were made. Again, the mother of the chief of Port Lokko is Fula. The District Commissioner's interpreter, Mr. Thomas Taylor, or Momodu Bassi, to give his native name, was half Baga and half Temne, but the Baga and Temne are closely akin and their languages mutually understood.

In disposition the Temne is not bright like the Mende, and is often rather sullen.

Turning to the language: all along the coast from the Senegal river to Sierra Leone there are tribes whose languages contain closed syllables. There is one such, the solitary Adyukru, in the Ivory Coast lagoons, and then none again till the Bauchi plateau in Nigeria is reached. The other languages are those of open syllables. As I have dealt with this subject in my book, "The Language of West Africa," I need not discuss it here again. The Temne is one of these languages with closed syllables, that is syllables can end in a consonant. On the other hand it has prefixes like the Bantu group of languages. The late Reverend C. F. Schlenker of the Church Missionary Society is the authority for the Temne language, and his grammar published in 1864, is still the standard work, subsequent publications being merely simplified and abridged compilations for the use of beginners.

A number of English and other words have in the course of the last century been introduced into Temne, and are fully adopted, instead of coining words in the language itself. Taylor said his grandmother complained of his not speaking the pure language. Old women still do so largely, but the young women now use strange words just the same as the men. Many old words are falling out of use.

Taylor gave me an example of the introduction of a new word. It was a man's name really, but after being used in jest had become virtually a salutation in the locality. As to whether it will live long, of course I cannot venture an opinion.

There was once a man named Tupe who lived in Port Lokko. Everybody knew his name, but none seemed to know him by sight. He went travelling, and coming to a village, stayed with the chief. He stole some things in the night and vanished. In the morning everybody inquired of his friend, "Have you seen Tupe?" and the answer invariably was "No." None had seen him nor ever did thereafter. So it went on. At first the question was put in jest, till later it became a habit. Now the question on meeting is "Tupe?" and the answer is "No." (Er!).

I should have liked to have heard it once myself for confirmation.

Laing in his book of travels published in 1825, gives examples of a custom of connecting certain countries with an article of food or something else, which apparently still exists. For instance, it was Futa and milk; Sulima and ground-nuts; Temne and rice; Kuranko and cassada; Whiteman and money. I mentioned this to Taylor and he thereupon gave me a proverb rather than another example of it: "A buk ong'an o Meni." This translated is "A snake bites a Mende" and the rest understood is "and he makes soup of it." In other words it was better to leave the Mende alone.

I asked if the Temne eat snakes. No, they do not. They eat, however, the python, called locally "boa," which is not classed with "snakes." In Mende, also, the general word "snake" (in Mende, Kali) does not include Python, which is Ndili.

In some of their customs the Temne differ from the Mende and other tribes, but many forms of culture have passed from one to the other, or are mutually common. Indeed, it would be strange were it otherwise, there being no great geographical obstacles. The customs of the Temne have been so thoroughly worked up by Mr. N. W. Thomas, that it would be superfluous for me to give here what would only be a duplication of his statements. I merely give a few notes on the election of chiefs, which is in such sharp contrast with the simple and democratic practice of the Mende. Among the Temne the chiefs almost approach the status of the "divine" kings of Frazer.

The death of a Paramount Chief is at first only announced to the sub-chiefs and headmen of towns by the senior sub-chiefs. The date of the public funeral ceremonies is also announced, but the actual burial takes place very quietly.

It is an old custom that a Paramount Chief should not die a natural death. His throat was cut, it is said, by his attendants, just as he was about to expire. One would think though that such an important act was done by some specially deputed person. Then his head was cut off and dried, and was carefully kept by his successor to be in due time buried with him, when his own head would pass to his successor for custody. Sacrifices were made to it and it was treated as a big fetish.

In this connection I quote A. J. N. Tremearne in his "The Ban of the Bori." He notes that the Hausa-speaking negroes of north Africa kill their totem at harvest time and bury it after removing the head. This is dried and kept till next year in the hut of the chief, when it is replaced by a new head.

The form of proclaiming the chief's death is to announce that he had gone to Futa and has not returned; but it is a month or two, or even much longer, before the death is formally announced in this form, first to the neighbouring Paramount Chiefs, then to the people.

In the interval many things happen. On the actual day of the chief's death the wives are removed elsewhere, but are allowed to move about until the public announcement that the chief has gone to Futa is made. They are then shut up, but may be visited by relations. They remain so till the heirs of the estate take them over.

The elders then have to meet to select a new chief. Owing, no doubt, to long past rivalries there are in many chiefdoms two houses which take it in turns to provide a chief.

The succession goes to brothers or even uncles before sons. The eldest near male relative has the first claim. Other big men, however, also put in their claims, and by bribery sometimes manage to get a majority of votes, and so be elected. In this way the chiefdom may leave the old family. At the present day the District Commissioners exercise a considerable control over the election.

Immediately the result is announced the new chief's partisans "crown" him, which means putting a sort of hat with many decorations on his head. It then seems to have been customary, in some chiefdoms at all events, for him to be beaten with whips, so that he might feel as perhaps some day other persons would whom he might have to chastise. After this he is removed to a secluded place called the "Kanta" till the celebrations take place. Another local variation in the ceremony is that when the elected

chief is brought out he is made to sit on a bunch of leaves of a certain tree which are specially plucked for the purpose. This represents the future royal seat. Before he sits down some words are spoken over the leaves. Seated, he is presented with the staff, and his election is proclaimed.

Whilst in retirement, which may last from a week to a year, according to the local custom of the chiefdom, he is taught how to rule, and is given good advice by the elders, only old men and old women visiting him. He selects his new officials and has time to think over the improvements he proposes to make.

Chiefs have been known to die in the Kanta during their long seclusion.

When all the arrangements are ready for the ceremony and entertaining in connection with his first state appearance, he comes out.

The ceremony takes place in the public prayer ground that is used in Ramadan. The people turn out at dawn and face east, and soon the new chief is seen approaching, supposed to be returning from Futa cured of his long illness. He is escorted by the big men, and then takes his seat facing east. It will be recalled that it was the dying chief that went to Futa, and the new chief comes back, showing that the chief is never supposed to die.

The Alfa, or Mohammedan priest then brings a white turban in a calabash and puts it round the new chief's head, at the same time reciting prayers or verses from the Koran. Any sub-chiefs requiring crowning are similarly dealt with. An attendant then invites the people to put money in a calabash, which is the Alfa's fee, and presents are also given to the new chief or chiefs and their wives present.

There is drumming and dancing as the chief goes to his house, where cattle, country cloths, etc., are presented by the people and the visitors.

The chief's head wife, called the Bumwarra, is apparently also crowned in some way on the same occasion, and at the end of the ceremonies or perhaps at some period during them the new chief has to make a great sacrifice to his ancestors.

Some Temne Chiefs in the old days were not supposed to see salt water. If for some purpose they had to pass near it the journey would be done at night, or the Chief might have his eyes bandaged.

In the old days when a Paramount Chief's house was built it was not uncommon to bury a man alive under it standing

upright, with, I believe, a piece of pottery on his head. He was supposed to hold up the house so that it might always be secure. Sometimes a child might be buried which was done head downwards.

It is probable that this custom is not a very ancient one and that it came in with the first contact with Mohammedanism. It is not a pagan negro custom, and is more likely of Semitic origin.

The chief minister of a Temne Paramount Chief is called Kumrabi, and a word much used is Santigi, who is the Paramount Chief's messenger. He may also be a headman of a town. His sign of office is a handkerchief tied round his hat. Even in Mende country persons speaking English will use the word instead of the Mende equivalent Lavari. It is principally in the western parts near the Temne country that this is done.

Alimami is the title in Temne of the more important sub-chiefs. He wears a white turban and the tail should hang over the right ear, and not down the middle of his back, this being the sign of the Paramount Chief. He may have several towns under him.

I have referred above to the growing of rice in the swamps. This is an industry that is being fostered by the Government thus bringing into cultivation land or rather mud that would otherwise be entirely neglected.

At present rice is the staple article of food of the majority of the inhabitants of the country, and no more is grown than just enough, or more precisely barely enough to feed the population, and foreign rice is even imported when there ought to be a surplus for export.

In former days it seems to have been entirely hill rice that was grown, but with the impoverishment of the hill slopes attention was paid to the inland swamps, and it is only recently that the mangrove swamps have been turned to account in Temne and Bullom. Yet I believe experiments were made as far back as thirty to forty years, and quite recently mangrove farming has been extended to the Sherbro country.

The swamp rice bears many names, and in each district is called after the name of the person who introduced the particular kind if new to that locality. One finds thus a rice called Pa deecee and after puzzling over the name one learns it to be Pa-D.C., that is Mr. District Commissioner. Another is called Pa Rank, which means Mr. Elephant, and was so called because it was first found in elephants' droppings. Its introduction is recent. Its discovery may be a fact or not, but there is a similar legend in

Bornu, where the dry season corn, the Massakwa of the Lake Chad region, is also said to have been first found in elephant's droppings.

A certain Ali Tona planted the first swamp rice near Port Lokko, over thirty years ago, so Thomas Taylor informed me. There is no great demand for a plot of ground in the mangroves, and strangers, not Temne, come from the north and buy from a chief an area for twenty or thirty pounds. After the harvest they return home but come again next season.

There are certain difficulties with the mangrove rice, as the fish come and eat the leaves, so fences have to be built to keep them out. They appear not to eat the grain, but that may be only because it is out of reach. Grass gets in too, which requires careful eradication, as the rice roots cannot compete with the grass roots. All the rice is started in nurseries like ordinary fresh-water swamp rice, and is planted out afterwards.

I saw a very good report by an Indian Rice expert of the Indian Agricultural Department who was lent to Sierra Leone for a short time, by name A. C. Pillai. He had some difficulties in dealing with the natives, but found them amenable and greatly interested when an actual experiment was begun and carried through before their own eyes. He found the swamp people, Sherbro, would not work their own farms, preferring to trade and loaf, and it was the dry rice people who came down and did the actual farm work. He also found it trying to work through Paramount Chiefs. He preferred the sub-chiefs, who took a keener interest in the matter.

A fruitful source of trouble in all rice growing is the mortgaging of the land and selling the crops in advance. When harvest comes, it often happens, so it is said, that the man who has grown the crop is without food or anything left for himself.

There was a man Frere knew of, and it was not of course a solitary case, who was energetic and got good crops, and produced more than just enough for his own requirements. He found the chief always billeted strangers on him, and he found in time he did not even have enough for himself and his own family. Thereafter he took very good care never to grow a surplus.

The negro is entirely communistic and will never be allowed by his family or village to become rich if they can possibly help it. All the same many try, and usually without success but only trouble. The only person who has any chance is the Chief himself, and he commonly succeeds.

Under communistic ideas, therefore, the export of surplus products, unless it be forest produce, is very severely hampered.

The dry rice was now being cut at Port Lokko. The cutters, for it is cut rather than reaped, hang it first in small bundles on vertical sticks stuck in the ground, or on naturally grown sticks. Here it hangs till quite dry. Then it is collected and stacked in a circle round a hollow till the heap is about four feet high. It is then covered over with a grass roof. Like this it will remain good even up to six months.

I noticed a lot of the rice being cut was very poor. It is called in Temne Basafadi, but whether the pooriness is due to the soil or not I could not ascertain.

Most of the planting out of the swamp rice was now finished. It is grown in the nurseries to nearly two feet high before transplantation.

After a pleasant few days at Port Lokko, which Mr. Frere did much to make profitable for me, I moved on to Batkanu.

My permanent staff had now swelled to nine. There were the four boys who came with me from Freetown in the launch. Two other Mende, who carried my loads down to the launch, said they would like to follow me. I told them if they came over land and met me here before I left I would take them on. I gave them one shilling each for subsistence on the journey, and they duly arrived. Three others doing odd jobs here also wanted to join, so I took them too. Of the nine, Alimendi belonged to Luawa chiefdom in the extreme east of Mende country; Siafa, an old soldier, was a Konno; Longboy was from Sherbro; and the rest were Gba-Mende. One undesirable looking person came to take stock of me, but the others headed him off without my having to say I did not want him. The rate of pay for all except Alimendi and Aruna, who received considerably more, was to be 25s. a month inclusive of subsistence. For the journey to Batkanu I had in addition sixteen Temne of sorts.

The rate of pay for carriers in Sierra Leone is 1s. a day carrying a load, and 6d. a day sitting down or returning without a load. When hired from village to village, which is the practice in the central and southern provinces, it works out at roughly 3d. an hour carrying a load. Occasionally, chiefly along the motor roads, there are fixed rates between towns.

It was three days march to Batkanu, and there are rest-houses at Makomp and at Balandugu, and shortly before reaching Batkanu is the boundary of Loko country.

The first march on the 2nd of October was three-and-three-quarter hours, or about fourteen miles to Makomp. For three miles or so the road was level, and ran along a ridge of lateritic ironstone with savannah type bush. Then it became more undulating. There was rice in the swamps, and mango trees at the farms and villages; and farther on one met with some very small bush growth near water, and an occasional clump of forest trees. The villages which were numerous along the road were little more than farms, consisting of two or three houses only. A collection of five houses was a place of note. All bear names, mostly beginning with the prefix "ma." Another locative prefix is "ro." The former has the sense of "town," while the latter is the preposition "at."

These villages go in the colony by the name of "fakai," a word the origin of which I do not know.

All the houses are circular, and very neat, and of a good size. A verandah runs round, without there being any break in the slope of the roof, and it is closed in with mud walls on each side of the doorway, thus making two additional small rooms. Sufficient space is left front and back behind a dwarf wall, for the occupiers to work in, or sling hammocks. When rest-houses are built with these small additional rooms it makes a wonderful difference in the convenience of the house. Mats are commonly put round outside to prevent the rain from washing down the walls.

These circular houses are always constructed without the central post reaching the ground. In other countries farther east I have seen the post cut off close to the top after it has been used to support the structure during building. Here, however, the base of the post rests on a cross beam which is supported on the top of the wall. The absence of a central post adds greatly to the effective space in a hut.

It was a bright sunny march, and there was no rain till evening. The rain was beginning to come from the east, an indication that the rainy season was drawing to a close.

The swamps were naturally still full, but all were bridged. The usual form of bridging for swamps is to lay a pair of long oil palm trunks side by side on short cross logs as supports. They may be left so, but an improved form is to lay small sticks about three feet long side by side across the logs. With a strand of stick down the middle, and one also woven in to each side, they are held quite firmly.

There was little in the road of ethnological interest. At a small village at the place where my road forked with the old Mabanta road an hour out, I saw a circle made with blocks of lateritic ironstone, and near it a square similarly marked out, and with a rectangular projection from one side. The latter was the ground plan of a mosque, and was used as a praying place. The circle apparently marked a grave.

Later in my journey I saw similarly laid out plots of ground.

In the villages, too, I usually saw little roofed-over "shrines." On a platform of sticks measuring two feet each way would be laid round water worn stones as if commemorating somebody or some thing. I give some account of these later. Lumps of lateritic stone were never to be seen in these little buildings.

There were very few mosquitoes in the rest-house. The Chief, Bai Bangura, called on my arrival and later brought the necessary food. One of the few scattered houses in the village was occupied by a Syrian trader. I had a short talk with him, but he did not know a great deal of English.

The next day's march was three-and-a-half hours or nine miles. The road was much the same as the previous day, but a trifle more shaded, there being some small fringing growth along it. We passed many farm villages of usually a couple of houses each, and the two larger ones of Magbongo and Gbinti, and forty minutes beyond the latter came to Balandugu rest-house.

A sub-chief attended to my wants, and in the evening the Paramount Chief, Alimami Samba, came in from his own village. He did not speak English but understood a fair amount. We discussed the deforestation of the country and other subjects. He said a great many strangers were coming in and inter-marrying with the Temne, and he did not seem to think new blood would be a bad thing. The Court Messenger with me, an elderly man who had been a soldier, and who physically was a good specimen of the short and thick-legged long bodied type of man, was not very complimentary about his countrymen. He said they were now too lazy to work at anything. They made nothing at all, and only grow rice. All the same the last is very important. He was saying on the road that they never weave cloth. Perhaps only very little is now woven, but only five minutes after he had said it we came to an old man weaving white country cloth from locally grown cotton. The loom he used was an upright one, a type I refer to in detail in chapter XIII. He may have been a

relic of the past, but Laing found very little cloth woven a hundred years ago.

In most of the swamps we passed rice was growing, and there was also hill rice. The mango trees were not yet flowering, but there were guava trees with some fruit on them, and a few kola trees. In parts of the country up from Port Lokko oil palms were the only trees in the landscape. A lot of kernels were going down the road. Among other edible plants were pine-apples, coco-yams (*Colocasia*), and garden-egg plants (*Solanum* sp :).

Every village had a few head of cattle. They were principally of the small yellow breed, but a few were brownish. Some had a little white in them, and I saw one black and white animal like the corresponding breed down in the Niger delta. These yellow cattle are easily domesticated, and in Freetown draw the sanitary carts. It struck me the goats were unusually sturdy animals

The third march to Batkanu took five-and-a-half hours, owing to a delay at a ferry and a halt of twenty minutes. Balandugu rest-house was off the main road and we had to retrace our steps half a mile. About a mile along the main road we came up to a small sugar-loaf hill on our left, with some forest on the crest, but the lower slopes had been farmed. In passing over its "roots" a sort of schist appeared with some granite indications and quartz, and then we were back on the usual laterite again. There was a lot of bracken on this rocky ground.

A little over an hour out was the last Temne village named Ropollo, I think, and the stream just beyond, flowing to the left, forms the present boundary between Temne and Loko countries. As to this name one hears it pronounced Logo rather than Loko. The old boundary was a big swamp a mile and a half on but as it is half a mile wide, possibly there was some difficulty in saying where the line was, and a more convenient one was adopted.

There were sticks down and bits of embankment so this swamp presented no great difficulty in crossing. It fixed itself in my memory though for just before reaching it I slipped and fell and damaged my watch which I had regulated to an error of half a minute a week. It took me several days to find out the damage to the works. It did go again, but was never satisfactory. Aruna through the remainder of my trip took many opportunities to say that if it was not good enough for me it would be for him, and he knew a man in Freetown who could mend it. When I left he got it.

The first Loko village was an hour over the boundary, but

we passed numerous farms and roofed perches whereon sat boys to scare away the birds from the rice. Makerimbe village, which perhaps had a dozen houses, had Temne type houses.

Another hour from this village and we were at the Ibele river, in flood, but the current was not swift. Two canoes with rounded ends, each of which carried six men and their loads, took us over. From there it was only a short way up the hill into Batkanu station.

I have mentioned above the Court Messengers. I may here state that the Court Messengers are an organisation peculiar to the Protectorate, in the administration of which they play a large part. They combine the duties of police, interpreters, bailiffs, messengers, orderlies, bridge-builders, road-makers, gardeners, etc., and they are useful all-round men, so that whatever job has to be done there is somebody among those in the station who can do it. They act as connecting links between the District Commissioner and the Chiefs in his district.

Old soldiers are given the preference as vacancies occur, especially since the Frontier Force was cut down, and they wear a blue uniform with red cap. They are unarmed, but a certain number of single-barrelled twelve bore shot guns are kept in every station with buck shot cartridges. They are, however, rarely issued, except when a leopard has to be hunted away, or monkeys driven off the crops.

Corporals wear one chevron, sergeants two, and the sergeant-major at the headquarters of a province, three. Each Provincial Commissioner controls the men in his province, and enlists new men, and they are not under a central control and have no white officers. As at present constituted it seems to me they are more useful than a centrally organised force like a constabulary.

The following question was set once in a general intelligence paper: "What is the difference between a police constable in the colony and a Court Messenger in the Protectorate?" One answer given was, "The police constables go after thieves and other bad people, and the Court Messengers go after the D.C.," the allusion being to the D.C. never moving without several following him.

CHAPTER IV

LOKO, LIMBA, AND SUSU COUNTRIES

BATKANU is a pleasant station with beautiful grounds, and is one of the show places of Sierra Leone. It stands on a low-rising ground almost entirely surrounded by river or swamp. Away to the north over the Maboya river can be seen a line of low hills with grassy slopes and scattered trees, and to the north-east are the higher Loko hills. On the west side the distant French hills show up faintly.

The grounds are wonderful. They were laid out by Lieutenant-Colonel Harold Galway Warren, when Batkanu was the headquarters of the old Karene District, before the division of the Protectorate into three provinces was introduced in 1920, and they comprise the whole of the station. Colonel Warren became Provincial Commissioner under the new scheme and died here of blackwater fever in February, 1919. A big stone monument was erected by the chiefs to his memory, and a sundial, also in the grounds, was the gift of the other Provincial and District Commissioners of the colony. The sundial, unfortunately, is not correctly oriented and gives time nearly twenty minutes slow on the sun.

Batkanu is now no longer headquarters of what was virtually a province.

Mr. E. T. Tyndall was in charge, but he had to go out soon after my arrival.

There are some experimental plantations close to the station. The cotton was not very promising, but the sisal was coming along well, and rope was already being made of it in the prison. Over the Maboya river was a mixed coffee and banana plantation. None of these plantations had any experienced person in charge. They are planted and then handed over to the chief to make the best he can of them, and especially supply the labour.

The native town consisted of not more than a dozen round houses of the same type as the Temne houses.

The Loko are a tribe of Mende. At least since the overseas

slave trade began nearly four centuries ago they have been exploited by the Temne, and prisoners were brought down and sold by the latter to the European slavers. The constant warfare with the Temne only ceased with the declaration of the British Protectorate in 1896. Their numbers are greatly reduced, and no doubt this constant warfare has done much to change the locality of this people, or at least to restrict the area, for a Temne wedge has now been driven in between them and the main body of the Mende. Their language seems closest to the Kolo-Mende (Ko-Mende for short) or northern Mende, and I could understand them readily. Most of the Loko speak Temne, and when I was out in the farms they addressed my boys first in that language, using Loko afterwards when they found they were not understood. In speaking they do not soften the consonants for euphony as do most of the Mende. "Nd" is adhered to instead of changing it to "L", for one example. Some words serve to connect Mende with the purer Mandingo forms, and to explain abbreviations in the former. Further, when stating a noun independently the Mende uses the definite form made by adding an "I" to the word, which becomes modified according to the terminal vowel it coalesces with. The Loko adds "na" instead.

Physically the Loko seem to be a big type of Mende, the small size of so many Mende having no doubt been acquired by admixture with some other small sized people.

Education is supplied by the Sierra Leone Church Mission. There is a small building, a combined chapel and school, and the minister-teacher was a Creole. One of his pupils was his own daughter, aged seven, who read very well. There was one Loko youth, aged perhaps twenty; and the rest were small children belonging to the clerks and Court Messengers.

There were a few bush-fowl shouting in the distance, so there was an excuse to go and look at the farms. The farming was not smart. There were a number of people living on the farms in small round huts, as is customary when the rice season is approaching. The crops of rice were indifferent and weeds seemed to be the chief growth. There was also cassava of the usual two kinds, the broad leaved being called Tange in Mende and the narrow leafed Kande. Very little was full-grown yet, the old crop having no doubt been eaten; and some was being planted out. This is done by cutting up the long stems and sticking the pieces in the ground where they grow without any further trouble. It is a simple and easy form of farming.

When I see bad farming I always like to know the reason. A farming people does not farm carelessly and badly without some good cause. There was something wrong here.

Beyond the farms there was grassland with savannah trees, *Lophira* being the commonest. By the streams, but not on the edge of the swamps, was the usual fringing forest. Oil palms showed themselves all about the country, though not very numerous.

I left on the 11th of October. The chief, whom I had not seen till the previous day, when he arrived with a present, having been away, came and saw me off. Sixteen additional carriers turned up, of whom all except one or two, who belonged to the Court Messengers, were Loko men. I was doubtful about two or three boys, but they proved quite strong and went with me all the way to Kaballa. In appearance these Loko men might have been Mende, but they represented only one of the many Mende types of face.

The first day's march brought us to Makumeri, about fifteen miles, which took six and a quarter hours. After about an hour in the swamps, with long wading, we came to the Maboya river, where we found two canoes, which Longboy and Siafa took charge of and ferried over all the party. The canoes had pointed bows and very round bluff sterns, and a peculiarity was a rib or tongue about two or three feet long inside the canoe, beginning at the prow. It was more like the "rat's tails" on the backs of some silver spoons.

On the far side of this river was the village of Malala, the first we had passed, and we were again in Temne country, for the Loko country at Batkanu is merely a tongue of land extending into Temne country.

Malala was a big village as villages go in this country, and had at least a dozen houses, all large and wide apart, and with much vegetation about. The tendency of the roof tax is to produce larger houses, and there are never out-buildings for it is the roof that is taxed. There was a decoration on 'one roof top in the form of a pair of horns, made of wood, and on another a wooden bird.

Beyond the town was a small stream in flood, with a very small canoe which a boy pushed, swimming where the water was deep in the middle.

We then came to the Kabunga river, with a bush bridge of over a hundred yards, as it overflows its banks, and half-an-hour

beyond it was a Fula village named Masuri (i.e., Suri's town). There were large conical roofs in the Temne type, but instead of being grouped together the houses were scattered, and each stood in its own farm. From here low hills showed up ahead with grass and broken bush on them.

There were other small villages or farms on the road, all of which had some name. The road was mostly through savannah bush, with here and there clumps of thicker growth. Mango trees had been planted along the road. There were not many oil palm trees about until about half-an-hour before reaching Makumeri, when in crossing a slight hill, we had a view of very thick palm growth ahead.

I saw about here a variation in the manner of guarding the rice. The boys on the platforms had whips or long cords, which they cracked loudly and so kept the birds away. I never saw this again.

There was lateritic stone all the way, and later some hard rock in large blocks began to show. In one village I saw a Warri "board" made of rock, the holes being dug out in it. I never saw this anywhere else. If wooden boards are not used holes are dug in the ground for the counters.

This game I describe in another chapter.

Stones with small holes to keep the nuts from slipping were also common for cracking palm kernels, these stones being used as the hammers.

At Makumeri the chief's house and others, too, were in compounds and the mud walls round the compounds were thatched on top to keep the rain from washing them down. This now became common.

From Makumeri to Kamalu was about $13\frac{1}{2}$ miles and took nearly five hours. There were the usual small farm-villages all along the road, but Malal the residence of a Paramount Chief, and two other towns, one of which was Malekia, were bigger.

There were a great many streams and swamps going to the left, and the River Magelimo, which was fifty yards wide, needed a canoe. The rest were crossed by bush bridges. The previous night's heavy rain had filled up a number of lodgments of water in the road, some of considerable length. These Squire, who was gun-bearer, used to carry me over on his shoulders.

The savannah trees were now of larger size, indicating older growth. Fringing forest was along the streams, and kola trees were very common. The country was becoming more hilly as I

travelled north. There was lateritic rock, and some close grained hard rock by the streams, and also some crystalline rock ; and broken-up iron slag on the road indicated ironstone at no great distance.

The Chief of Malal came out as I passed by and gave the order for two fowls to be captured, a chase which all the small boys took part in. Bush-fowl were plentiful, and I had shot two on the way, so I was well provided with food. You generally, or at least often, find that if fowls are thrust on you, you have also been successful in the chase. Other days both fail. It is often very inconvenient to have to accept presents on the road, especially bulky or heavy ones. Your loads may be already made up to full weight and it becomes a problem on which load to put the new gift. Further, one has to think out quickly its value, and make a return money gift.

As one goes through a village, anyhow these Temne villages at this season, all the verandahs are full of men and women loafing, and the hammocks which are slung in every verandah are occupied. " Fido, be quiet," I heard from one verandah in a village I passed through, as Fido, a bush dog, wanted to bark.

In the village just over the Magelimo river were some coloured geometric drawings on a house wall. It would be the work of a Mohammedan for a pagan always depicts living objects which a Mohammedan is not strictly permitted to do.

I saw more of the collections of stones on the little platforms outside the houses, but there was always some slight variation in the explanation. The new Court Messenger with me, also a Temne, said one was put there when anybody died, whether man, woman or child, which judging by the accumulation was likelier than the head of the family only. They never seemed to be touched, and no one could possibly say which stone indicated which person. Stones, I may mention, are also used in Cameroons to indicate deaths, but there appear to receive some veneration, and sacrifices are made on them.

Soon after my arrival at Kamalu, the Chief came and brought me a sheep, a couple of fowls and rice. He was a Temne and the town is half Temne and half Loko. I had to give a return present of a pound, which annoyed me.

A great deal of kola is grown here, and I inquired if it went to French territory, but the Chief said all of it and all surplus rice goes down to the railway. They said they would not trade with French territory as they were looted every time, though whether

there is much foundation for this I cannot say, especially in the light of later inquiries which I made. Occasionally French Susu traders, however, come down to buy kola.

The ground produces good crops, and the fallows are from five to seven years.

Bai Samara, the Chief, complained of a cough, so I said I would give him some medicine in the evening. The Court Messenger suggested that in the old days he liked liquor, but now could not get imported spirits. When he came at dusk I gave him a good tot of something which he said made him feel better at once, but he had to have a couple of Dover's powder tabloids afterwards.

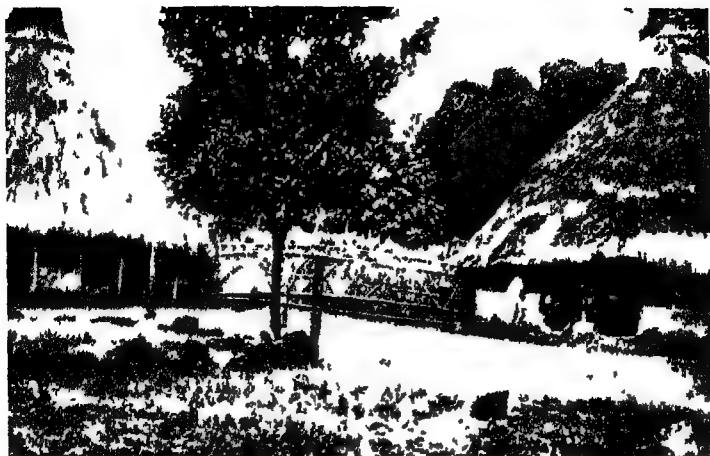
There was a Court Messenger temporarily stationed here, sent up from Batkanu to superintend the building of two leopard traps. Some little time since a leopard broke through a wall and bagged a baby. The traps were of the customary kind, having two compartments, the small one for the sheep, and a large one for the leopard to go into to try and get at the sheep. When he gets in he cannot fail to touch something which releases the drop and he is enclosed. The sheep is put in every evening, and taken out in the morning. I believe these traps are sometimes successful. It must, however, be borne in mind that a leopard that has spent years in hunting and lived on it alone, acquires a good deal of sense and is not easily deceived. The amount of local knowledge a leopard gains in its lifetime must be enormous. I should venture to say he ought to be a match for a Court Messenger sent out from Headquarters by the District Commissioner.

I have seen many leopard traps, and I gathered they were always erected by order, the local people seldom doing so on their own initiative. The same pattern trap I found in the distant Congo.

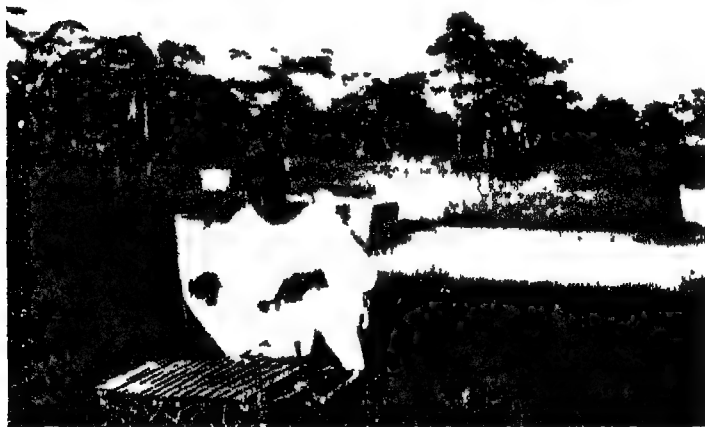
From Kamalu to Kamakuya is three hours, say ten miles. There was increasing jungle growth along the road with some forest trees, and savannah trees were rarer.

The course of the streams was at first to the left and we crossed a river about twenty-five yards wide named the Mawolko about a mile out. At about five miles was a swamp flowing to the right about a hundred yards across and bridged. About a mile farther on we came on to a rise with a good view back showing timbered country and palm trees, with no grass. In local English grassland is always called "grass-field," an old English word which one sees in old books.

PLATE II



CHIEF'S COMPOUND AT SUMATA WITH PRAYING ENCLOSURE



KURANKO MAN PLAYING THE BALANJI

Somewhere near this big swamp, we came first into Limba country, but the houses in the farms indicated no difference. Whether in old days the Limba and Temne built alike I cannot find out, but Laing says the houses of the Temne in his days were very poor, but does not give their precise shape. I should say that the house tax has evolved an economical type of house which the different tribes have adopted from the Temne, who are the most influential people in this part of the country.

Kamakuya is Limba, and a big town as towns go here. There were some good houses with well carpentered woodwork, and I noticed three kinds of thatch: hanging thatch of the Kere, a swamp palm; grass, but not much, and two or three houses with mat roofs, the mats being made of raphia palm leaves and put on like slates. These mats are made by laying two sticks, each about two foot six long, on the ground about nine inches apart. Over them are doubled the palm leaves just overlapping, and each is fixed by a splinter put in half-way between the two sticks and another below the lower one. Most of the smaller houses in Freetown are roofed with these mats, which are brought over from the Bullom shore in bundles. For some reason they are called Mende mats, but the method of roofing is apparently not indigenous to Mende. Where it is indigenous is in Gaboon and the Congo, and I consider this method of roofing originally came from there brought by released slaves.

I was not aware of the fact that there was an established Mission here till shortly after my arrival the Reverend F. R. Birch appeared outside the rest-house. His mission is the American Wesleyan Mission, and he had charge of a large area in Limba country, and was mostly travelling. The Mission had been established at Kamakuya for six years.

Mr. Birch speaks Limba. He said there were considerable differences in the Limba dialects, and Limba people at one end of the country do not readily understand those at the other end. This might be due to the absorption in different places of Temne as against Susu for instance, or there may be deeper seated and more ancient reasons for the dialectic differences. The latter is more likely. He showed me a typed vocabulary, and a grammar, neither of which it had been possible to print. The British and Foreign Bible Society, however, issued a St. Luke in Limba in 1911.

Mr. Birch liked the Limba, but was not very sanguine. When I suggested to him that the Sierra Leone Creole was the highest

type to which the African negro could attain, he was startled. He had never thought of it in that light. Still this would not be an argument to desist from all Mission work.

At dusk, the Chief, Sabubala by name, arrived back, and came straight up to the rest-house in his hammock. He had heard of my arrival and returned at once. He was a very old man, but quite shrewd. One finds most of the chiefs so. Indeed, they would not be selected for the post by their people if they were not. After formal greetings he complained of his stomach, and said something to warm him would be good. I told him to leave one of his men, and I would send the necessary. I put two gin-and-bitters glasses of whisky into another bottle and sent it to him. It seems he poured down the lot and told the messenger it was excellent. These people never spoil good whisky by mixing water with it. After drinking it neat they may just wash down their throats with a dash of water.

My route cut across Limba country which is here long and narrow. The next day, the 14th October, we passed five small villages and reached Kamabuyelei in two hours. This is half-way to the Kabba river or the Little Scarcies. One can tell most of the Limba towns from the Temne, for while Temne towns as I have said before usually begin with "Ma" or "Ro," Limba towns begin with "Ka."

It was thick jungle growth with some forest and here and there some very big silk-cotton trees. There was a big stream flowing to the left just beyond Badigidi the first village. The rest were to the right, and would be nearly all dry in the dry season.

When one gets clear of the Temne one can note the houses more perfectly. Then one marked distinction shows. The Limba like a straight spike as an apex to their roofs with a horn or a bottle on the end. Spring gates at the entrance to a village are the usual thing. The spring is a long bent stick with a rope to it, so that the gate can only be opened by the exercise of some force. The animals can thus be kept either in or out. At Asamang, the second village, some road cleaning was going on. The hoes were a curved iron spiked through a long stick. The metal is imported, but the hoes, which are narrow, are made up by the local blacksmiths. The blacksmiths are Limba, but there may be also strangers plying this trade. At Katai I noticed nothing, but at Kanasuku I saw close to a house a wooden post three feet high propped up by great blocks of stone, and on the top was laid an egg. Somebody had sacrificed. These vertical

posts are common. At Dara, the fifth village, a young man was weaving. Very good strong cloth is woven in Limba country, but they do not seem to go in for elaborate designs. The natural brownish colour is what they weave mostly, but they like the striped design, and possibly import it. Cloths are often dyed red-brown with a tree called Kafe in Mende.

The ordinary dress of the Limba man, and he wears European cottons less than other tribes, is an upper garment cut low at the neck, and open in the front to allow his head to pass through. It has sleeves and is sewn up at the sides. For nether garments he wears loose knickers with a tight band below the knee.

On the first half of the road there were granitic blocks lying about occasionally, but most of the road was lateritic ironstone.

At Kamabuyelei a change came over the scene. There was more grassland with well grown savannah trees, and for the first time fan palms.

The Chief was sitting at a house on a cleared rising ground. There was only one other house there, and a drum hung up in the open. The rest of the town was in a forest patch beyond. He showed me a cotton plantation. The seed was a long staple variety which the Government is trying to introduce to take the place of the short staple native cotton. The change has worked very successfully in Nigeria, where the long staple kind is now popular.

Between Kamabuyelei and the Little Scarcies river we only passed two villages, Abele and Kamasoko, and that was the last of Limba country and we came into Susu country. The river is about two hundred yards wide with a big canoe on it.

The Limba are fond of putting up gateways to their rice farms. These are no more than three sticks, the cross one high enough for a man to pass under, and there is always hanging down a small pendant. It is supposed to be, I think, a paper written with a Mohammedan charm, but I never saw anything but the imitation. Thin slips of the inside of the raphia branch are taken and cut the same length and put side by side and joined by being pierced through. It thus makes a little flap or fan, about six inches by nine inches, and suspended from the cross stick blows about in the wind.

Cross roads, not only in Limba country, are a recognised place for depositing things and making sacrifices. At one place on the road where a path branched off, I saw four wooden dolls about fifteen inches long lying by the road. Only the

head was indicated, but all were hollow and resounded when struck. At the actual junction was a mat and some decayed food.

The Limba drums, not the ones that can be carried about, are hollowed out logs, but they have not the long lengthwise slit on them the Congo drums have. They are hollowed out from the ends only, and each end is closed with a wooden disc. The hanging drums are hemi-spherical with a skin.

Having crossed the river, the Chief of Samaia, which place I had now reached, met me and took me to the rest-house. He had one eye damaged. He was dressed in a long gown and had a wonderful sort of crown which he wore over his head cloth. It apparently had a wood basis, and was covered with leather, with sundry objects in leather attached. I could not make out what all the little things were, but two seemed to be models of stools. He wore besides a big silver medal hung round his neck with the head of Queen Victoria on it, which had been presented to him by the Government.

I stayed the next day. The rest-house was a good circular building in a compound, with the chief's compound opposite.

After breakfast the Chief took me round the town, but there was nothing to see. There is a mosque which is the usual round building, but when I had asked the reason for their putting up a circular mosque, they showed me that it was rectangular inside. The reason is that these people cannot construct a square roof. They therefore compromised. The square part inside is used by the men and the women use the verandah.

As for the rest of the town, there were half-a-dozen large compounds surrounded by mud walls, all thatched. Inside each were about half-a-dozen circular huts like the Temne houses. The town had not long since been burnt, and they said it was not now what it was like before it was burnt. The burning was largely due to laziness, for if they had made a good fire zone round the town before the grass fires began it would not have occurred. I believe it was during the last dry season that it was burnt.

After walking round the Chief and his followers came in for a talk. He said the town was ancient, and was certainly important in his grandfather's time. It is not marked, however, on Laing's map, though places not far from it are. If Laing passed it by along a near road it could not have been very important then. The Chief said the name had not been changed.

One of Samory's lieutenants came and apparently destroyed it. The Susu fought on foot against his horsemen. The present

Chief's father was then Chief, but he himself already had two wives. In inquiring who precisely were Samory's followers, they said Bambara, but did not know what Samory himself was. They fought hard against the Susu, and did them much harm, but some of the Susu followed Samory afterwards.

Samory Ture, to give his full name, was a Mandingo born about 1835, of obscure parents at Sanankoro near Bissandugu in Wasulu. In 1880 he began his war against infidels. He was captured by the French in 1898, and died at Njole up the Ogowe River in Gaboon.

Till it was raided by Samory this was a rich cattle country. Now they cannot keep the stock going without importation from French territory. The Chief was emphatic that no English natives dared go over the frontier. They were, he said, shamelessly looted and beaten both by Frenchmen themselves, and their natives subordinates.

• Ground-nuts, rice and cassada are grown. They complained of the destruction of the crops by monkeys, and of having no guns to drive them off. When I was out in the evening, I could see that the small boys on their platforms or moving about in the farms were having a thick time with the multitudes of doves, rice-eating birds, etc., that levy a toll on the ripe rice crop. I saw, too, a whole herd of black monkeys walking inside the rice. They strip the grains off in handfuls as they pass.

Chief Kanda Suri was most anxious for some guns. They used to have them in former times, but the Government took them all away. Some time since, when some leopards came about, they were lent three guns with six cartridges for a fortnight, and then they were duly taken back. These guns would be the single-barrelled twelve-bore shot guns the Court Messengers are given when out on special duty.

I was told that all the people I saw in the farms were slaves.

Food was distinctly scarce here for my boys and carriers, and I issued the whole of a small stock of rice I had for my own use to help them to make up. The rice was scarcely ready to cut. There were many orange trees with oranges on them now ripe. The mango trees were not flowering yet.

A tin of jam pleased the Chief immensely. Aruna took it in the evening, carrying a tin opener with him. The Chief dipped his finger in—it was plum—and tasted it with much satisfaction, and then gave his small children some.

We had a march of three-and-a-half hours, or about ten miles to Laia. This was the 16th October.

The road ran through grassland with good savannah type trees, and there were a few patches of forest which in some cases had villages in them. The road was a new one and somewhat roundabout, the direct road, I was told, being only passable in the dry season. We were largely on high ground but we crossed three swamps in the first two hours with villainous bridges of sticks laid lengthwise.

We passed the farm or village of Sengi (four houses) with a sugar-loaf hill far away to the right in Loko country; Makombo unseen to the right; a swamp and another group of farms; a patch of oil palms with a thirty yards swamp beyond, and in two hours from starting Kanamaburu consisting of four houses and a clump of banana trees. Twenty minutes on was a rocky stream, and a little beyond, say seven miles, Kalimaia, of perhaps a couple of dozen houses in a forest patch. We rested twenty minutes, and crossing a small swamp with huts to the left, reached Laia in a forest patch in a little over three and a half hours from starting.

I was put up in the Chief's house, a big building with the central room not far less than thirty feet in diameter, and a ten foot verandah round that. The central room was very lofty, and the roof was a mass of stalactites of soot, and it was pitch dark. All round were settees or beds of mud, and several big wooden chests padlocked. The darkness and musty smell were too much, so I had part of the verandah enclosed with mats and camped there. This faced the courtyard with houses on both sides and in front, so that privacy was difficult. However, I could pass out at the back into the bush.

The house had a rather elaborately carpentered doorway.

The Chief, Santigi Kole, came for the usual talk at four o'clock. I used to like them to come then, having had tea after my afternoon sleep. He said there was no main road through the country so no traders came. They were quite cut off from everything. There had been no cattle in the country since Samory's time. What few there are are kept for food or they may be sold. His only idea of re-stocking the country was to get the animals from the French, and for the Government to do it. The indication was an utter helplessness as regards doing it for themselves. Left to themselves, the beasts would all be sold or eaten before they had a chance of multiplying. I pointed out that in ten years with

care they could get a fair herd together ; but it is beyond them. They said the Fulbe had cattle because they neither ate nor sold them.

It is the same with sheep and goats. Here is a pastoral country with neither.

Occasionally there comes along a cattle sickness called " Wula " in Fula.

The country on this march was all savannah bush, with a few patches of forest, and we heard a number of chimpanzees chorusing in fine style, but I could not get a glimpse of them.

The Chief had a French picture postcard marked " Vieillard indigène " whom he thought was Samory, and was treasuring as such. I told him there was nothing written on it to indicate that it was. Still I seemed to think I had remembered seeing it somewhere else as a photograph of Samory. He looked ruffian enough to be Samory.

The back verandah of the house in which I was staying was where the women were accustomed to cook. There were a number of big baskets there and great pots of unbaked clay made by joining the upper and lower portion together after each had been made separately. There was a woman working raw cotton on a couple of what looked like wire hair brushes. A small boy was making a box with sticks pierced together, the sticks being the inside of palm fronds.

My Loko carriers danced to the light of a grass fire in the evening, using a big wooden drum they borrowed. They are greatly distressed when I cannot shoot them a monkey or two to go with their evening rice. To the local people it means a monkey less destroying their farms.

At 4.30 next morning, the 17th, the muezzin and another called to prayers, so my alarum set for a quarter of an hour later was not needed.

Our day's march to Sumata was only three-and-a-half hours, or about nine miles. One hour out we came to a path leading to Golea away to the left, and in another hour passed Kirigia with extensive farm land before we reached it. It was very up and down hill with some forest along the streams, and for part of the way a path had been newly cleared through the long grass. There were numerous paths running in various directions, and about half way between Kirigia and Sumata was a well used cross road. The Court Messenger said the Susu made broad roads to their farms, but completely neglected the main roads.

In the swamps the Kere palm was common. It is used for thatching and mat-making. The ground was mostly lateritic ironstone, with some big red-streaked granite boulders.

I was greeted at Sumata with much handshaking, and the guide after a rest went back. We had needed him along these tracks. There was a crowd of men about when I arrived, but they were soon sent off with knives and cutlasses to do some clearing.

The Chief said the people wished to live permanently on the farms, and that was why the town was so dilapidated.

I occupied the Chief's house, which was in a compound as usual. It was much smaller than the one at Laia, and less trying to the eyes as a little more daylight could penetrate, so I was able to live inside. There were the usual stalactites of soot, a mud bed, and big baskets suspended by ropes which were attached to a ring under their base. In these baskets were raw cotton. In addition there were unburnt clay pots for storing grain.

I inquired how they got money here. They said when *tâx* time came they sent rice to Makene or Kambia, the latter for preference, and got 5s. a load for it. They also grow benniseed, and the proceeds of that apparently are ear-marked for buying cloth.

The cattle attached to the town seemed to be only two in number. Towards sunset they come in and select a verandah to sleep under.

At six o'clock a messenger came in from the town of Yana with some *colas* from the Chief, asking me not to fail to visit him. According to my map, of the scale of a million, Yana was two days away, but the messenger said it was a little more than two hours only. I had decided that my route was to be via Koto, which I had discussed only earlier in the day. Having discussed the matter again, I replied I would come. The map for this part of the colony is completely misleading, though revised only in 1923.

Sumata, which is not marked on Laing's map, consists of about fifteen houses rather close together in a forest patch. There were some wall drawings on the inside of the entrance hut to the Chief's compound. They were the usual type of single line charcoal drawing done by children, and are much the same as one sees as far off as the Congo.

It rained all night, and the nearness of Yana next day was not exaggerated, for I was there in about an hour and forty minutes,

say five-and-a-half miles. We passed Keamaia, consisting of two houses and a clump of very tall bananas, and Dogonaia, consisting of three houses and a smithy. An elephant had crossed the road during the night and left behind him a number of very virulent biting flies.

A mile from Dogonaia was Yana rest-house on a hill. Our general direction had been north-west, and on the map the distance measured in a straight line between Sumata and Yana measures thirteen miles, with no road indicated. As a rule it is safe to reckon that ten miles straight on a small scale map gives a very long and hard day's march, and is usually too much.

CHAPTER V

SUSU AND LIMBA (*continued*)

THE rest-house on the hill at Yana was quite good, and I stayed there over Sunday, the 19th October.

The country about Yana is very broken. The hills are covered with grass and some savannah bush, and along the streams is the usual fringing forest. A great square-shaped hill shows up to the north, and behind it rises the scarped range that forms the boundary of French territory, the actual boundary line being over the crest. The scarp in the immediate neighbourhood of Yana has very few breaks, and rises to over 2,000 feet above sea level. According to Mr. F. Dixey, formerly Government geologist, the rocks are of exceptional interest. They consist of red granites, which are partly overlain by felspathic sandstones and conglomerates, together with some marls. These two classes of rock have suffered considerable folding. On them is another sedimentary series consisting of light coloured felspathic sandstone and dark blue to black flaggy mudstones. This series is practically horizontal, and is capped by a great thickness of dolerite.

The town of Yana, which is down in the valley, is not large. The Chief has a big compound with a number of houses in it, and the rest of the town consisted of a few smaller compounds. The houses are of the usual circular shape, and in the verandahs one sees the usual hammocks hanging up.

The people are Mohammedans, and in the town is a large outwardly circular mosque, but the interior is built square. The roof was unusual, the upper part being smooth, but the lower part was in steps or ridges. The Chief said this was his own design, but it seemed more as if the top layer of grass had merely been omitted; and I am not sure that it is not a common design in Mandingo country. The outer verandah walls were of clay pierced with geometric designs, and there was a wooden fence round it to keep off cattle, sheep or goats.

The aged Chief, Kandi Koli, arrived at the rest-house a short time after I came in. He was carried up the very steep hillside

in his hammock. The bearers, wearing khaki uniforms with white braid, serve also as his official messengers. A drum and bugle and a great crowd followed. After the customary greetings had been exchanged I took his photograph and he went back to the town.

Later a young bull arrived. I had endeavoured by means of a deputation consisting of Alimendi and the Court Messenger to head it off as politely as possible. Perhaps their efforts were wilfully feeble, anyhow there was nothing doing. The Chief said it was his custom, so I accepted it. It gave trouble when it came up, not being accustomed to going anywhere except as it pleased. One of the Loko carriers got a few cuts, which I plastered up, and it was eventually laid on its back, and its throat was cut. I sent a hind leg to the chief, others had portions, and the carriers rejoiced; their "belly was sweet" to translate literally.

The return present next day before I left was a problem. I eventually decided on an assortment of things which included ros. in cash, with biscuits, jam, tea, sugar, candles, scented soap, cigarettes and a bottle of whisky. The Chief was very pleased with them, the scented soap especially giving him joy. I heard he opened everything at once. He would not touch the whisky himself, but gave a drink to all his old slaves.

I went down to his house and had a further talk there. I tried to get some ancient history, but he had none to tell. He seemed to think the Susu had always been in the country. The hill upon which the rest-house stands was occupied formerly by a Maninka, that is, Mandingo, village. They fought against it and turned the Maninka out; but there was no indication of the date. The site has deep black soil and potsherds on it which made me inquire. He thought the Mandingo had no country of their own, and was surprised when I said it lay to the north. The Fula attacks of a hundred years ago he knew nothing of. Samory destroyed all their farms, but Yana itself was not captured. They built a double stockade round it, the line of which is shown at the present day by the great silk-cotton trees.

This is part of the Tambakka country. It was so called from being the country of the revolted slaves, after a rising which took place long ago, perhaps a hundred years. The Susu owned many slaves, Konno, Mende, etc. Under one Tamba they arose and killed all their Susu owners and their families. Then armed with the guns they took, they went and settled in the country now

called Tambakka after Tamba their leader. All free persons they killed. Some had their own wives, and perhaps added to them. Susu was their customary language so they retained it. The Tambakka population is therefore very mixed in origin. The relationship of Yana to this new state I did not ascertain, but I found that the present-day slaves are of Kuranko and Konno origin. Whether, therefore, Yana was part of Tambakka, or not, there are slaves here again. A rising like this, and there were others, of which the memory has come down, Laing mentioning one in 1756 against the Fula and Sulima, shows that negro slaves are not always so happy with their negro masters as European apologists for slavery at the present day would have everybody believe.

Going into the question of forest destruction, which the Chief attached no importance to whatever, he thought or seemed to think there was more forest about when he was a child, but he had probably never given any thought to the matter. He was born in Yana.

I commented on the small size of the towns. This, he explained was due to so many people living on their farms, but he thought perhaps the population was not increasing.

He had no ancient records of his predecessors, but thought there had been a written record once and the white ants had eaten it. He claimed to know by heart many of their names.

Clearly the past counted for little.

Although the rest-house was in a quiet place well away from the town, animal life in any form was scarce. The conspicuous lizard, *Agama colonorum*, with the red head and blue body, the females being all green, was here; and on seeing him it struck me I had not seen any of that species before on my way up.

I managed to get one guinea-fowl, but saw no more. A common little bird is the one which in the breeding season is crimson on its back, neck and breast. These are the males. The females are brown all over with only a tiny patch of crimson low down under the wing coverts on the back. They pass much of their time on the ground, and come into the house to collect grass from the inside of the roof, which they take away to build their nests with. They do not nest in the houses.

There were a few mosquitoes up in the rest-house, but altogether I have seen very few on this trip.

I may here note that in other colonies wood and water are customarily sent by the Chief of the town to the rest-house, but

in Sierra Leone one's own carriers go and get both, which often means a delay on arrival, especially when water is far distant and dry wood farther still.

I had now reached the north-west corner of the colony, and from here I turned due east, and for several days was at no great distance from the French frontier. The scarp was on my left hand, and I was travelling on the lower spurs mostly in grass land, until at Sirekuli I began to get into the hill region that occupies the north-eastern part of the colony.

As I went out of Yana at 6 a.m. on Monday, the 20th, the town was still sleeping. A little beyond is the Kilimi river flowing to the left and twenty yards wide, but the bridge has to be sixty yards to allow for overflow.

We kept north-easterly at first, and after passing round the right of the hill which is so conspicuous from Yana, began to bear more easterly. There were numerous small streams and swamps from the hills flowing to the Kilimi. The savannah bush on the hills was quite thick in places, and there was also some forest of the "dense" type. Bamboos too were growing here, and were later to become more plentiful. One conspicuous peak in the hills showed its rocky strata with great distinctness.

We passed several small villages, Prusi, Bwassa, Barita, and in four hours and a quarter reached Dombaia, the distance marched being perhaps twelve miles, but the road was far from straight.

The town was built on a rocky hillside, and the rest-house which was at the back of the town, was on three different levels. One climbed from ground to verandah, from verandah to central room, and again to back verandah, yet one circular roof covered all. There were thirty-one houses in the town I was told. The inhabitants are Susu but there were a number of Fula people about who herd their cattle on the mountain sides. The town escaped destruction by Samory, but I could get no information about it, and the Chief who looked about forty-five years of age, said he was not born then.

At this time of the year there are few people to be met in the towns and villages. They are all out cutting rice, and one can tell whereabouts they are as there is a drum going all the time. Any produce for sale goes to Kambia. The Chief complained they had no guns to keep off wild animals. Elephants move about in threes and fours and do much damage; and they said it was unsatisfactory to venture into French country.

I started next morning in a damp mist. The Kilimi was just below, coming down the hills from the left and was here only eight yards wide. Half an hour out was Silimikori consisting of two houses only, and twenty minutes on the high range came to an end in a bold high cape, and from here a road leads to Bokaria in French territory. We then crossed a high ridge, and thereafter the streams till 9.30 (we had left at 6.0) all flowed to the left and presumably into the Kita river.

At 7 a.m. was Dendeya in two parts, and an hour later was a small piece of Kita with the bigger part twenty-five minutes on. The Chief here was very upset I would not stay as he said all white men stopped here, but I had only done six miles, and had wasted so much time pottering about Samaia, Sumata and Yana.

The road had been hastily cleared so far, but after Kita it was in its pristine state, and we had to push the long grass out of our faces as we made our way along. If I had stayed the night the Chief would have had time to get a little clearing done. A European is so rare up here, that they only clear the road when one is heard coming.

Half an hour on was Muinta near which some elephants had passed, their tracks being marked by the damage they had done. They seem to pull up trees merely to see if they can do it. Later we came to a hill top with a good view back to Yana, and at the end of about four and three-quarter hours we stopped at Beria. After 9.30 we had crossed a local watershed, and after that the few streams flowed to the right.

Beria was in a forest patch, with many monkeys, but they were so high I could not reach them, so the Loko folk had to be content with one I shot on the road. In all these forest patches the wild Canna lily is very common.

Leaving Beria early next morning we travelled north and then even north-westerly for half-an-hour till we resumed an easterly direction at the site of the old Buruta where many banana trees were growing. They told me it was abandoned "before the English came to the country." The new village was twelve minutes on and over a stream, and as far as I could see only consisted of three houses. I have referred before to the wooden post set up in villages supported by stones packed round. Here there was a stone pillar $2\frac{1}{2}$ feet high.

About two hours from starting we came to a farm where I could only see one hut. However, the "village" boasts of the name of Kunkiderr, with an alternative name Nyamba,

which means "waterside." The Lolo river was just below, about fifty yards wide and flowing to the right from French territory. The canoe, which was very solid and dug out on the round, held easily four men and four loads. It had round ends and the stern was carved inside so as to make a seat. The paddle was a flat piece of wood with the stick lashed on.

A quarter of a mile up the river were some rapids, and there was fringing forest as usual.

A few minutes after 9 a.m., that is three and a quarter hours out, we reached Yatia, quite a big place with a dozen huts, and I had to disappoint the people by saying I could not stay. So we went on another hour and stopped at Fansiga, a farm village of half a dozen smallish houses. The type still remains the same, namely two little rooms made by closing a piece of the verandah on each side. This place is a farm village belonging to Kondita, which was somewhere to the north up the hill; and both belong to Yatia, which is why I was expected to stop there.

The earlier part of the march had been through some considerable patches of dense forest, but later it was more savannah type country. All the time we were going up and down rocky hills. We had a ridge along the north again, and to the east showed up the great mountainous mass we should soon reach.

There were some Fula folk here, and they brought milk and butter, but neither were very good, and I had to pass them on.

I saw some tobacco growing on the way. It was the kind called Vondei in Mende and Dotroi in Susu, a plant with a very small leaf. At Yana I got some dried tobacco, which may be the same plant. It was very mild. I had it cut up and enjoyed smoking it.

The Fundi grain is now sprouting. This is its Temne name. In Mende it is Pote, but it is much more used in Temne country. It is planted twice a year, but whether regularly or not I am not sure. They say the present crop will be ready in two months.

Another grain I saw were some maize cobs hanging up in my hut. It is not very common. Its name in the Susu here is Binye, but in Western Susu it is Kabe. I never saw any growing.

Five year fallows are customary here, but where they plant rice in the swamps often one year interval alone is allowed.

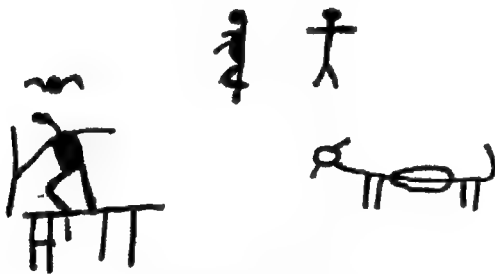
There were some drawings on the walls of my house, on the inside, done with one finger in white, no doubt by the boys. There seemed to be some advance in skill. For instance, a four-legged animal had an oval added to its straight-line body, and

some of the human beings had an oval, circular or triangular body. There was one man standing sideways on one leg, with the other foot drawn up to his knee, a pose I had not seen anywhere before. Best of all was a boy on a framework with a stick scaring birds, one of which was above his head. There was even the usual ladder leading up to the platform.

Two of my Mende carriers had had fever since Yana and were unable to carry their loads, but on this day's march one was well enough to take his load.

Thursday, the 23rd October, was a hard march to Sirekuli, really my most northerly point. Though I could not make it more than fourteen miles, it took six and three-quarter hours.

We had a steady climb at first, and then went down a precipitous gully with a stream in it, and some forest. Finally we struck the



Wall drawing at Fansiga, Susu country. The boy driving off birds was drawn sideways.

Kabba river, which we followed up stream for a couple of miles before reaching the ferry. We had passed one village named Takanya, and a few huts where we struck the Kabba. These huts with farms around were beehive and thatched to the ground, being evidently only temporary shelters though of considerable size.

The going was very bad. The grass had not been cleared, and we had to push it out of our faces the whole way. There were numerous streams joining the Kabba eventually, and I saw some screw-pines at the bottom of the gully.

The Kabba river is the boundary between Susu and Limba. It is about eighty yards wide, and had dropped a lot. The canoe was of the solid type with a seat carved out inside each end. The paddle was a built up one, and the ferryman from the Limba side was a Maninka. I reckoned the ferry ten miles from Fansiga, and it took me four hours to get there, but the carriers were a bit ahead.

After crossing it was a steady climb up to Sirekuri, which I was not feeling very fit for, and though the distance was probably not more than three miles, it took me two hours. There were numerous streams down the hillside to the river, and just before coming to Sirekuli, a rocky stream about eight yards broad. To the north lie still higher grassy hills. On the day we had risen about 700 feet, and I made Sirekuri 1,196 feet above sea level. This was the highest point I had reached so far.

The town is built on rocks, and climbs up to the chief's compound. It lies in a forest patch, and some sticks erected near the stream to form a stockade and gateway are now enormous trees. So the town is fairly old.

The Limba people here speak a different dialect from those farther south. Some of the men wear thin plaits of hair down in front of their ears after the Fula style.

I was glad to find in this house fewer stalactites. The night before everything got covered with soot.

In this house there were hanging up on horizontal strings little flaps made of the pith of palm fronds pierced together. I have mentioned these before hanging at the entrance of the rice farms. They are believed to protect the house against witches—Hona-bela in Mende. The same idea exists in Mende country. They are supposed to strike the witch and prevent his entering to do you harm.

The following day there was another hard march of seven hours for about thirteen miles. It was up and down precipitous gullies, with a net rise of about 500 feet. Then at the very end was a steep climb into Kamba, which took me half-an-hour for perhaps a couple of hundred feet.

The country was savannah type except in the gullies, and quite uninhabited except for the Limba town of Kamaboshi, two hours out, and perched on a steep hillside. Near it on a grass hill was a pleasant rest-house. There were numerous small streams, mostly rocky, and after four-and-a-quarter hours, say eight miles, there was a torrential river of twenty yards or more, with a suspension bridge.

There was some laterite and ironstone at the highest level, but generally the road was hard flaking rock with a coarse grain.

We met with a great number of bamboos with a thin stem, and a savannah tree appeared which I had not noticed before

on this journey, and which I have always called the Cork tree from its very thick soft bark. The leaves are in whorls, and there is always a single straight bole up to six feet or more. Ferns were plentiful in the valleys, and also the Kere palm. Near the river were some *Raphia* palms of a variety I was not well acquainted with. At Kamba I saw the first baobabs.

There was some difficulty over food at first, as the local rice had not ripened yet at this altitude, 1,621 feet.

There was a young Chief here. He said there was no trouble with the French if import taxes are duly paid. The only trade is a little rice sent in to Kaballa and sold to pay the house tax.

Kamba is a Yalunka (Susu) town. I was inquiring why the Sulima, a big people in Laing's time, were now scarcely existent. It seems that Samory slaughtered many, and sold all the rest as slaves. Still, I am not at all clear about it. Laing never mentions the Yalunka, and it is the same country as he calls Sulima. Although they suffered from Samory's raid they must be the same people, and are a branch of the Susu.

Goitres are common here.

The next day, 25th, the road was reasonably good. Besides, we made a net descent of about 400 feet to Musaiya, which I made 1,204 feet at the rest-house.

As I passed through Kamba on leaving I saw none of the heavy roof tops of the Temne house. The apex of these houses is bound round with ropes; and the houses themselves are rather small, though they all have the little rooms built on the verandah.

A lot of small leafed tobacco is grown. It has a yellow flower and is called Tonkoro.

A rest-house was being built outside the town on the site of the original town destroyed by Samory.

A walk of an hour and three-quarters brought us to Mamudiya, also a largish town. There were numerous small streams, but only an occasional rice plantation. After four-and-a-half hours we came to the Mango river. There were a few farms before it, and a lot of cattle belonging to the Fula. They were the usual yellow kind for the most part, but just a few were dark brown or partly so. If mixed, usually the head was dark.

The river was forty yards wide and crossed by a suspension bridge; and then began the town of Musaiya in a valley. We passed right through it, and on to the rest-house beyond, which I made thirteen miles, and the time five hours all but ten minutes.

The Chief met me, accompanied by a singer with a guitar.

There is a line of tall trees all round the town, marking the old stockade, which sprouted. The old Chief said they were there when he was young, so perhaps the stockade was not first made against Samory. The town is large but does not fill the enclosure. Inside was an experimental cotton plantation, all the cotton of which has to be sent down to be sold. It was the only cotton plantation on my march round the northern province which was doing at all well. The Chief showed me a sample from a small plantation, which had been planted earlier, and it looked quite good.

Kanda Suri had been Chief for about thirty-seven years, I understood. They held out against Samory till their food was exhausted, and then evacuated the place. He himself apparently joined Samory and went to Samaia, where he was for three months.

A small albino child came along with the Chief, and I gave it sixpence. His mother saw a white man when she was pregnant, and was frightened, and so brought forth a white child, is the reason given.

Food was a bit scarce.

I arrived next day, Sunday, the 26th October, at Kaballa, which is the headquarters of Kuranko District. It was four hours, say fourteen miles from Musaiya along a road made to take motors except for the bridges. The early streams were to the right and later to the left. Being a new road it was not constructed with regard to existing villages, and as a matter of fact we did not pass a single one. The soil was laterite all the way. As we drew near to Kaballa we came to a high peak on the right, which seemed to have a few caves in the rocky sides. This peak is connected by a ridge with a slightly lower peak, which is one of the ring of hills that encircle the valley in which stand the town and station of Kaballa.

The District Commissioner's house is up a hill, and the rest-house is part way up. The offices are down below. From this hill there are good views, but the place seemed to me too much shut in. Away to the westward, round the edge of the second high hill I have mentioned one sees perhaps seven miles off, two rounded bare hills, almost all bare rock, and near them a forested hill with the town of Yakala on the top. The Loko hills which one sees from Batkanu lie to the north-west, and in clear weather to the south-east can be seen the Loma hills. For the rest, the hills are all grass-grown with thin savannah bush.

In the valley are the Kuranko and Limba towns both separate. The boundary between the two countries is somewhere about here but the precise line has not been marked.

Being up a hill I found some mosquitoes, and there are more in the District Commissioner's bungalow which is higher. In my previous books I have commented on the fact that an uphill site is often more favourable to mosquitoes than one placed lower. I made the height of the rest-house 1,576 feet, the other house being about sixty feet higher.

Since leaving Batkanu the rain had been coming in the form of storms from the eastward, but at Kaballa it still came up at about 4.30 as usual, but from the south-west. It also rained a lot at night. At dawn the sky was clear, but a dense mist soon rolled up.

Mr. A. V. E. Pearse, the District Commissioner, is the author of a volume of verse, and was hoping soon to bring out a second book. The poetry is of the modern style, and it is unfortunate that another Pearse, who is no relation, also publishes verse: Pearse had his namesake's book. I tried to talk poetry intelligibly, but put my foot in it horribly when I said I liked Longfellow and often took the volume travelling with me.

I paid off my Loko carriers and sent them back to Batkanu, but two Temne men said they would stay and go on with me. The rest went back with the Court Messenger. One of my Mende carriers, Foday, had been sick all along with rheumatism or arthritis, so I paid him off too. He went and joined a fellow-countryman who has settled in this country and was growing rice. He is gradually getting together a small colony round him, for when a Mende comes out of gaol, naturally without money or employment, he takes him to his place. Kaballa gaol is a fairly large one, and prisoners are sent here to serve their sentences all the way from Makene.

I must now make a few general notes on the Limba. The Limba close to Kaballa are the Warra-warra Limba, who have mixed with the Kuranko and assimilated much of their culture, which is Mandingo. They intermarry, and nearly all the Warra-warra know the Kuranko language, though the reverse is less common. There is also a little Fula intermixture.

Naming of children. The first son is named after the paternal grandfather, the second after the grandfather's brother. The first girl is named after the paternal grandmother. Any others are named after any member of the father's family; but I

gathered the mother's family does not come in for consideration. Twins are named as follows: boy and girl, Ferengai and Musu. Boys, Kortor, Ferengai. Girls: Musu and —? My informant was a little hazy. Anyhow, the names are Mandingo and not Limba.

Marriage. Head-money is paid in cloth and sheep, not in cattle. Marriages are usually between townsfolk. The best man fetches the bride, and a woman of the bride's family carries the bride on her back. She goes direct to the bridegroom's house, but if she belongs to a distant place she lodges in a friend's house the first night. Wives are frequently changed, and there is constant trouble over part refund of the headmoney, as apparently there also is in Kuranko country. Marriages seem to be very informal affairs.

Burial. Big men are always buried in a grave with a niche or chamber at the side, but apparently the niche is not made for everybody. The legs and body seem to be thrust in first, the head being at the main shaft. The practice general in South Africa extends therefore as far as this country. The Chiefs seem to be buried laid out flat in the grave at the bottom of a wide circular pit, which is dug within the town. When the grave is filled in, big stones are set round. This different form of burial of the chiefs indicates possibly that there is a foreign ruling class which though now completely absorbed in the Limba maintains its distinction in its form of burial. Persons who have been sick for a long time are not buried in the town. Kurugbas, or war chiefs, are also buried in the bush, and stones are put round their graves. There is no ceremony, and as the remaining Kurugbas are few in number they seldom attend the burial of one of their number. Elsewhere I give an account of the burial of a Kuranko Kurugba.

Property. The disposal of property does not seem to differ from that of the Kuranko, but I feel sure it is not the same with the purer Limba.

Hunting. The tusk on which the elephant falls is the Chief's, who gives powder to the hunter ("hunting man" in local English), not a cow as with the Kuranko. Long nets for driving game into are not known, but snares are used.

The town of Yakala I have mentioned on the distant hill top is a Limba town with this peculiarity that the walls of the houses are built of stone instead of mud. Instead of being due to some old tradition, this may have originated in shortage of clay up

there, an abundance of loose stones, and absence of water to mix with the clay. The houses still remain circular, which would seem to support the method of building to be due to local stress.

I now give a further note on Warra-warra Limba with which Mr. E. F. Sayers, District Commissioner, who was at one time here, kindly supplied me.

"I went to Kakoia, the reputed first home of the Limba, under the shadow of a huge hill the highest in the range possibly, of hard grey rock weathered into flying buttresses and bastions. Up near the top of the wall of a huge precipice below the peak is a rectangular oblong slab of rock of a whitish colour and about 100 feet in height. It is part of the cliff wall, but is distinguishable by its lighter colour and stands out a little in relief. It stands out just like a huge door. The people suppose it to be the door of the house of the presiding genius of the Limba, and there all the former chiefs are with him. When one dies, no matter where in Limba, the townsfolk of Kakoia hear strange noises up in the hill mingled with bleatings of sheep and goats,—they are bringing the dead man to his last home along with the sacrifices slain at his burial. The noise can be heard by all, but only four-eyed people can see the 'krifi' who can be met with somewhere on the road, a short person with breasts like a woman's. The devil's name is Kumba. (This is often a woman's name.)

"On a round granite hill on the opposite side of the road are curious cellular holes like in Gruyère cheese, in some cases connected, and the intervals supported by columns of rock worn smooth and round. These holes are superficial. They do not give access to any interior system of caves apparently. On this rock the townspeople dance, as their own village is on a hillside and stony (houses all completely built of stones with hardly any earth filling.)

"In one of these holes are kept two curious relics apparently of great age, made from a wood which Limba call Kawonno, common to all the country. They are much weathered, and even allowing for ill usage are probably more than a hundred years old. One is a kneeling female figure of which I attempt to give an illustration. She has the usual negroid-Egyptian features of all such statues. Her hair is done in the way usual in the Bundu in this Kuranko-Limba district, i.e. plaited in lines running from back to front of head like a ploughed field. This is recognised as an old fashioned way only commemorated by preservation during Bundu ceremonies. She has tatoo marks on back and front of shoulders, an unusual place to tatoo now-a-days, never yet met with by me. Her teeth are filed

to points, a custom not now prevalent in Warra-warra even in males, except just in the village of Kakoia, and hardly ever seen in Kuranko-Limba country in females.

"She has a short lappa only reaching half way to the knees. This may be seen even to-day in the poorer parts. Her head is detachable, and you may then see that the figure is hollowed out inside. She can turn her head in the most natural way. Her name is Kundigbita. Whether she is intended to represent anyone of that name who lived in former times, I do not know, but as they told me and smiled I think it is a nickname given to her by irreverent youngsters.

"She is to-day a widow. Her husband was taken away by a Kurugba or warrior who raided the place years ago, long before the Sofa war, or the time of the present head man. The woman has a flat stool which is her property, and on which she kneels and formerly knelt to do obeisance to her lord, now missing.

"Her lord, the male and missing statue, was evidently a chief of some considerable standing as his palanquin remains, also a flat stool shaped seat, with four short legs so it can be rested on the ground, and a long pole back and front so that it could be carried on men's shoulders.

"Kundigbita has a necklace of heavy looking large beads, probably amber such as the Fula have. It is a pity the male statue is missing, as here we might have a clue to his race identity, not at all necessarily the same as his wife's.

"The statues, said the headman, were there before he or his father or grandfather were born, and so old that no one knows who they are, who made them, or who brought them there.

"The woman's navel is of the protruding variety so often seen in the country. Her breasts have been broken off, but were evidently well developed. Mischievous youths have been careful to provide her, since her first creation apparently, with all the other natural organs of her sex."

"Krifi," I may mention, means a spirit. Mr. Sayer's opinion that the image is well over a hundred years old, is probably well within the mark. There is possibly no connection with Egypt. "Lappa" is a short cloth. If the missing statue suggested a difference in race, it would be supported by the different ways of burying I have mentioned. Another point that comes out in Mr. Sayer's account is how short-lived is the memory of a well-known and conspicuous object.

CHAPTER VI

THE KURANKO PEOPLE

It was a matter of regret to me that I did not travel through the Kuranko country, all the more as it has few visitors. From various sources, however, I was able to collect some information about this people, and though fragmentary I summarise it in this chapter,

The Kuranko are a tribe of the Mandingo, and speak a fairly pure form of the language. It differs in only minor details from the dialect of Bambouk, Kita, Sigiri and Wasulu which is called Malinke. The larger half of the nation is under French rule, and this division will tend in time more and more to accentuate any local differences, especially in their existing customs. I was told that several customs which still exist in French Kuranko have fallen out of use in British Kuranko. A different administration would in part account for this, as would also the fact that the latter has come under the more civilising influence of such centres as Freetown.

The population of Kuranko is by no means of all pure Mandingo stock. In the wars of the past, prisoners of war from all parts have been brought in and settled on the land, and other slaves have also continuously been bought, possibly largely other people's prisoners of war. The Kissi bulk largely, and it seems that this people were always ready to sell their own folk, though whether those that were sold were their own pure stock is another question. Some of the people are quite readily recognisable as Kissi. The mixed Kuranko and Kissi are called Toli. To some extent Fula immigrants have come in, and they are largely concerned with cattle. There are also Mandingo settlers from the north just as there are among the Temne and other tribes, and these new-comers of the old stock maintain their distinction. Further some people called Kalma come from Saradugu.

Besides Fula immigrants there are also persons in Kuranko who are called Fula, but I was assured it was only a totemic clan and they were not real Fula ; and the argument was clinched by

the remark that the Fula people of Futa Jallon eat the bush-fowl, which the Fula clan do not, regarding it as their totem.

Kuranko country is administered by a large number of Paramount Chiefs mutually independent, the same as the rest of Sierra Leone colony. The population is in part Mohammedan, and among them the old manners and customs of the people tend towards elimination. It is merely the ordinary process of evolution. A new religion always changes a people, and may be said to be almost the only moral force that can. Nationality always has to go down in the struggle with religion.

The Chiefs of the Kuranko have the same powers as all the Paramount Chiefs of the colony. They are empowered to punish their own people, and confinement in the stocks is a mode of detention. In old days cattle stealers used to be decapitated, as well as other evil-doers.

No "big Mori men" as Mohammedans prominent in their religious practices are called, ever become chiefs, so I was given to understand, but many chiefs "pray," that is, duly observe their religious practices. The big Mori man confines himself to his religious duties, and performs magic rites apparently.

There are also other big men who are called Fina. They rank next to the chiefs, and are the historians and orators of the country. Before one of them will recite his history the fee must be paid, which is a cow. After the recital the beast is killed. If the vultures come, good; but if they do not it is known that he has not recited correctly.

Incidentally the appeal to the vultures to decide is not peculiar to this country. I have read of it in some connection in North Africa.

Very few Kuranko men have been to Mecca. My informant told me that two or three who had claimed to have gone there, and all the way by sea, were discredited. I had to point out the possibility of it, and to tell them that before the war certainly one steamer, if not more, had come to Lagos specially to take an organised party direct by sea to Mecca. Many would now pay a large sum for such a passage.

The Kuranko are divided into clans based not entirely on blood relationship, but on a totem, Tana in Mandingo, which is generally some living thing, and which is not eaten by those who have it as their distinguishing emblem. The totemic clan or family or house; whatever one may call it, is "Vezila" in the Kuranko language, and an English-speaking Kuranko will always translate

the word by "house," a translation which is not without its importance.

I do not think the following list is exhaustive.

Totem.	Clan, family or house to which it is forbidden to eat opposite totem.
Wolo, bush-fowl.	"Fula." (See note above.)
Fofong'e, (?) royal python.	Fona.
Kana, <i>Varanus niloticus</i> , called "iguana."	} Mensereng.
Yare, lion.	
Kule, leopard.	Mara, corresponding to the Bangura of the Temne. This is the supreme family of the Kuranko.
Bambe, crocodile.	} Kagbo, corresponding to the Keita of the Mandingo.
Mele, hippopotamus.	} Kamara.
Worong, chimpanzee.	
Le, bush pig, (?) wart hog).	} Forbidden to all Mohammedans. Some Mohammedans eat it.
Koriang, pig.	
Monkeys, dogs, and any animal that has not had its throat cut.	} Kumara.
Bire (cobra.)	
Trui, puff adder.	} Dumbuya, who are Mandingo, Kuruma who are Kuranko.
Yege, (?) dice).	
	Taraole, who are Mandingo settled with Kuranko, ? do not play with them.

Birth and naming children. The naming of children goes on strictly regular lines so that the ancestral names are not lost. The eldest boy is named after his father's father, and the second after his mother's father. The eldest girl is called after her father's mother, and the second, presumably, after her mother's mother, but this I did not ascertain for certain. Others are given any name that is in the family, and the name given to a child on birth is not changed when the adult stage is reached. Twins have special names. If a boy and a girl are born they are Lansiner and Feremusu; if two boys, Lansiner and Ferenge; if two girls, Feremba and Feremusu.

Marriage. On marriage the headmoney paid on a girl may run up to ten head of cattle, but in that part of Kuranko near the Temne country it is much less, and the maximum is the equivalent

of one cow. Why there should be such a difference I did not ascertain. The best man takes the head-money and hands it over and fetches the girl. Not only does she walk from her father's village, but she carries her own things. Head-money is not returned even in part if the woman dies early. It is an act of God. The only clan restriction that I could learn of is that the clans of Kumara, Mensereng and Kagbo may not intermarry, being described as being all three brothers of one family.

A stranger cannot take a Kuranko wife unless he has a "house." If he has in his own country there is no objection.

Burial. It is on the burial of chiefs and great warriors that there is the greatest elaboration of custom and ceremony.

Generally, as regards the actual internment, men are laid on their right side in their finest clothes. The right hand is put to the head, and the face turned towards the east. Women on the other hand are laid on their left side and face west. The grave is of the ordinary long shape, and is dug about four feet deep; and whether for Mohammedans or pagans, it is said to be the same. Sticks are stretched across the corpse and mats laid on them so that the earth may not touch the body. The body is washed prior to internment, and if not a Mohammedan an inquest is held to decide what the deceased died of, but apparently the body is not cut open for examination of the organs, as do the Mende, Sherbro and others in search of evidence of witchcraft. Camwood is not used to dust over the body, so that this more eastern practice is unknown. If deceased was a chief the body is kept two days before burial. If Mohammedan, many cattle are slain at the funeral.

The house of the deceased is taken over by his heirs, and stones are not preserved in memory of the deceased like with the Temne, I was informed.

Burial is in the compound as a rule. Four sticks are laid on the ground to mark the limits of the grave, and the enclosed space is covered with small stones scattered over it, thus marking the site for a time. If the town be abandoned large stones will be set all round the grave so that it may be remembered in future years, but pillars do not appear to be set up.

Before the corpse is lowered into the grave it is asked by the bystanders if it owed anybody anything that had not been settled. Such an inquiry implies that there is a debt still unpaid, and the wife and eldest son present take cognisance of it, and it is for the son to assume the debt and settle it when in a position to do so.

The following is the account given me of the funeral ceremonies of a Kurugba, a war chief of old time. The procedure is more elaborate than that of ordinary people. He is not buried inside the town like other persons, but in a special place, some grove, at a little distance.

Some leaves are used in the ceremony which are said to have magic properties, but from what tree they were plucked I could not ascertain. The tree is said to be kept secret.

All Kurugbas within reach are invited to the funeral, at which there is much dancing and drumming. The Kurugbas form a procession and follow the corpse, but they do not walk or ride horses, but other men carry them on their shoulders. They do not dismount till they reach the place, and when one man gets tired there are others present who take their place. They are not slaves who do it. Anybody volunteers to carry. The return journey is always performed on foot.

The deceased is dressed in his finest clothes, but his weapons are not put in the grave.

Mr. E. F. Sayers once witnessed part of the funeral ceremonies of a Kuranko Chief, which he recorded in great detail. He very kindly allowed me to copy his manuscript account, which I reproduce here with only a few omissions and abbreviations.

The funeral ceremonies were those of Fabol Karifa, Paramount Chief of Sambaia chiefdom, and took place in June, 1921, about two months after his death and lasted a week.

The dynasty was of foreign origin, coming from Futa. The leader of the expedition Dialiko Suluku Samba of the Dialo clan, came from Timbo or Labe four or five generations ago, or probably one hundred and twenty years, and probably before the great war between Konde Braima of Sulima and the Fula of Timbo under Sori Pate. The leaders of the invading party intermarried with Kuranko women, and there is practically no trace of Fula in the present day descendants. Kuranko customs have entirely prevailed, and the conquered have absorbed the conquerors. Along with the principal Fula leaders of the expedition there appear to have come a considerable number of Mandingo warriors of the Ture and probably other clans as well.

This is entirely the same as in practically all invasions or expeditions in Africa. The invaders are not of homogenous type.

The new-comers found the country held by the Kagbo or Daji clan, and associated with, but subordinate to them were the Mara, and the Masare (Kanyu, Sise, and the Konde.

The pre-Fula ruling family, the Kagbo, say that they came down from Kamadugu to their present home, and all the Kuranko clans say their ancestors came originally from Manding. This serves to indicate the general line of migration in this part of Africa for the last few centuries.

Samba Dialo had four sons : Bu, Kali, Samba and Kuru, the last of whom had no issue. Fabol Karifa was grandson of Samba.

The funeral ceremonies were conducted by the descendants of Djime son of Kali, together with the Kagbo, the displaced rulers of the country. The Djime had intermarried with Temne.

Mr. Sayers states :

" I arrived at Bendugu two days after the beginning of these ceremonies, which two days were taken in receiving visitors and in processional dances. About 1 a.m. of the night of my arrival I was awakened by a series of deep sad notes of the wooden drum whose imperious solemn summoning at that hour brooked no disobedience. The moon was three quarters full.

" Then arose a distant piping of flutes to which was joined in swift succession a sad chant of female voices singing in a minor key accompanied by a softly swelling tide of liquid notes from numerous Balafon* and foot bells, and punctuated with the rhythmic beat of muffled drums. The chorus grew louder and the slow winding procession approached,—all the town was there, not a soul remained in the empty silent houses. It passed through the village square headed by the women beating time by clapping hands and leading the sad refrain of grief and mourning.

A great cotton tree that reached to heaven—has fallen !
Where shall we find support and shade—again ?

" The procession passed on, singing, into the distance, its solemn, weird and plaintive song, the minor and the major key answering each other, as though ghosts of the long since dead had been evoked by the enchanted sound and were mingled with the living of the procession, and commiserating with them upon the sorrows of human kind. And, to the African ghosts are ever present, dear or hated, and the veil is often torn asunder.

" The next day saw many curious sights. The village was crowded with strangers who kept pouring in. There were three visiting Paramount Chiefs, Bafara of Kalian, Bamba Fara of Nieni—a much respected old warrior (nicknamed Konkofa or killer of hunger) now in virtue of age turned

* Or balanji.

peace-maker, praised by the Finas as 'one who does the good, which is difficult; to do evil is easy'—and lastly Magba of Diang, into whose country the late Fabol Karifa was taken as a slave captured in war; and living long at Lengekoro grew wealthy and was ultimately called back by his people to rule over Sambaia.

"Each of these Chiefs paraded round the town, attended by a numerous suite, with a professional orator behind him, halting before Farang, the heir to the deceased, and making a long speech in praise of his (Farang's) ancestors, and describing the good and bad relations between the speaker's and the deceased Chief's country. Each sentence as spoken by the Chief was echoed by the Fina behind him so that all might hear. Having made a speech to Farang, each Chief in turn made a speech to the other two Chiefs present, and then Farang made speeches in reply to each of them. All this took place in the village square, each Chief with his followers occupying the verandah of the house allotted to him, and each speech necessitated a little visit from one to the other across the square.

"A Fina man, attended by satellites who echo him, recites the genealogy of the Dialo family backwards to the patriarch Noah (Nuhu), and thence to the father of us all, Bimba Adama (Bimba=grandfather). Some of the links of the chain are doubtful, I imagine, but Nuhu is far enough back to have a fair presumption in his favour, and Adama is, theologically anyway, a certainty.

"Another recites migrations, marriages, invasions, expeditions and wars.

"There runs about the town amongst the people a girl clothed in filthy cast off male attire, ragged, with blackened face and arms as though with the cinders on a burnt farm. On her head is a symbolic bundle of faggots, as though to say a slave fulfilling her household duties. She is, I am told, a descendant of a family who helped Dialiko Samba to conquer the country but have no right to the crown. (These two families are connected, and they hold to each other the relation known as Sanaku.) They have, however, a symbolic right to the body of the dead chief, to redeem which his family and all the people must make presents to her as she rushes about.

"There is a figure called Mamani, said to be the grand daughter of the Chief. She, with a companion and feigning madness, runs about with a pestle and mortar looking for rice to beat.

" Then there is also Mamusa, one of the dead man's wives, entirely naked, carrying a hoop of wood with a diametrical cross piece, representing the frame of a fishing net. This she slowly passes over the ground in all parts of the town, and against the hem of old men's garments. Is she searching for the departed soul? or merely pretending to fish for a living now that her husband is dead? If she stops and crouches before anyone, touching him with her hoop, he must give her a small present. Generally a pinch of snuff was given.

" Farang, the heir, followed by the male members of deceased's household rush fiercely about the town, gesticulating with drawn swords; they are searching for, and seeking revenge against, the cause of death.

" A man, who, it was explained, occupied a similar position to the Temne Pa Kawang, a sort of private secretary to the late Chief, was paraded in a hammock about the town, imitating the late man's expression of face, caricaturing his gestures, his speech and his grimaces. He is the only man who has a right to do so.

" Through all the days of the ceremonies there runs about the town a figure called Nonfolde. He runs at a quick pace, speaking to no one, a drawn sword in his hand. He is completely covered with a white dress reaching from his head down to close to the ankle. Red and blue braid form a sort of triangular shaped face to this figure, formed presumably of a framework of wooden sticks under the white gown, with two holes for the eyes surrounded similarly by red and blue braid which is also used to depict mouth, nose and ears. Nothing of the man himself is visible save his feet, the extremities of the sleeves being tied with string. A bell hangs from the back of his gown. As far as I could learn, Nonfolde is a 'genius loci,' the soul of the land itself or of its first occupant. I was told that in old time if a sub-chief dressed up such a figure in his town, it was the gravest of offences against his liege lord and would be followed by the death penalty.

" Nonfolde was also described to me as a sacrifice by the country; during the remainder of his life he will do nothing. He will be fed by the country, but will always be held as a man of no consequence and will never be allowed to possess any wealth.

" Guns were fired at intervals throughout this day, and fresh visitors continued to arrive bringing cows and cylindrical packages of salt. The deceased's family prepared huge quantities of rice for the guests. At mid-day and at 5 o'clock

numerous calabashes containing food were placed in front of the late Chief's house and taken away by the guests or their servants. This caused some dispute, and gave the principal wife some bad moments, as sometimes a particularly succulent calabashful that she had prepared for a favoured guest, threatened to be rushed away in the confusion by some one of lesser degree. This caused much hustling and shouting.

"At night there was dancing and singing as before, and at about 2 a.m. in a silent moment, with everybody at length indoors, a strange individual cry was heard in the square, similar to that of the Poro devil as he approaches the town, a bestial sort of note which was not, however, that of any animal. In the morning the top of the roof of the late Chief's house was found on the ground outside. All the Chief's wives had been made to sleep that night in this house.

"The next morning took place the Kolde dance—three figures clothed in grass and skins with innumerable bells attached. To the sound of a drum these figures danced in the square, an extraordinary dance in which the mood expressed by the dancers' movements was interpreted by him also by means of the tinkling bells in a very cunning way which must require a great deal of skill and muscular control. Masks of beaten brass with an Egyptian looking face thereon were worn by the dancers, and the pelts of almost every conceivable kind of animal. One of them carried and gesticulated with a double headed axe of curious workmanship, similar in shape to the lictor's axe (Roman).

"In the afternoon the Kolde followed by the entire population of the country, men, women and children, proceeded to a spot about a mile away. With the double headed axe a Kolde cuts down a tree. Everyone has to get a piece of this, if only a sprig, and woe to the man who allows another's sprig to fall on or touch his own whilst plucking or cutting it. Everyone also has to bring to town besides the live wood, as much dead wood as he can carry. The wood upon their return was thrown down in a heap in the square. Water was also brought in by the women.

"Later in the afternoon, took place another queer scene. The wives of the late Chief's sons paraded in a line in the square and took up a chant. The crowd surrounded them leaving a large space, however, in front of them. One by one to the accompanying chorus they advanced dancing and making the tour of the space in front of them, opening their lappas (cloths) so as to expose their entire bodies and kneeling

thus before first one man and then another, in each case receiving a dash (=gift) of snuff. I could find no meaning for this rite, and was only informed that it was an immemorial custom."

After nightfall a few of the elder men were gathered near the pile of wood which was heaped up into an oblong rectangular pile ten feet by four feet of ground plan. Strangers were kept away. An old woman of the Kagbo clan apparently had the duty of piling it up, and salt and the clothes of the deceased are thrown on to the fire as soon as it is lighted. According to one informant the deceased's clothes and salt form a sacrifice which is to cleanse the soul of the deceased from the wrong doing he was guilty of during his lifetime.

When the pile was well alight gun firing began. The Kolde came and danced round the fire all night, and at dawn they would stamp it out, it was said.

• The fourth day was the noisiest. It was the day of cow slaughtering.

"One after another the important visitors and their heralds announced a gift of one, two or even three cows brought in by them for the occasion, and then the deceased's family similarly announced the cows they would kill or give away to guests and send to various chiefs and big men not there present. Each beast was paraded through the square while the announcements were being made. Speechifying began again, and drumming and shouting rose to a pitch that was absolutely stupefying to a foreigner bewildered at not understanding a word. My interpreter told me that this was the day of reconciliation when many old feuds would be healed. I think it not unlikely that a good many new ones would be opened.

"Some thirty cows altogether were brought in and tied up in the square. About twelve were slaughtered that day to provide a feast for the people present. The cow given by one man to another did not remain long with the second as a rule. Everyone tried to out-do the other in generosity and most of the beasts passed through many hands before the day closed. I was told that the Pinas and the Yelimen (singers or musicians), shameless of beggars, would probably get most of them in the end.

"The following day was a day of rest, and I at last got an opportunity to take the tax which I had come for, and in the afternoon I quitted.

"The ceremonies were to recommence the day after, and last another three days during which the Yelimen with their Balanjis (Xylophones) were to have their turn and endeavour doubtless with success to empty the pockets of those they flattered and praised.

"Then poor old Fabol Karifa might rest in peace at last."

This detailed account of Mr. Sayers' is of great value, not the least important being the references to the part taken by the present ruling family's predecessors.

I now resume the thread of my notes on the Kuranko.

Inheritance. As to the inheritance of property: a man's own children take it. The eldest son takes it all personally, but if his younger brothers elect to stay and work for him he has to support them. The wives go to the deceased's brothers. The unmarried daughters remain with the eldest son, their brother. If the deceased's children are all quite young his brother takes charge of them together with all the property, but if the wife—presumably the head wife—says this brother was not on good terms with the deceased he will not be allowed to act as guardian and other arrangements must be made.

Secret Societies. Secret societies exist, but they are of comparatively small influence on the lives of the people so far as I can judge. Probably Mohammedanism has much to do with that. The rites of puberty for both boys and girls are in the hands of the society generally called Bundu in the colony, the origin of which name I am not sure about. In Kuranko its name is Biriye. There is a male and female branch, and they seem to confine their activities to their special vocation. This is not an active political society like the Poro of the Mende. The male side of Bundu is in operation in the dry season, the female side in the wet. The boys are full grown before they go there, the period of instruction being about four weeks. In case anyone of the opposite sex should approach an instruction place in the bush unawares someone is stationed in the road to warn them off.

There are, I understand, certain prohibitions as to food before a youth goes to the Bundu bush, and old Bundu women, that is, the leaders of the female branch, may prohibit pregnant women from eating this or that.

Dances are held in connection with the Bundu, but I was not fortunate enough to see any. I gathered, though, that dancing on stilts is performed as among the Mende and other tribes, and is called Tonko. There are also fire dancers. According to

my informant, a man will go inside the furnace where there is molten iron and receive no harm. He will cut off pieces of red hot metal and sell them as they are. Probably the account loses nothing in the telling. I knew a fire-dancer once but he was a Konno man. He would take burning wood out of a fire and rub it on his body; he would lick the fire on a stick with his tongue and so extinguish it; and he would put a burning stick into his mouth. He had previously rubbed his body with an oily mixture he had prepared, and there were no traces of burns on him afterwards.

A game or dance, whichever one may like to call it, though it is a test of endurance, which still prevails on the French side but is obsolete in ours, is a beating game. It is performed by two young men over a fixed horizontal pole, and they beat each other with whips till one or both of them have had enough.

It also exists among the Fula people, but I have not been able to trace it among any other tribe in the colony.

The Kuranko do not have face marks, and I am not sure if they have any regular body marking, either men or women, but boys may make small cuts on their bellies on their own account. The middle two upper front teeth may sometimes be cut to make a passage.

I noted a few rules and superstitions with regard to farming and hunting.

Farming. One sees commonly on farms a gateway of two vertical sticks with a cross stick at the top. From this hangs a small charm flapping in the wind. One sees it mostly in Limba farms but some Kuranko farms have it, but I am not sure if it is general throughout the country. The little charm which I have described under Limba is like a tiny board pierced together.

The animal called the Grass-cutter (*Thrynomys*) is a troublesome creature in the rice farms, doing a lot of damage. He is named from his general occupation, and is an animal of the guinea-pig type, dark brown and as large as a rabbit. Mori-men are sometimes got in, at a figure, to make incantations against them. Another and more serviceable way of dealing with them is to make a well beaten track all round the farm. Whether either method is successful I am not sure. Nothing short of a small stockade of prickly oil palm fronds set close together and overhanging outwards has ever seemed to me adequate; but oil palms are not plentiful in Kuranko country.

Before cutting the rice, small "medicine" may be made, and a handful cut and hung up as an offering. Formerly, and perhaps even now, when a person went and cut another man's rice the fine was a cow or even two head.

If a person has gone away and abandoned his mango trees for two years, he has no further claim to them.

Bananas belong to the planter for ever. He can always come back and claim them.

A custom, only to be found in Southern Kuranko, is that when a child's navel is cut a kola is planted. Hence there are many kola trees in that country. The person who plants the kola owns it for ever. Every man keeps his kola trees apart, and does not mix them with those of other people.

Formerly cattle stealing was a capital offence, death being by decapitation with the sword.

Hunting. There are rules relating to hunting the same as with every tribe, and hunting is a regular profession. If big game is killed the chief gets the right thigh and the hunter's wife the left. Small animals slain are entirely at the hunter's disposal. If an elephant be killed the Chief gets one tusk, the one that falls underneath, and gives a cow in exchange. The Chief also gets the tail. There is meat for all and to spare, so there seem to be no rules as to its division. The skin of lion, leopard and hyena go to the Chief, but buffalo and antelope skins the hunter may keep.

Some hunters make a small sacrifice before going out. Others do nothing. Some know a scent which when rubbed on the forehead of the hunter confuses the animal hunted, but the knowledge of this scent is not given away for nothing. I could not learn that such a simple device as putting your finger in your mouth and then holding it up wet to test the direction of the wind was known at all.

For hunting small animals, trained dogs with rattles on them are used, and incidentally I was informed that some Kuranko will eat dogs. Long nets for driving the game into, such as are common in Mende country, are not known, probably because they are not particularly useful in a grass country like Kuranko.

If an animal be pursued into another "country," i.e., chiefdom, the Chief of the country where it is brought down gets his allotted share, not the Chief of the country of origin.

The hunter who first draws blood gets the meat, but gives a foreleg to the one who finally brings it down. The first gets nothing if he misses.

Elephants have been found dead in the bush with all the bones picked clean. Some women are reputed to have found one in that condition in a river when going to fish. Both tusks of an elephant found dead go to the Chief.

I heard of a strong Kuranko hunter who was said to be able to carry home almost any animal alone. He was reputed to be able to hold up four men on his outstretched arms, two on each. Had I continued my journey through Kuranko country I anticipated seeing him.

Cultures. As to material cultures, one thing that struck me on the borders of the country was the very few clay pots about, and I learned that although they do use clay pots, the imported European iron pot has largely ousted them owing to its cheapness, variety of sizes in which it is sold, and durability.

The Kuranko are a musical people, and their favourite instrument is the Balanji. This is a Xylophone, the long row of notes of which are tapped by two sticks, calabashes forming the sound boxes. It may be carried slung by a cord over the shoulder and may be played in that position as well as on the ground. It has a great variety of tunes. Every Chief has his own "call" on it. A person's praises can be sung, and a variety of information conveyed.

Drumming messages does not seem to be practised on big drums and only to a small extent on small drums. Calls to palavers and dances can be understood; to the cowmen to bring in their herds; and also in regard to cutting rice.

I could not trace any idea of the transmigration of souls, but it is believed that living persons can be changed into leopards and certain persons can do so at will. The leopard society, which I refer to later, exists, and the leopard men themselves believe that they are so changed. There are said to be quite a number now undergoing imprisonment for attacks they have made on other persons. It can only be assumed that they are self-hypnotised. The part they bite is the hip or neck.

Among other persons with reputed magical powers is one called "suwa," said to be a very "wicked" man. Beyond the fact that he comes out at night and eats a person I heard no more of him. If caught he has his head cut off.

The slaves in the country who are a large part of the population are Kissi, Mende, Konno, etc., by origin, and chiefly Kissi, because the Kissi were always ready to sell their children. All speak Kuranko, but their origin is known, and they inhabit their own villages. The Kuranko have largely intermarried with the Kissi people captured in war. Quite recently a party of over twenty slaves, Kissi and Mende, got up and ran away to French territory, but I was informed the Government was trying to get them returned to their masters.

CHAPTER VII

LIMBA AND EASTERN TEMNE

I LEFT Kaballa on the 3rd November, in a direction I had not intended to take. My plan was to go through Kuranko and Konno and come out in Mende country at or near Pendembu, the rail-head. The reason for the change was want of funds. Before leaving Freetown I had discussed with the Treasury the question of getting cash at one or two places inland where there was no branch of a bank, so as to avoid carrying several months supply of silver with me. Accordingly I came away from Freetown with a number of cheques certified by the Bank of British West Africa to cash as requisite. It was of no use, however. Money was short here, and on account of not being able to get twenty pounds only, which with what I had I reckoned would be enough to see me through, I had to abandon my journey and go down to Makene.

There was a store at Kaballa kept by a Frenchman named Vivian, but he unfortunately had just gone down to fetch up more goods.

Accordingly I started down with carriers to Kamabai, the head of the Temne branch line. I had with me, and had had for a few days previously, Mr. Pearse having very kindly placed him at my disposal, a Kuranko Court Messenger named Fode Kumara, from whom I was able to get a large part of my information about the Kuranko.

A motor road has been constructed to Kamabai avoiding the old road largely, but persons using it take a great many short cuts. When eventually the bridges are in, cars may appear. The first march is fourteen-and-a-half miles, or four-and-a-half hours to Lengekoro, a Kuranko town. It was grass-bush all the way with fringing forest near water, and the road went down in a valley for practically all the way. Villages and farms were few, but three hours out we passed not far from the town of Yikaia an old site of which, on the road, is to be built on again. When within twenty minutes of Lengekoro the conspicuous hills near Kaballa showed up again.

I saw for the first time since leaving Port Lokko a few small Corkwood trees (*Musanga Smithii*). This tree of pithwood with umbrella foliage and prop roots springs up at once when the original forest is cut. There might be no sign of it before, but as soon as daylight penetrates this tree shoots up. It is to be found in all parts of the dense forest region in tropical Africa. Its Mende name is Ngōvōi. Among noticeable flowering plants was a little flower like a violet except that it was of a brighter hue, and also a coreopsis.

The march was three hours or about ten miles next day. At first it was mostly down hill, and after about two miles we crossed the Mawologo river, thirty yards wide and flowing to the left. It was with us for a very long way, mostly in the form of a rocky torrent. Where we crossed there used only to be a ford, but the people complained so of being taken by crocodiles that some iron railway rails were sent up to make a strong bridge; so it was a bush bridge but with iron supports. This river which is the boundary of Kuranko and Limba eventually joins the Rokelle. Just before we reached it there was an old town site with one hut remaining, but the people who had moved over the hill were coming back to rebuild it.

An hour on was another river of twelve yards going to join the previous one, and crossed by a hammock bridge. It was the best hammock bridge I had seen, but still it would not take a car.

There was a village away to the right, and in another hour we reached Fadu or Fadugu with a rest-house pleasantly situated on a grassy level before coming to it. All round at some distance were grassy hills with some thin savannah bush on them.

The early part of the march had been through more timbered country, the reason probably being that land near tribal boundaries is only thinly inhabited. Some of the hillsides showed no grass at all, so thickly were they wooded. The Mawologo had fringing forest, and as we followed its course for an hour-and-a-half, we were in the shade of forest growth for quite a long way.

In view of the rest-house to the W.S.W. were two large red landslides. They told me that they occurred a month or two earlier in one night after exceptionally heavy rain. A third, also visible from the rest-house was a little way back the road I had come, and I had noticed others earlier. The rain must have been exceptionally heavy. The brother of the Chief of Katimbo over the hills, who came with a present, said no one remembered such

a thing before, and all occurred at once. Perhaps an earth tremor helped the action of rain.

An experimental cotton plantation here was doing very badly.

This town is Limba and the people here seemed to be under Mandingo influence, as they wore Mohammedan gowns and some had the tuft of beard under their chin. The brother of the Paramount Chief who came wore his hair in long thin plaits.

A striking small kind of tree is one that is commonly used for hedges. It has a big scarlet spike of flowers, and the leaf is hard and oval.

Inquiring the contents of some loads going down, I found they were Tonkoro tobacco.

From Fadugu to Kalenge (or Kaninge) is four hours or about twelve miles. An hour-and-a-half out is the Makene-Kaballa boundary, then about a mile on is a stream of about ten yards width flowing to the right, and a town named Kamora is away to the right but invisible. Just beyond this stream one gets a long view ahead down the valley. We now took one or two short cuts, and then left the "motor" road which bore away to the right. The shorter road, which is also kept in good order, goes over hills which would be too difficult for motors.

After marching two-and-three-quarter hours we came near the town of Karasa, the direction of which over the hills to the right was indicated to me. Not far from here where we left the "motor" road for good is a thick patch of forest, where it is said a patrol of Samory's foot soldiers was attacked by the Limba and every one of them killed.

After crossing a river flowing to the right, of about twelve yards width, we reached Kaninge, a good-sized Limba town with the rest-house out beyond it. There were some petty traders here, and the inhabitants are very well to do. The Court Messenger put it that they ate good food and wore fine clothes. The latter were of the Mandingo type, but usually woven of native cotton. The valley, with grassy and thickly wooded hills around, was well cultivated, but a cotton plantation was not good. They can grow their native cotton all right, but these experimental plantations were either on wrong ground, or the seed was sown too early. It was disappointing for the people who had put in so much labour in clearing the ground and fencing it tightly, and later keeping it weeded. The trouble seems to have been that the Agricultural men who were sent round to initiate these

experiments, mostly young Creoles, had insufficient experience and probably had never once raised a cotton crop for themselves.

I began to notice here that I had left the polite area and had entered a moderately polite area.

The fourth march from Kaballa brought me to Kamabai railway station, a distance of about fifteen miles, which took just under five hours. After crossing a high ridge we began to have a very fine series of peaks on the left. This is the edge of the plateau, and the peaks continue all the way to Makene.

Suminiya was passed after two hours and twenty minutes, and twenty minutes farther on was Kaiyenguro where the heavy roof apex of the Temne houses began to reappear. An hour on was a river of thirty yards to the right, and a mile on another with a very bad bridge.

The town of Kamabai is reached half-an-hour before the station. There are numerous stores, a rest-house, and a general air of prosperity in the place. I noticed here a new zone of politeness—one of no notice.

As I passed through the town I saw two circular plinths in an open space, one of which had a smaller plinth placed on top of it. The diameter of the big ones was perhaps seven feet. These apparently are very old graves of noted persons. Other graves are merely surrounded by stones, and a circle of stones is also used to surround such things as orange trees, indicating that they are the Chief's or some one else's of importance, and so sacred as it were.

Overhanging the town are some granite peaks, one of which, fairly easy of access, gun men climb on the death of the Paramount Chief and fire off their weapons.

Kamabai is the railhead, but the line was originally laid ten miles further and then scrapped as it was thought it would not pay to keep it up.

The station is half-a-mile from the town and the mileage marked is 104 from Freetown. The gauge being only thirty inches, the rolling stock is naturally small. The carriages I found exceedingly dirty. So far away, it was nobody's business to clean them, though there is a station-master here and he has porters as well.

I changed my clothes in the train, paid off the Kaballa carriers, and had lunch, and then waited until we should make a start for Makene, which is twenty-one miles, a distance done in an hour-and-a-half.

I stayed nine days at Makene, finding it a very pleasant place, with fine views of mountain peaks and hills. Mr. E. R. Langley, District Commissioner, with Mrs. Langley, did everything to make my stay a pleasant one. Mr. E. F. Sayers, a District Commissioner, was also there during my stay. He is a great Temne scholar, and I had many instructive conversations with him.

I was very much taken with the new house Mr. Langley had built for himself. The walls were of rammed clay, an unusual style of building, and the roof was of corrugated iron. The noticeable feature about it, however, was that useless verandahs are dispensed with, and the space saved has gone to make light and large rooms. The big sitting room had a large fireplace where logs used to burn at night, pleasant to the eye but not always necessary it seemed to me, for the height above the sea is not more than 530 feet. Still in the rainy season a fire is very useful for drying purposes.

Makene is a busy place with large trade, but it seemed to me regrettable that a new place like this should not have been laid out systematically, and with decently straight and broad streets. Town-planning is, I regret to say, one of the administrative subjects that is invariably neglected in our West African colonies. Anything is thought good enough. Perhaps it is.

The European houses of the station are up on a hillside, with the Court Messengers' lines on the level ground below. The town and the railway are beyond. At the foot of another hill are the military lines, about a mile from the Messengers' lines.

A half company of the Sierra Leone Frontier Force was stationed here, with Captain R. M. Hall in command.

I went up the high hill behind the bungalows, and made it 520 feet up or about 1,050 feet above sea level. This is the last outpost hill of the plateau, and there is a fine view over the plain to the south and west. There are only a few isolated hills visible in the distance in these directions, but to the east is the mountainous Kuranko and Konno country and the hills behind Kamabai are visible to the north.

There is an enormous boulder of porphyritic granite on the top of this peak, which is ascended by a rough wooden ladder. Part way up is another boulder balanced on a very small base, having weathered away underneath, and which threatens to roll down hill at any moment, but which will no doubt stay long where it is. Another boulder has a deep crevice under it which one could climb down into and explore to some extent. There is

grass and small growth on the sides of the hill, and on the flat ground on the top there is a lot of tree-grass which one always finds where there is a flat rocky surface. The rock itself is a course pinkish granite like one sees near Yana in the north, and there is a little quartz.

On the hill behind my house the bush had been allowed to grow, and this was the abode of numerous monkeys which used to sit and watch or play about. Their description is brown with white belly, black face with a horizontal white whisker from ear to ear, and a long black tail. I saw no other kind here, but there are a great many species of monkey in the country.

Bush-fowl used also to come and walk about among the rocks in the compound.

I had heard a "metallophone" when at Port Lokko, and again I heard the sound of one here, so had it brought to me for inspection. I found a biscuit tin was used as a sound-box, and the half-dozen steel notes were made from I know not what, perhaps knife blades ground down thin. This instrument does not belong to the country. It is the common form of music in the Congo region, and being small everybody carries one about. The idea was brought back by natives who had been to East Africa in the War.

I left Makene on Saturday, the 15th November. I had intended going by train the twelve miles or so to Makump, and as the train left at 6 a.m. and I had about two dozen loads, I asked the station-master if he could take the greater number the previous afternoon, as carriers were not easily got at 5 a.m., and it was a good mile to the station. He replied he would, but when I sent them down at 3 o'clock he refused to take them, and eventually I had to get them back to the bungalow.

Next morning, having got a scratch lot of boys together, I left for Makump on foot about 8.30, leaving some of the loads to follow.

I reported the matter to the General Manager, who was of opinion the wrong was on my side, and that the station master in question was always most obliging. No doubt he is to senior officials surrounded by a mob of Court Messengers, but to a stranger with no backing it is a different matter. The opportunity was too good to be lost. However, I did not pursue the matter.

Half-way down the railway line the carriers branched off and took a bush path, probably because there was some shade and villages. Anyhow there was a lot of water, and just before

Makump we had to ferry over the Rokelle river instead of walking over the railway bridge. The river is here about eighty yards wide.

My filter was broken on the way, having been swept off the carrier's head by an overhanging branch. It was of simple construction, which I can recommend for travelling, being merely a bucket with the bottom pierced and the filtering candle screwed in. For filtering, one pours the boiling water in and stands it up all night on another receptacle. In the morning the water is bottled for the day. When I came out I found filters in Freetown were 55s. The candle which I had brought with me cost 6s., the bucket and enamelled pan below another 6s., so I had a serviceable filter for 12s.—a considerable saving.

Makump is the headquarters of the Northern Province where the Provincial Commissioner, Captain W. B. Stanley, lives alone. He has a good bush house standing by itself in a plantation of rubber and other trees. The rest-house close to the station is a cement building put up when Makump was railhead. The town is large, with stores and an American Mission.

I was glad to find Captain Stanley here. Under the new scheme by which Provincial Commissioners are members of the Legislative Council, frequent visits to Freetown are necessary, so that a Provincial Commissioner, having to tour his province as well, is kept fairly well on the move, and is by no means always to be found at his headquarters.

My next objective was Kennema, which I travelled to by a route going easterly to begin with, then due south. I left on Monday, the 17th November, after a night of heavy rain and thunder and lightning. It was a good road of nine miles to Matotaka, but the map indicated a greater distance. My time was three hours, and the road was straight and level. We passed four Temne villages, Masoko, Mapolo, Makensevi and Nobul, then a river of fifteen yards to the right, then two more villages, Mabai and Magbeti, and the Pampana river, forty yards wide with good canoes, and two miles on, Matotaka. The Pampana river becomes the Taia and after cutting the railway at Mano reaches the sea at Bonthe.

Very few of these villages had more than a dozen houses, all being with the usual heavy topped roof, but most had a small trading store, as well as a blacksmith's forge.

Many of the houses were built oval-shaped by having a short ridge beam, thus rendering them more suitable for trading places.

There was forest growth all about the villages with big trees, and among other trees were bamboos, bread fruit, and mango.

As for the country, there were oil palms, and jungle growth on the fallows, and a very little grass, but no savannah trees. The forest growth was confined to the towns and the river banks, as well as the road along which a fringe of trees has to be maintained.

The rice had all been long since cut. Guinea corn was in ear but would not be cut for two months. Cassada was being planted for use late next year.

The road was all lateritic gravel. We met many persons carrying produce to the railway, largely palm kernels in long hampers on their backs.

At Matotaka, where we were close to forested hills, there were some interesting buildings. The rest-house and the barri (a building used for court work, with only dwarf walls round) had wonderful decorations made in mud, and painted with real paint, blue, red and white. In the rest-house there were curves in high relief and scrolls all picked out in various colours, houses showing windows, staircases and doors, boxes round and square, a pair of boots, a helmet, etc., all in solid mud and painted over. In the barri were mud pillars very thick and square top and bottom, with a globe in the middle all painted blue and white. I asked the old Chief where he got the design. He said he invented it all himself. He had been Paramount Chief for twenty-three years. Formerly he was in the Frontier Force, and his English was quite good. He wore a long gown with the usual stiff Temne cap, and on his eyes tinted spectacles.

The town of Matotaka itself is big with all the houses crammed together anyhow and no main street through it.

Later in the evening, after I had seen the Chief of Matotaka, the old Chief of Yele, a place to the south, who had come to see the Commissioner, came along.

Some of the Makump carriers did not want to go farther, so after this I had to take day to day carriers in their place. This became the routine, and I found later that the general practice was only to take carriers by the day and go on with new ones. This often causes a delay in the morning, which after all is only important when the march is to be a long one and the sun hot. It has this advantage that if one stops there are no carriers drawing pay.

It was six-and-three-quarter hours to Makali, which is perhaps eighteen miles. After leaving Matotaka we began to

get into hills, and the road ascended and was indifferent as to quality. There was a good deal of broken forest, and occasionally a little grass. The higher hills were all forested. In places was swamp rice, and there was guinea corn. This was the first time I had seen forest in any quantity.

There were a number of streams, some going one way and some the other. Three of them required canoes, and at the first, the Tibengo, was a stout ferry lady named Gbaru who paddled the canoe. This was the first and only woman I saw doing this work. She explained there was no one else available. We crossed the same river again, now wider, a second time.

There was laterite, especially early on the march, then a soft sandstone showed up, and there was quartz, quartzite and mica also. I picked up a smooth stone about four by three inches, which had been used for grinding purposes; Aruna said it was for grinding medicine. A big type of raphia showed itself at one place.

We passed five villages: Makurpwe, Matele, Gbaru, Mamuri, and Rowaka, and finally came to Makali, where I found the Langleys who had left Makene before me.

My destination was now Tungea in Mende country but the Langleys were going in a northerly direction. This place is high up, being about a thousand feet above sea level. A road is marked on the map via a place named Konima, but I was told it was closed and I had in consequence to make a big detour.

I therefore had to continue along the main road to Masingbi which took a north-easterly direction, when I wanted to go south. It was generally a good road, though rough in places, and mostly through forest in which as a matter of fact were very few large trees. We crossed a great number of streams, all bridged, going to the left, and the towns, none with more than a dozen houses, Matonkara, after two hours, Makuni, smaller, after two-and-a-half hours. At the latter I noticed a square house with mat roofing, and the round houses had sticks projecting from the peaks. Under a little roof at the exit were a number of animals' heads, chiefly bush-cow and antelopes of various kinds, and a stone was put in when one was killed. The Court Messenger was sure the stones represented animals killed in this case, and not persons who had died. At three-and-a-half hours out was the Bankafira river going to the right with a sawn timber bridge, and what was exceptional was that it had a mat roof all along it. Ten minutes beyond it was Betifu with mixed round and oblong houses, some of the roofs being made with raphia mats.

A little beyond this village we left the main road and reached Makalfa, a journey of five hours or about fifteen miles. It was an hour's march from where we left the main road, and there was a good bush path. About twenty minutes before reaching Makalfa there was some cleared country, and a good view to the S.W. to some lower hills.

This was the highest point on the road, and I made it 1,315 feet.

I was in the Chief's house with the usual stalactites of soot, and mud seats round the walls. One mud bench or bed enclosed with mats was where the old grandmother sits with a fire burning in front. The treasures hung on the walls were leopard and wild cat skins. There is no grass here, and the thatch on the houses is either mat or hanging palm branches.

An object I came across was a cutlass to which had been hinged on so as to be moveable iron figures of snakes eating a frog, and various other animals. They moved round into any position.

In one house in the village I saw some well-executed drawings, some representing struggles with a cow or goat.

The chief was just starting for Masingbi to meet Mr. Langley, but his representative came in the evening to tell me about the road, etc. The town is said to be old, but I could only gather that the present Chief's grandfather came from the North, not from the West, and built it. There were probably three dozen houses in it. He said all the people were pure Temne.

There are no oil palms here, all the kernels I met on the road apparently came from Masingbi way. Excellent rice, both dry and swamp, is grown here, which is taken to Makump or Makene for sale. Ground-nuts are also grown. Bush cow do a lot of damage, and the men had not many guns as, they said, they did not care to pay for the licence.

This was my last town in Temne country. A short way on I was in Mende country.

CHAPTER VIII

NORTHERN MENDE

THE road from Temne to Mende country which I was taking was apparently very little used. It followed a southerly direction and was a continuous succession of short ups and downs, mostly steep, and with a small swamp at the bottom draining to the right. It was in fact a very bad bush-path, and the carriers had trouble all the way with the branches of the trees catching their loads and almost pulling them off their heads. There was good sized forest at first, but as we advanced south it became much smaller and there was little else than quite young growth. Grass-land had long since finished. The hill rice was all cut, but the swamp rice in the valleys was still standing. Near the end of our march there was a whole hillside covered with native cotton. Occasionally there were kola trees, and oil palms became more common.

The swamps gave no trouble, being all small, and the only stream of any size was just before the village of Ngiyeboliya.

The boundary between the two countries is not far from Makalfa, but I failed to notice the exact place. We passed a Temne fakai, or farm village of three or four houses after marching about forty minutes. At the hour, just in front of a larger swamp than usual, was a path to the left leading to a village named Mondema, but how far it was I could not find out. Half-an-hour more and we were at another small village with a blacksmith's forge for the repairing of farm tools, and after that we saw no more Temne people.

For some distance back on each side of a tribal boundary, there is usually only a very thin population, and from the last Temne village we saw nobody, and it was a worse road than ever until after three hours march we came to the Mende village of Ngiyeboiya, or Ngiyeboliya, to give it its longer name, the "l" being very feeble, and very commonly elided in Mende. Our progress had been very slow, and we could not have done more than six miles at the most in the three hours.

The village consisted of a dozen largish houses mostly with a ridge to the roof and the thatch carried round in one sweep, making an oval. There were also one or two circular houses with sticks in the apex such as we had seen in the recent Temne towns. These ridges were further south to become scarce and the type of house to be almost entirely circular, except where rectangular houses had come in under Creole influence. Some of the young men here seemed of very strong type and perhaps about 5ft. 7in. in height, which is above the general average of the Mende. These Mende here are called Ko-Mende, short for Kolo-Mende, that is the Northern Mende, though of course they only call themselves Mende simply. The Chief, a man with a long thin, greyish moustache, and wearing a long grey gown, came and gave me a white fowl.

This was my first entry in Mende country and everything now became of additional interest to me since I had learned the language from Mende men abroad, but yet had never seen their country.

In the rice farms, tufts of rice, grain down, were still hanging everywhere on the stumps of the small trees which were cut down when the farm was made. They must have been hanging a long time as weeds were growing fast. It is customary to leave them from two to three weeks. There were women doing odd jobs in all the farms, but I saw no men at work in them. All farms have in them a hut for the shelter of the workers, where in the harvest season they may sleep, though generally they are only for day use. They are always of one pattern, namely a double slope down to the ground and open ends, unless they are used to sleep in when the ends are roughly closed in. There may be a raised bed made of sticks on each side, and simple seats of a three-pronged section of a tree with a cross bar, such as one sees in use as far as the Congo region.

From Ngiyeboiya on, the country was better, the ups and downs being less steep, and the road was now passable.

We then passed the farm villages of Bawoma, Jagbahun and Goroya. A little before the last-named I got a long-distance view over hills covered with small growth indicating a long succession of croppings and fallows. The few big trees left were very conspicuous.

We reached Tungea in six-and-a-half hours, but the distance I could not make more than thirteen miles. Tungea is a big town in four parts and standing on very broken ground; and I made the height 1,082 feet above sea level.

I gave the staff that evening a bottle of whisky to celebrate our arrival in Mende country, and stayed here the next day, the 21st of November, as I found the rest-house quite good.

It stood on a small isolated hill behind the town, and as is customary in the Central Province which I was now in, was oblong in shape with a room on each side of a central hall, and a small verandah all round. It was an agreeable change from the round houses, which personally I never feel at home in. When, however, I subsequently left the Central Province and came into the Southern Province I found again a reversion to round houses, even where the people build rectangular houses for themselves. The round houses are not really easier to build or more economical, except when the frequent error is made of building a rectangular house too wide. Every foot of width adds enormously to the roofing. It is preferable to build a house long and narrow by which the quantity of material used and the height of the roof are both greatly reduced.

It is a general custom in this colony for mats to be brought and laid down when anyone uses the rest-house; and in some parts of the colony the Chief will send large cloths of country cotton woven with many coloured stripes or designs and hang them up on the cross-beams to catch the dust. Circular houses, however, do not lend themselves to this.

Whilst the houses themselves are very good, there is the curious custom of providing no accommodation for boys, except such as they can find in a small half-open kitchen. The reason given is that the boys prefer to stay in the town, but I found they went there because there was no sleeping accommodation at the rest-house. It is certainly inconvenient when a tornado blows a hole in the roof at night to have no assistance nearer than perhaps half a mile, and one does not want all one's staff sleeping in one's own room.

The Chief, whose name was Baio, paid me in all three visits. He did not hesitate to ask: cartridges, a drink, shoes with rubber soles, a bed, cough medicine, were all among his small requests. He got four cartridges for a double barrellled gun he possessed, a drink of whisky, and some tabloids of Dover's powder for one of his sons who had a cough. The shoes and bed I drew the line at. I told him he could buy them at some store on the railway or order them from Freetown. He was a young-looking man, but could not have been less than forty, and he wore a small goatee beard. He said he had many children. If two present were his

own sons they were certainly over twenty years of age. He liked talking, and after the first formal greetings we used Mende as he did not talk English.

This was the procedure I adopted all through Mende country. On visiting a town and meeting the Chief, I only spoke in English at first, using an interpreter, and never speaking direct. Afterwards, if there were subsequent interviews I talked direct in either Mende or English.

There are many Mohammedans in Tungea, but the Chief was not of that religion although he wore the garments.

Alimendi who is from Luawa in the east, and Aruna, who is Gba from the west, both agreed that the language in this chiefdom, Gulama, is "kpakpaungo," that is, "strong." There is less elision and slurring of sound than in Gba-Mende for instance. They said the people talked harshly, and there seemed to me that tendency also. In fact they seemed to talk very forcibly did these "Ko-bela" or northerners.

I could get no ancient history. They said they had always been here, and it appeared that the family of the Chief of Mongeri had its origin here.

There is a line of hills visible to the south, where I was told, there are small Temne colonies scattered about, though it is Mende country.

Besides rice and cotton, there are grown here also a little cassada, some yams, and a little guinea corn. The Chief was also going to try ginger and would plant it at Christmas.

Some good weaving is done and I was shown a very finely woven hammock cloth for which four pounds was asked. No doubt it was worth it, but I had no particular use for it, certainly not for my hammock which I had not used.

There were no schools in Tungea.

The Chief brought a sheep on the afternoon of the second day, and a circumstance that I noticed was that never an old man came along with the Chief. I got a little tired of him, especially when in the evening he threw out a hint about money. I do not know whether he was frightened he would not receive any. I always give my return present in the morning before leaving, unless I am going in the night. This gives you time when everything has been received which you are going to get, to consider what is a fitting return present. If he had told one of his Lavaris to talk to Alimendi or Aruna he could have ascertained this. As a matter of fact I gave him ros.

There had been heavy rain during the night before I left on the 22nd. It was mostly night rain at this time of the year, the day rain having ceased, except very occasionally at four o'clock.

Kamboma was about seven-and-a-half miles. There were numerous small streams flowing to the right and many swamps. Some were very large, and a common tree growing in them was one of no great size, but with a very big leaf. It is called Bwanda. In some of the swamps rice was cultivated.

About half-way to Kamboma we passed over a hillside of almost bare granite on which was a heap of stones to indicate the boundary between Tungea and Kamboma. Otherwise the rock had been a sandy laterite with some gravel. Before we reached Kamboma we swerved off from the main road to the left, the main road continuing, I understood, direct to Blama on the railway. We had a steep descent to Kamboma, and could see in the distance the rest-house perched up on a high hill top beyond.

I have frequently cursed these rest-houses on hills. After a trying march to get in and find you cannot rest till you have climbed a mountain-top, is the most exasperating thing in the world.

We sat down at the exit of Kamboma for a quarter of an hour. There was some roofing going on, the thatch being grass. A big crowd collected, but the Chief did not come, nor a representative of him. The people were all well dressed and clean. Those who were doing hard farm or other work wear a short smock of country cloth stained a neutral tint. Most of the old men wore moustaches. There were a few smallish curly tailed dogs about with thickish hair.

The houses, which were fairly tightly packed were some round, some oval. None had all-round verandahs. The Temne type house had entirely ceased.

As the march to Kamboma was so short I went on to Fala, where I thought there was a rest-house, but there was not, and which I also thought much nearer than it actually was. It was a decent road all the way, except that every one of the bridges was down, and as the road was embanked in places the gaps were more troublesome than on a simple bush road. Unless a made road is kept in perfect repair it is worse than useless. One carrier, a Temne, fell in trying to cross a bridge, and dropped his load into the bed of the stream. It was Alimendi's tin trunk, and there was a fearful fuss. The water did not get in, however. The carrier was wearing slippers, which he had already been warned against.

We crossed nineteen streams, flowing both ways, but the big swamps of the earlier part of the march ceased.

Soon after leaving Kamboma we came to a grassy hill where there was very little soil, and it was here that the grass for roofing was cut. There was a high hill with small forest on it to the left, and far ahead to the S.E. two low peaks showed.

We passed the small village of Gbangbao, and three-quarters of an hour on reached Fala.

When I got in I found the barri, i.e., court-house, had been prepared for me, as is customary when there is no rest-house. This I declined. It stood in the middle of the town and a crowd would be sitting round all day trying to get a glimpse of one through the mats which had been hung up round a part of it. Besides, if I came out for a private purpose, I had to walk through the whole town, small though it was. Finally, I secured an oblong-shaped house on the edge of the town, and as it had a broad verandah I established myself there, putting surplus loads in the three tiny inner rooms where some of the boys slept.

It was barely eight miles from Fala to Boajibu next day, and we travelled along a very fair road. A party of women followed me some way from Fala to get their parting present called Ndawoli, and I gave them sixpence. This is common in Mende country, but I never came across the custom before.

We followed a valley opening down to the plain, and after passing Ngendema were at the Sewa river, 120 yards wide and both full and swift. There was a big canoe here and so little delay. Across was Gawama, a mile on was Jerihu, and three hours from starting we reached the big clean town of Boajibu with an excellent rest-house.

On the way down we passed a great heap of new leaves and twigs at the road-side, and every member of my party added his handful of leaves. Somebody had died there. The practice is common in both Temne and Mende.

There are European traders at Boajibu, the African and Eastern Trade Corporation, as well as some Frenchmen, and other forms of locomotion began here, in the shape of motor bicycles, motor cars, and even a horse.

The Chief visited me soon after I arrived, and sent food. In the evening his horn was blown long and persistently, and Foday and Seidu, who were still with me from Batkanu, were twitted by the others as being afraid to go into the town. At least the sound was not cheering.

An old friend of mine named James came along to see me. I had known him first perhaps about twenty years ago when he came along to the Gold Coast to find work. He had only been home a couple of months. He hardly recognised his own town again, and scarcely anyone knew him.

Next morning (24th) I started after a night of heavy thunderstorms. It was now a good motor road going south to Blama on the railway and on to Kennema, from which Boajibu is thirty-six miles.

We crossed several streams in flood, flowing to the left, by good bridges. The biggest the river Bundoiya, about thirty yards wide, was at $29\frac{1}{2}$ miles. All the villages were small—Lekpwelemu, Bobobu (33m.), Mondema (30m.), Palima and Baiima (27m.).

At Bawoma, about $25\frac{1}{2}$ miles, there was a good rest-house, consisting of two rooms with a space between.

There was a lady Paramount Chief at Bawoma, (which is Lekpiama chieftdom) by name Banja Geru, though locally it seemed to be Baiya Geru. She was out of town when I arrived, but returned in the afternoon. I heard drums and a bugle and a horn, and soon saw a procession coming up the hill to the rest-house, and a message came would I receive the Chief. No one had said it was a lady-chief, and I shook hands first with a big stalwart man in a blue and white striped gown worn over European clothes. Then I was told that the little woman there was the Chief. Her chair was brought indoors, and her following stood around, all men without exception, as with a male Chief. We had a talk, or rather the big man, her chief Lavari, did, and she retired with the same ceremony. I wanted to photograph her but it was then late, and she said she would like it done in the morning.

Later in the evening I sent her a box of Garibaldi biscuits and a tin of gooseberry jam, getting back a message of great pleasure, and saying that no European had ever made her such a present before.

Later still the Court Messenger came, bearing a further message. She hoped I would stay all next day. I replied I regretted it was impossible.

Madame Banja Geru is the third lady-chief in succession. It seems to work well. She had been Chief two years, and was unmarried. They said she was a little girl, but scarcely looked it. This was probably owing to her being still unmarried. Her age was probably twenty-four.

She succeeded her sister Kema Geru, who succeeded her mother Geru (or Gelu in more southern dialect). When Chief Bondo of Jene, a few miles off, was deposed by the Government, Madame Geru, who apparently was no relation, was selected as Chief, and the succession has continued in her family in the female line. Bondo was removed for extortion. He was accumulating a large number of wives and building a big house which I saw as I passed through the town. This took place many years ago, before the 1898 war I believe, but Bondo was, I was told, still alive, and living in another chiefdom in Sherbro.

The head Lavari was husband to Madame Kema Geru, and rather absorbs everything now that his wife's younger sister is Chief. He told me he designed the Chief's house, which is a fine building, but I learned later that a Sherbro man was invited up to do it, and trouble arose because he was not paid. That is no doubt why the Prime Minister took credit for the building and also had a fine house built for himself. He is not a native of the chiefdom, and apparently is not regarded with favour.

Female Chiefs are not a new institution in Mende country and at the present time there are several others. One thing about them all is, I understand, that in their chiefdoms there are fewer mammy palavers. Though at the present day they are confined to Mende country, old travellers mention them among neighbouring peoples, and the Bullom and Susu I think used to have them. Where Mohammedanism is well established they could not be elected.

The next morning (25th November) I sent off my loads and went to her house to take the lady's photograph. I found it a large square building, entered by a great doorway, with a courtyard in the middle, and rooms and verandahs round it. In the middle of the courtyard was an iron street lamp-post. There were some elaborate wooden screens too.

Photographed with her were a little girl, and a young man who stood behind her chair.

I subsequently sent her copies through the post; but a month after I had returned to England the letter came back marked "Not claimed," so she never got them.

Madame Banja Geru was anxious that I should see her town, so I walked through it. It used to stand farther back but when the motor road was made it was brought on to it. It was clean and reasonably well laid out. There was space between the houses, which stood very isolated and forlorn looking, especially

PLATE III



PARAMOUNT CHIEF MOMO BANYA OF KAILAHUN AND WIVES



PARAMOUNT CHIEF BANJA GERU
OF BAWOMA



A STRONG MAN, SIAFA A KONNO

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the round pill-box houses which have no verandah or outside cooking place, nor windows, and only one door. The high walls are generally washed over with white clay.

Seeing on the map a bush path marked to Kennema I thought I might get there without making the detour to Blama on the railway and then up the line. I could not, however, get any precise intelligence as to the road.

It eventually took nine-and-a-half hours, and beginning as a good road later grew worse and worse till the railway line was reached five miles from Kennema. The recent heavy night rains had swelled every piece of water.

We passed a great number of small villages, at all of which palm kernel cracking and oil boiling were busily going on. Their names were Pweiyamà ; Matemu river with a canoe where my loads were long delayed ; and across it Jene with Bondo's still unfinished stone house with an upper storey ; Masahun ; Jeima or Dema ; Ngiyebu ; Mano ; Dea where the road became very bad indeed ; Congo, a farm ; Boyama, a farm also ; Kommendi ; Taninahun ; then came a broad, shallow gravelly stream, twelve yards wide and beyond it the railway.

The carriers had great trouble with overhanging bush, and I got my face, arms and knees torn by cutting grasses and creepers that hung across the path. I found when some way along the road that the three carriers I had taken at Bawoma had changed at each village. The first ones would not come on, so it was only the last few that got any money. It was the cause, too, of frequent delays, which caused the long time on the road rather than the actual mileage.

From Kennema it was a quarter of a mile up the hill to the Government station.

The two Temne men, Foday and Seidu, went back to Batkanu from here, and the Temne Court Messenger returned to Makene.

On the 29th, I went on by rail to Pendembu, where Mr. N. C. Hollins was District Commissioner, and where I received a most cordial welcome both from him and Mrs. Hollins.

Pendembu, the railway terminus, 227 miles from Freetown, is a busy town with its trains, its motors running to Kailahun, and its long caravans of Mende and Kissi men carrying in on their backs long hampers each containing a bushel (56 lbs) of palm kernels. Round about the railway terminus are the corrugated iron houses and stores of the European firms, and the Syrian stores and petty traders are beyond them along the motor road.

The living conditions are indescribably bad, for although it was known it would be the railhead the Government took no steps to lay out a decent town. To make matters worse the ground is all intersected with swamps, a long big one lying between the town and Government station.

Pendembu, which means under the Kpende tree, has the biggest trade of any place on the railway though I believe Blama runs it close. It was expected that 6,000 tons of palm kernels would be exported this season, a large part of which comes from French territory and from Liberia. The agent of the African and Eastern was also agent for the Bank of British West Africa. He told me the sales of goods do not balance the purchases of produce, so cash has to be imported from Freetown. The Liberian natives try to get all the real silver coins, and refuse the brass which is not current in Liberia.

The freight on kernels down is £22 10s. the eight ton truck. Owing, however, to the requirements of other towns during the busy season, and to the line being a single one, the handling of the traffic is a difficult matter, but as far as I could learn was efficiently done. A great hindrance is that Sunday running even of goods trains is not permitted.

The native town stretches far on the south side of the line, and is tolerably well laid out. The Chief, Fomba or Kotobu, he is known by both names, was busily engaged in improving his town, and had laid out some straight streets and built some oblong rectangular houses which he was letting as finished. Some people, however, wanted round houses, which mixed in a street with oblong rectangular houses spoil the appearance. There are no kitchens. All cooking is done inside. There are further no compounds. A man steps out of his door into the street.

Chief Kotobu, as he is called after his father, is a very fat young man and is said to be quite young, though possibly he is as much as thirty. He was educated at Bo school, an educational establishment which I shall refer to later.

Chief Lami of Manowa, whom I met on the train, came to see me before he left for his town. He holds the gun I gave Alimendi when we returned from our cross-African expedition. Alimendi could not be permitted to own it personally, and was told to find an authorised person to hold it for him. Lami happened to be in Freetown then, and the gun was issued to him. He had it with him and never went travelling without it.

When Alimendi wants to shoot I am not sure he will always get it.

Being near his own country, Alimendi's wives began to drop in. The first to arrive was Sara. She came to the Gold Coast before the War as a little girl, and in the course of its progress returned to her country to go to the Sande bush for her initiation and education. When she came out she was to marry Alimendi. She is now the senior of his second batch of wives. The older ones seem to have other husbands elsewhere. The day after arrived No. 2, Adama, a very black-skinned woman with a pert look. Sara on the other hand is brown and fat and rarely laughs. She had a wound on her ankle and came to me daily for dressings. I brought out two fancy printed gowns for her at Alimendi's request, which were duly received by her through the post. Two chemises I had sent earlier they reported would not go on. Other wives I was to see later were Hannah and Lucille, and all were quite prepossessing.

During my stay in this part of the Colony others of his relations used to come from all parts, and I used to give them a shilling in acknowledgment of their visit.

There is always some amusement to be got in the town by watching the activities of the kernel touts. A simple savage, nearly unclothed, with a bag of kernels on its head, appears from nowhere in the main street. From the nearest store a clothed employee rushes out and begins shouting. The price is so-and-so (seven to eight shillings) come in here. Others join in the shouting from the same trader's store. Hearing it the touts from up the road join in, and urge the S.S. to come to them. The S.S. stops as if bewildered, and No. 1 man dances and shouts before him, which is against the law. It may only be done from off the road, not on it. The S.S. then comes a pace forward, to an increased tumult. His eye wears a cunning look. Then I hear a slight concession made for S.S. has taken two paces, and still has the load on his head or back. Eventually he puts down his load and the transaction is done.

To attract more trade many firms which have enough land build a shed under which the produce bringers may rest and spend the night, so that if they are comfortable they come there again. It is difficult for them to find accommodation in the crowded town, for which they would probably have to pay threepence out of the few shillings they get for their produce, which further is probably not theirs but their masters'; so a resting-place and

means of cooking do much to attract them. They all bring fibre hammocks with them, and you may see them hanging three deep from the iron posts of the verandahs of some of the stores.

The Government had in the last few years established a new bushel measure which takes 56 lbs. of kernels. The intention was to prevent the natives from being cheated, and all Chiefs had a measure so that they might know exactly how much they were sending in. So many good intentions, however, defeat themselves. The colony is doing all it can to export more and more produce, and all the time there are complaints the natives will not bring it in. This action of the Government had at one fell swoop reduced the existing export by perhaps ten per cent. or even more. Formerly the bushel was a bigger one, and anyhow a man carried in what his strength permitted him to. It was over the surplus to the bushel measure that the native used to be deceived. Nevertheless he might bring in 80 lbs. to sell on each trip which naturally meant a bigger output, and the number of trips were probably the same. A load of 56 lbs. on the head is a reasonable one, but a great deal more can be carried on the back by an able-bodied man, and he is wasting his time if he is not doing it. The action of the Government was not therefore in the best interests of the Colony.

There is some education provided at Pendembu. There was a Government rural school in charge of a native teacher, and the American mission of the United Brethren in Christ had a school but with a smaller attendance. The attendance at the Rural school averaged about fifty small children.

The time was approaching for the pupils of the rural school to go away on their annual holiday which begins about Christmas, and Mrs. Hollins gave away prizes, her own gift principally. After this she suggested to the teacher, a Gba-Mende and a relative of my boy Squire, that the children should have a half-holiday. It seemed to me that this surprised the teacher and children also. African children do not go to school to take holidays, but to learn, and there is with them what I might call a "furor discendi" which is absent from the majority of English children. The only holiday they take except Sundays is that in the middle of the dry season when they can go and help to prepare the new rice farms.

CHAPTER IX

KISSI COUNTRY

FROM Pendembu I went for a few days' visit to the Kissi country, leaving on the 6th of December. A glance at the map will show a long tongue of British territory extending eastward from the main body of the colony, on one side of it being Liberia, and on the other, the northern, a part of French Guinea.

It is hilly country with a line of peaks down the middle, and the population, which is thick, is Mende in the Western part and Kissi beyond.

When this country was taken over from Liberia in exchange for a piece farther south, it was under the Paramount Chief of Kailahun. The Kissi, however, who have been steadily increasing in numbers by immigration from the main body of their nation, asked to be no longer under a Mende ruler. So the country was divided into the three paramount chiefdoms of Kissi Tungi, Kissi Teng and Kissi Kama, with capitals at Buliedo, Kangama and Dia. Now new Kissi people coming in settle in one of their own chiefdoms.

Mr. Hollins kindly sent with me a Kissi Court Messenger named Parker Faindo, an old soldier, to act as interpreter, though I found when in the country all the old settled Kissi spoke Mende.

I went out along the south side of this tongue of land and returned along the north, and I followed at first the main road from Pendembu to the nearest part of Liberia. It is not a made road but a well cleared bush track, somewhat rocky, and shaded by thick fringing forest, and it was like walking through a tunnel. The rivers and streams were adequately bridged, but some recent heavy rain had filled up the swamps.

Pendembu stretches itself a good way along this road, and it was a quarter-of-an-hour before I passed the last house. The number of graves inside the town in this direction are accounted for by their having been once outside, but the growth of the town has taken them in. Some were marked by sticks set up round them, or by large stones stood up on edge, and one I noticed had a cement tombstone over it.

Having passed the small villages of Kongbama, Kweiyayima and Kondema, in two hours we came to the Keiya river, about twenty yards wide and crossed by a hammock bridge. On the far side is a high precipitous cliff rising straight from the water and difficult for laden men to pass. Then came Tomboru with clumps of big bamboo and also a small flock of sheep, and when we had marched three hours we came to the cairn of stones marking the boundary of Upper Bambara chiefdom which we were leaving and Luawa chiefdom, of which Kailahun is the capital.

I found that Bambara ought to be written Bamba, and the spelling is misleading as it indicates some connection with Bambara, the great Mandingo tribe, when there is none.

A little beyond the boundary is the small town of Kotihun, which may be translated Rock-town, and is so called from the boulders lying about. The suffix "hū" the "u" being nasalised, is always written "hun" in place names, so I adopt it, though it would be impossible in a grammar. It is a noun used as a post-position and as such means "in."

At this village the women were celebrating the death of their Sande leader whose title is Maijo, and who acts as teacher in the Sande Society. They had smeared themselves lightly with streaks of grey clay (hojoin Mende), and twisted creepers and withes over their bare shoulders and on their heads. They wore a cloth round their middle and drawn up between the legs like a man's; and their hip beads were hung over the cloth instead of round their bodies under it. It is rather curious that in many of their celebrations the women should either wear their waist cloth tied like a man's, or wear knickers like a man. In ordinary life they would not do so.

It was only when I was a mile beyond this village that I got my first view over the surrounding country, and that only to the left. It was hilly and jungly with oil palms, and very little timber. No grass was visible. Almost the only timber was that along the road which it is forbidden to cut.

The Keiya river reappeared on the left, we passed a road from Kailahun joining ours, and in just under five hours, say twelve miles, we reached Ngiyema, meaning on the hill, with a rest-house overlooking the town.

The town was not big as regards area, but the houses were tightly packed, and a solitary old forest tree of great height, and only thinly covered with branches and leaves, dominated it.

Round houses were the prevailing type, and the peaks of the roofs in most cases seemed to be passed through the bottom of an old enamelled basin. There was no elected Chief. The post had been vacant for two or three years. The man in charge was one Bukar Gida.

There is a tribe of Mende living over the Liberian border to the southward called the Guma. When all this country was in Liberia the Guma came and raided Ngiyema and killed the Chief. The Bandajuma people, three miles or so distant, came to their assistance and drove the Guma back, and in their turn destroyed, so it is claimed, a dozen Guma towns and killed their Chief. Alimendi, it was in his younger days, went with the party from Bandajuma; but he was young and only the older men did the fighting. The Guma did not come again.

Bandajuma, which I visited on my return journey, is Alimendi's town, and in the evening a present of a fowl and eggs was brought by one of his relatives.

It seems that pottery-making has everywhere gone down before imported metal ware. The only pots one sees are low earthenware bowls two to two feet six inches in diameter, which are used in the preparation of palm oil.

Two carriers did not turn up next morning, Sunday the 7th, so two local men took their place. Some way along the road, however, they overtook us, saying they had overslept themselves. I gave the substitutes 6d. each and they went back rather regretfully.

We passed through the town of Talia (=middle of town) about an hour on, with many graves at entrance and exit; Tikongo (=? they knew, or they fought) a few minutes on; and after passing another road to the left going to Kailahun, came to Bunumbu (=under the Bunu tree) at about five-and-a-half miles. All this way we did not cross a single stream. Nyandehun (=the fine town) a very big place, was at seven-and-a-half miles. A reception party met me outside, and passing the rest-house which was demolished to rebuild, I was given a big circular house at the far end of the town. It was as much as thirty feet in diameter and divided into three rooms, but had no verandah. A big wooden bed stood in each room, and the cooking was normally done in the big front room.

The owner was evidently taking no risks. There was a small iron pot sunk in the floor in the doorway leading to the back part of the house. It was for making small offerings. "Sa

mia ti gbia," they say in Mende, which means "An offering it is they pull out"; but they put one in, not pull it out.

Over each doorway, too, was a small piece of paper about five inches by four, written with Arabic characters. I cannot help thinking these are the prototype of the little fans or flaps made of sticks of soft wood pierced together, such as I saw chiefly in Limba country hung from the cross-piece of a three-stick gateway leading to the rice fields. They presumably had not a written paper charm, so imitated it as best they could. Probably some traveller in old days in Mohammedan countries saw these charms, was told they protected the crop, and introduced the same into his own country as best he could, and no doubt in the first instance to his own great gain.

Just behind the house was a small circle of big flat stones on a low mound, with another stone in the centre. Aruna and John Simbo, both Gba-Mende, at once pronounced it to be a medicine place called "Kpakpe," which acts as a protection to the town or house, but Alimendi, a native of the country, said it was merely a bathing place. This shows that a Mende from one part of the country is not well versed in matters relating to another part.

There was a cotton plantation here which was unsuccessful.

Mt. Mamba, which I had had a glimpse of before, a steep sugar-loaf hill, 2,500 feet high, stands up three or four miles to the north, two other lower hills being more to the east. Mamba is nearly bare except for a patch of forest at the top, but the nearest hill to it was largely forested, while the farthest, on the side visible, seemed to be quite destitute of trees. On Mamba I thought I could distinguish some tree grass, which is common on bare rocks. On all these hills there is an animal called the Fa-yi, or Rock-goat. It lives in herds and talks like a goat and is without horns; but what the animal is I could not ascertain. Anyhow, it is not a goat. Perhaps it is a hare or coney. There are also said to be chimpanzees there.

I was told there are many natives of Liberia settled in the town.

I refer in Chapter XX to the new secret society called the Salt Society, or Kpolo-mia-ngundu. I was pleased to learn that the dancer belonging to it was here. In fact, Mr. Kpolo-mia-ngundu performed all day in different parts of the town. He came with a bearer of a red and white flag, two men with different sized drums, the smaller of which had two tall iron bars, probably

old binding iron from a bale. Two men with a bundle of twigs like a brush prodded and directed Kpolo-mia-ngundu who could not see much as his eyes were covered. He was completely clothed with long raphia fibre all over his head, body, arms and legs. He was like a great bear, and did antics like one, bowing his head to the ground and rolling about. On his head was a hat covered with leopard skin and from it bands a couple of feet in length hung down, bits of looking glass, cowries, etc., being sewn on to them. I photographed him and gave him a couple of shillings.

The march to Buliedo the next day was four hours or about eleven miles. There was a dense mist from the east, coming up after the sun, which obscured everything.

We passed a leopard trap, out of which a sheep was being taken by a small boy. It had been in its compartment all night, and would go back again at evening. Farther on we came to a hunter's hiding place. There was a small hollow in the ground by the roadside into which palm wine had been poured and covered over with banana leaves. This was the decoy. On the other side of the road was a small clearing in the undergrowth where the hunter squatted with his gun.

Fandu, which we came to in just under an hour, was a medium-sized town noted for its study of art. The walls of all the houses seemed to be used for the children to practice drawing on. An unusual feature, at least it was new to me, was that crossed lines were used to fill up spaces denoting solids, the commoner practice being to fill them up completely or leave them blank. I recognised a dancing man depicted with long strokes to represent his long fibre dress. One man was carrying another on his shoulders. There were animals, and no doubt the artist would have been hurt if I had told him I could not recognise what they were. There was less accuracy to life in them than one usually sees.

The big town of Dodo was three-and-a-half miles on, and here I stopped about half-an-hour. I had heard that the rest-house was being rebuilt, and so had arranged not to stop here, or I would have readjusted my earlier marches. It was intact, however, and Chief Jamba was disappointed I would not stay the night.

All the experimental cotton here was a failure.

Just beyond Dodo is the Keiya river again, about twenty yards wide and with a hammock bridge. A little way beyond we came to rocky ground with only grass growing on it. There was a saddle-back hill to the left called Tungiye, very steep, and almost

bare with the exception of a little forest especially on the more eastern side. Mamba was far away behind.

At about a mile-and-a-quarter from the Keiya is the very small village of Nguabu (=under the silk-cotton tree). There was indeed a very big cotton tree there, and between its great buttresses a white fowl had only just been sacrificed to the spirit of the tree. The occasion was the last of the rice had been cut, so I was informed by the Court Messenger. There were numerous longish granaries here standing up high on strong six-foot posts.

A short way beyond this village is the boundary between Mende and Kissi. A ten yard stream with a high bridge to allow for floods, seemed to be the exact place. Here we passed several apparently well-to-do Fula people, the first I had met on the road. There was now no more forest fringing the road, but only old farm growth.

The Paramount Chief of Buliedo met me outside the town with a couple of drums, and brought me up the hill to the rest-house, and after a short conversation took his departure as he was on the point of starting for Pendembu. He and some other Chiefs were being taken down the line to see the Government Agricultural station at Ngala.

I had brought him a letter from the District Commissioner, Mr. Hollins, among one or two others I was delivering. As he had not a clerk with him he asked me to read it. There was a printed booklet on how to grow swamp rice, which he seemed somewhat contemptuous about, as if he at his age did not know how to grow rice his staple food and that of his ancestors. There was a covering letter instructing him to read it to all his sub-chiefs, and another saying the French Company would buy any cocoa he had at 2d. a pound. The only cocoa I had seen were a few struggling plants lining the road for a few yards out of Dodo.

Buliedo was not so big as Nyandehun or Dodo. The houses show no difference from the Mende houses, but there was an attempt at a couple of broad streets, which the Mende towns rarely had. In most Mende towns you wind your way among the houses.

I took a walk through it in the evening. Two weavers were at work, one with the usual blue and white cottons, the blue being dyed with indigo which stood about in big earthen pots. The other weaver was using imported yarn of several colours. The type of loom was the upright, which is not the Mende loom. I describe these later in Chapter XIII.

At one house a young Mohammedan was writing charms for sale. At another a petty trader, whose stock seemed to be only some half dozen small coloured handkerchiefs, was sitting out in front in a deck chair smoking. I spoke to him, but he continued smoking and scarcely answered. So I went on.

Children had as usual drawn on the walls. White clay was used, and an important distinction was that the outlines were done in a series of dots not of lines. This was a distinction new to me.

As in most of the towns there were here a few cattle with their calves. They were the usual yellow kind, but one cow was black and another white with a few yellow spots. I imagine this different colouration must come in from an eastward direction.

A Kissi man came to me bearing an open letter from the American Mission of the Holy Cross in Liberia addressed to the Medical Officer at Daru, asking him to treat the man. He had apparently been a Liberian soldier, and in the fighting, which is almost constant in the upper country I believe, had been wounded. The letter was dated as far back as May, but he explained he had been unable to go farther. One bullet had entered under his arm, and come out in the middle of his back, or rather just not, for he had a suppurating wound there. The other entered his groin, and lodged at the base of the spine. This was healed up. He was wearing an old gown of native cloth, and where it touched his back had become a filthy mass of solid pus which was added to daily, I dressed the wound, which was closed except for a few small holes through which the pus exuded, and gave him material for further dressings. Otherwise he was quite robust. He brought me a great pumpkin afterwards.

The sub-chief had a swollen knee, dropsical it seemed. All I could do was to apply vaseline, always a popular medicine, and one to use when in doubt. I had had other applications for medicine on the way. One Chief wanted something for gonorrhoea, and an old woman for rheumatism, but I could not do anything for either.

The next morning, the 9th, there was a harmattan blowing very strong. This I may mention is the cold dry wind from the desert, which comes on in the dry season. Its advent is often quite sudden, but there is usually a set-back before it has come to stay. At 5.30 a.m., the thermometer was 67°, and barometer 28.50, this country averaging over a thousand feet above sea level.

Kangama, my next stopping place, was an hour and a half from Buliedo, or five miles along a good road. The boundary between the two chiefdoms was just about half-way at a small river about six yards wide. There were a good many streams and swamps all draining to the right. A few minutes before reaching Kangama I saw a small clump of tree ferns, probably the *Cyathea mannii*, a variety of *Cyathea* with a not very finely parted leaf. It has not been found in Mende country and is rare in Sierra Leone.

The town is set among hills, and a small one just east of the town still has forest on it. Mount Manjavi overhangs the town to the westward. Its steep sides are partly bare rock. Some oil palms grow a good way up on the right and a solitary palm stood nearly at the top. I was told the hill had always been rocky; God made it so. Still it was probably largely forested once.

The houses in the town were mostly circular and small, and were crowded together anyhow. Cows, sheep, goats, and at least one big black and white pig lived there too.

The Paramount Chief, Banda Billa, was paralysed down the right side, and his head sub-chief had gone in his place to see Njala, so no one met me on arrival, but there was a general rush to get the rest-house ready. It was on the edge of the town, a new one building on the slope of Manjavi not being finished.

A sub-chief came in the afternoon to answer questions, which is what a conversation usually drifts into, and after a time old Banda Billa was seen coming down the street by himself, but not without great difficulty. Everybody had come to the rest-house and he was not going to be left alone.

Kangama is a new town. It was built by one Konno, a war chief, who deposed the then Chief, Sungbwa. He persuaded the inhabitants of Wosonga and Konyado to leave their towns and join in building this one. Konno was a Kissi of this country who served long under Chief Kailundu, whom I say more about in the next chapter. When Konno died Banda Billa, son of Sungbwa, succeeded. Succession may go to a son, or another more suitable man may be elected by the old men. Men under forty are not wanted and usually have to wait till an older man has been put in and died.

There was dancing in the town the whole night, it being the full moon. It was also the time for collecting the girls who were due to go into the Sande bush. The dancers were not the girls,

but the older women. Guns were fired at intervals about sunset to announce the event. The whole night long they drummed and danced round the town, the sound rising and falling as they came into the open before the rest-house or swept round behind the houses. As I left in the morning they were still at it. One stout woman was pointed out to me as the old Chief's principal wife. She and all the women were bare to the waist. At dawn one of the parties went off into the bush at the foot of the hill singing "Mainja, Mainja, Mainjo."

The next day I reached Kwendo, about eleven miles, and the eastern extremity of the colony. Three small villages, Lebengo, Gbaiye and Fodeidu lay between. There were numerous swamps with sticks laid down in them, and now mostly drying up. Two miles before Kwendo we crossed the Daka river running to the Moa on the northern frontier. It was ten yards wide and the bridge was a series of crossed sticks with other sticks laid in the fork. It was the first time I had had to walk over a bridge of this nature. It is easy to construct but difficult to walk on. There were cross roads going in all directions to the French and Liberian frontiers, and we could hear gun shots from the former.

An individual playing a lyre hovered around on my arrival. This was a type of musical instrument of which I did not see another specimen in my tour through the country. The base consisting of half a calabash was pressed against the player's chest. From it projected two sticks between which the strings were stretched and fixed into the split ends were flaps made from an old tin box. The instrument had a pleasing sound, and is, I believe, common to the country to the northward.

I occupied a temporary camp that had been put together a short time previously for Mr. W. D. Bowden, Provincial Commissioner. but a rest-house was in the course of building close by, and a crowd of small boys were carrying the balls of wet clay stacked on their bent backs. The women brought the water from the stream, and the men worked the red clay into the wooden frame of the walls.

All about the town is old farm land with very small growth on it and some grass, but even small trees seemed absent. There are, however, oil palms dotted about. The old Chief said when he was young there was a lot of bush about, but it had all been cut down. The ground lies fallow for three years and in the fourth it is planted again with rice, almost their only crop. Besides rice only a little guinea corn and cassada are grown. There

were distinct signs of soil exhaustion, especially as the population has been increasing rapidly in recent years. The town is not large but the small houses are very tightly packed.

There was experimental cotton here too, but it had scarcely grown at all, the soil being too full of lateritic gravel. A small patch, however, on the rich rubbish ground on the edge of the town had done well. Their own cotton they sow with the rice, and it ripens afterwards,

There were cattle here as usual and I was informed the census of horses in the chieftdom of Kissi Teng amounted to four in all. There is not much game in the country as it is much hunted, and dogs are used. Crocodiles are numerous in the Moa river, but I was told neither the big nor the pygmy hippopotamus are there.

A few Maninga (Mandingo) and Fula people have come and settled here, bringing their own cattle with them.

The Chief of Kwendo was named Pweka; his father was Towa; grandfather Fatinda, and great-grandfather who came from the north and built this town was Kuliberi. Chief Pweka was "mamada," grandfather or great uncle, the latter I think, to Alimendi's wife Sara, but what Alimendi got out of him on the strength of his relationship I did not see.

There is a ferry on the Moa river close by. It is owned by the French. The fare is one piece of iron (rd.) per load of kernels, and the French charge customs duty on all imported goods. The Chief asked if they could not put a canoe on themselves, as they had one in former times. I told them that was a matter for the Commissioner to decide, but that I thought the waterway was all French, and I explained how a boundary might be down the middle of a river or on one bank.

They also wanted to know why there was a duty on the French side and not on this. I explained there was no railway over there, so that it did not pay to bring imports across, and further we wanted to encourage the trade to come to us.

An important place close by is Buya, where a great market is held on the river bank in British territory every Sunday. There is no town there, but an ex-sergeant of the Frontier Force goes and hoists the flag there and keeps order. People come from a great distance from both sides of the river. On other days the place is deserted.

I stayed only one night at Kwendo and turned back by the northern road. This was the highest point I had reached in this part of the colony. I made it 1,540 feet above sea level.

From Kwendo to Dia is about seven-and-a-half miles, and there is a good broad road with all swamps and streams bridged. I crossed the Daka again. It is the boundary here between Kissi Teng and Kissi Kama. Some Mandingo had settled themselves near it to farm. We passed the villages of Dambu, Siabu, and Kunduma and a farm, and arrived at the excellent rest-house on a hill before the town of Dia is reached.

A sub-chief came and put the rest-house in order, for they had not heard I was coming, the messenger from Kwendo having failed to reach here. Paramount Chief Jabba came up in the evening.

The town was being rebuilt with straight streets and oblong houses. The Chiefs' houses were in compounds as the Fula and Mandingo also like to build them; but the ordinary Mende or Kissi is content with a round hut often without a verandah. The Kissi generally build smaller houses than the Mende.

There were no Mende in this town, however, but most of the Kissi spoke that language.

I was shown the cocoa they were trying to grow. A lot had died, which was not surprising as it was on totally unsuitable ground. There was cotton near the rest-house, and that too was no good.

It was a good road of fifteen miles to Kailahun. About half way the hills increased in steepness, and forest became more plentiful and thicker. We passed Kondoma, a couple of farms, a small river the boundary between Kissi and Luawa chieftdom (Mende) with Mamutu just beyond. Nearly half way was Mano with a tiny rest-house, Kpwandebu, a Mandingo farm named Helago, and then there was nothing for nearly two hours till we arrived at Kailahun. I was pleased at Mano to see a cotton plantation that was really doing well. After all the distressing experimental plantations I had seen this was a welcome change.

I have mentioned iron money above. These are pieces of twisted iron a foot long with the ends flattened out T-shaped. They are called in Mende country Kissi iron, but on inquiring I was told they came from beyond Kissi country. In earlier days before Mende country was penetrated, they were I believe called on the coast Mende iron. One commonly sees Kissi men on the road with a bundle of these pieces of iron to pay their way, and in all the markets they are common currency at rd. each.

The Kissi, I may add, were called Giji by the Gbandi, a people in Liberia closely akin to the Mende, and Gi'i by the Mende.

Linguistically they have a remote connection with the Bullom, and physically they do not look like the Mende, being for one thing usually a browner tint.

A point that connects them with distant tribes is the custom that prevails as far as South Africa of burying in a niche off the grave. It is only the big chiefs, however, apparently, that are so buried, indicating an ancient foreign conquering strain from the east.

Totemism, if it ever existed, seems to have broken down.

CHAPTER X

KAILAHUN

As I came into Kailahun, the Paramount Chief, Momo Banya, met me and conducted me to the rest-house. Although this was our first meeting, he had been well known to me for some years, and in consequence I made a stay here of a week.

It was a comfortable place, too, to stay at. The rest-house was the old officers' mess of the company of the Sierra Leone Frontier Force when it was quartered here. It is on a hill outside the town to the southward, and this with a large circular house are all that are left of the barracks. The men's lines have disappeared, but the tennis court still survives and the garden is kept in some sort of order. The troops withdrew about a couple of years ago, when the Frontier Force like the West African Regiment, was greatly reduced in strength.

Kailahun was built by that well-known old warrior of Kissi origin, named Kailundu, who died in or before 1896, and who is mentioned frequently by Alldridge. It was formerly within the borders of Liberia. It was occupied by some arrangement in 1905, but was not formally ceded by Liberia till 27th March, 1911, when there was an exchange of territory along the frontier, part of the Gola forest going to Liberia. This incidentally, was almost the only remaining real forest in the country, and its cession I heard caused a forestry officer to weep bitter tears.

For many years, therefore, there was a company stationed at Kailahun, and the original barracks were the site of the Chief's present house, or next to it, on the north side of the motor road.

The town is divided by the motor road, on each side of which a good space is kept clear. From Kailahun it runs on another five miles to the Moa river, across which is French territory.

The town is kept in very good order. It has a small market and whilst I was there Momo Banya was engaged in laying out a new straight street and putting up the houses on each side, well spaced apart. I understood at first the houses were to be rectangular, or at least oblong with the ends rounded so as to get a continuous rounded roof without breaks. Going another day, I

found them all marked out circular, and Momo Banya said the old men had demanded to have them so. It was instructive, for in all Mende towns which I have been in yet, there is the mixture of types. It either indicates a mixture of race or at least of cultures, and there is a keen struggle between the two. What I have regretted so often to see is that the Government builds circular houses, a retrograde movement.

Momo Banya was only made Paramount Chief on 23rd June, 1924, but for two years he had been regent. He is a son of Kailundu. This is Kailundu's ancestry :

Fawisi	Great, great grandfather.
Fakpala, son of preceding	Great grandfather.
Gbawe of Likono, son of preceding, married Kefwe	Grandfather.
Nduwi Kome, their son, married Sari Kumaru	Father.
Kailundu, born at Kumaru	Founded Kailahun, which means Kai's town.

Kailundu was succeeded on his death by a Lavari named Fabunde. On his death Fabunde's son, Bokari Bunde succeeded, and he was deposed, as being a bad man. Him Fabunde's Lavari named Gobe succeeded. When he died Momo Banya was appointed regent, and eventually Paramount Chief after a long interval since the death of his father Kailundu. The principal reason for his being excluded from the succession for so long is that young men are not wanted as Chiefs. Any age under forty is rightly considered too young. Men of experience are needed.

Momo Banya is half Mende by birth, his mother being Lumbe Kobai of Pendembu. Her mother was Kuna, and Kuna's father was Momo Babao. Momo Banya has a double name for this reason. His birth name was Banya. When he went into the Poro he took the name of Momo which supplanted the use of Banya ; but when he was elected chief he joined the two names together.

Some years ago when I was in the Gold Coast, I received a present of a very fine blue and white gown from Bokari Bunde. It was brought to me by Alimendi, so I feel my connection with Kailahun is an old one.

Momo Banya is a very intelligent man, and now about forty-five years of age. He and Alimendi went into the Poro together,

and they were not quite full-grown men when the Mende war of 1898 broke out.

He came up nearly every day for a talk, or I met him in the town at his building. I went to his house one day to photograph him and his wives. He has a big compound with several houses inside, some forming part of the outer wall. There is a big main gate, and to the right of it is a house which one can also pass through to enter. On entering this house I found a number of women sitting round a fire, and a feature was that the usual cross wall was made with a great arch of wood cut in a series of semi-circles.

For his photograph Momo Banya sat between five of his wives, all good-looking women, and each wore a gold ornament in the form of a bar about four inches long, which are made far away in French territory in Kankan where there is gold.

There was a great crowd of miscellaneous people in the compound all talking at the tops of their voices as usual, and to add to the din two young Gbandi men walked in unconcernedly, beating drums they carried under their arms, which was a salute to the greatness of Momo Banya.

I should say the Chief was never left alone for a moment and was busy all the day through.

Momo Banya's English was very good, and we used sometimes Mende to talk in, sometimes English. He had never been to school, but had opportunities of learning as there were troops here so long.

There was formerly only a very small population in this country, which began to develop after Kailundu came into what was really Mende country. The present population is a mixture of Mende, Konno, Kissi, Gbandi and Guma (Mende). As recently the Kissi have been divided into three separate chiefdoms, namely, Kissi-Tungi, Kissi-Teng, and Kissi-Kama, the Kissi have shown a disposition to collect there in preference, and there the new immigrants go. During my stay at Kailahun I saw a Kissi chief from French territory, a distant relation of Momo Banya I believe, who had come to inquire about some of his people who had come over the frontier, apparently with the idea of getting them back. This Chief had a very brown complexion.

In any case the Mende population here is not pure. The language has some minor differences, which was most noticeable to the Gba-Mende boys with me. Momo Banya called his language

"mbengo" that is, "dry," in distinction to other Mende, but I did not grasp quite wherein the difference lay. The difference in the Ko-mende had been that it was "kpakpaungo" or hard. Anyhow there are differences, and very commonly the names of trees and plants differ from those in central Mende, and again from the Gba-Mende.

I had heard of some people called Kommendi from French territory, who come to trade, and some have settled in the neighbourhood of Pendembu, I believe. They commonly bring down pottery. These people I found were not Mende at all, and have nothing in common with the Ko-Mende, or northern Mende, hence the name is usually spelt a little differently to distinguish them. One is pronounced Kommendi and the other Kaw Mende. Two of them were collected one day and brought up to see me. I took down some of their language, which I found to be a pure Mandingo dialect. As soon as they said they called themselves Koniaka, I knew who they were. How they came to be called Kommendi I was not able to ascertain, but the Creoles have a genius for giving other names and so passing them on to Europeans.

Kailahun was a busy place and the trade in palm kernels was in full swing. Some are bought here and sent to Pendembu by lorry, but many of the Kissi who bring them prefer to carry them the remaining seventeen miles, a rise of sixpence over the price here making it worth their while. Besides, if they wanted to buy anything there is a better assortment of goods at Pendembu. There was only one European trader at Kailahun, a Swiss. After the kernels are finished the oil comes in.

Momo Banya was very anxious for the railway to be continued to his town. He was not satisfied with the motor road. He had worked it all out, and said he would guarantee an adequate supply of labour, and showed me the site he proposed for the station about a mile down the road. It had been the original intention to bring the rails as far, but a not negligible factor is the additional altitude, a matter of about four hundred feet in seventeen miles and rough country to go through, Kailahun rest-house being 1,098 feet and Pendembu 641 feet above sea level. There would of course be a great development of the local trade, and it would bring within range a new and larger area of country over the frontier with all its potential trade in palm products.

Being near the frontier of two countries, there were naturally local peculiarities of exchange. A five franc note changed for

two shillings, and a five franc piece (silver), called a dollar, for 2s. 6d., but more will be given for the latter at French tax time. A brass franc passed as sixpence, and fifty centime pieces as 3d. in the small market here, as well as elsewhere for making purchases.

English silver is wanted for Liberia in October for taxes. At other times brass money will be taken for produce, though not liked. In October, for a 56 lb. bushel of kernels, if the alternative be offered of 8s. in brass or 6s. in silver, the latter will be taken.

The principal article of food is rice, but some cassada is grown. There is very little Fundi (Pote in Mende). Cotton supplies material for the native weavers, but the supply is not very great since one sees the bulk of the population in garments made from imported cotton cloth. In ancient times cotton was not known, and the old men have had it passed down to them from their fathers that cloth was made by beating out the bark of the Vaowu tree (*Antiaris*). Apparently the only present-day use of bark cloth in Mende Country is to make the stiff head-dresses of certain of the Poro dancers.

Blacksmiths ply their trade. I was passing one day by the smithy in the town, which was the central space between the two rooms of a rectangular house, when a man brought an axe to have an edge put on while he waited. The native blade was a long one of the usual shape but rather larger than usual. It was mounted through a heavy knobbed stick. The blacksmith promptly put it into his charcoal fire, and got the bellows on to it. A tiny child was trying to work the arms of the two valves, but it was too much for him, and he had to be relieved. After the iron had been raised to the right temperature it would be hammered sharp and tempered. Fresh limes cut in two were soaking in the clay pots filled with water in which the tempering was done. While I was there two white metal bracelets were fished out of one of these pots, but what the blacksmiths had been doing with them I did not know. They were Mandingo, and did not speak much Mende.

The Church Missionary Society have a school here, a short distance along the Konno road over the stream. Schooling had just ceased for the holidays. There was a rather quaint Sierra Leone man in charge with his wife. She, I should judge, was the moving spirit, and did the actual teaching, having had twelve years experience in Freetown. The husband did the circuit work. He complained the buildings, mud houses, were dilapidated, which was true, and wanted me to ask the chief to do something, which

I hardly felt inclined to do. He said the school had been in existence for two years, and the pupils were seventeen in number.

I did ask Momo Banya about it and why the attendance was so small. He said that the school had been conducted regularly for the past five months. There had been a break before that. He did not seem satisfied with it and had asked for a Government school, which would of course suit the Mohammedans better.

Two American missionaries arrived on the day that I did, and staying over Sunday, went off on Monday to Masambalahun in Liberia, about three days' journey. Mr. Hollins had written to Momo Banya to give them carriers and see them through. They were Father Gorham of New York, and Brother William (surname Hugo) a Devonshire man who had been fifteen years or more in Canada, and only saw his home for a few days in passing through England. Their mission is that of the Holy Cross, and whilst the priests are called by their surnames, the laymen only use their Christian name. As they were in the next house to me I saw them frequently. They were not well equipped and had never apparently met anybody belonging to the mission to give them any advice. What they seemed chiefly to have were kegs of paint and wire netting. Their only food apparently was a case of tinned salmon. They carried, however, two iron pegs and a dozen large horseshoes with which they played quoits at intervals during the day. The duties of the lay-brother included apparently those of choir-master.

It seems hardly right of a Society to send out men without the least knowledge of what they had before them, and no one to tell them anything. At least they never anticipated finding as much civilisation as they did in the bush.

Bandajuma, Alimendi's town, lies four miles from Kailahun. I received an invitation from the Chief on the day after my arrival to visit them. I fixed the following day, and another messenger came soon after midday to ascertain if I were coming. We went two miles down the motor road, and then turned off to the left by a bush path, and I used a hammock the only time this journey.

The old Chief met me with a reception party, with a trumpet and drums outside the town, and I was conducted to the house of a sub-chief which had been prepared for me. It was a round house with a broad room running through it and two small bedrooms, one on each side, with wooden partitions; and there was a table and chairs.

I walked round the town while Aruna prepared tea. It is built on a small hill, and the houses round and oblong mixed, were packed as tight as they could well be.

Here lived Bindi who had been with me in the Gold Coast ten years before, and who met me on the road. We came early to his house, which was an oblong one. I told him I heard he had five wives, but he amended the number to seven, of whom, however, I only saw one.

Farther round the edge of the town we came to Alimendi's house of the same shape, which I regret to say also needed sweeping. Here his wife Sara showed herself, but not quite expecting visitors. The ulcer on her ankle which she had developed through something going in when working in her farm, was not getting better, and I sent her some more dressings when I returned to Kailahun. Adama was at Kailahun, Hannah was away, but Alimendi's fourth wife Lucile, a daughter of Bindi's, and a well grown young woman, was brought to see me, and received a shilling as usual.

Some dancers came to perform. There was Kpolo-mia-ngundu, whom I had seen at Nyandehun, and Humoi. Humoi wears a dress of long fibre, with a black Nowe (mask) on his head, and lengthens himself to seven or eight feet without any gaps showing in his fur. He does not caper about like the other, but only moves sedately.

Conversation with the old Chief was difficult as he merely nodded or said yes. He bucked up a bit though over the ancient glories of Bandajuma. It was not a very old town perhaps not more than seventy or eighty years, and it was from here, he said, Kailundu went to found Kailahun. The site of old Bandajuma is at no great distance. He said Bandajuma was the oldest town in the country, but whether he was specifically referring to that on the present site I do not know. In any case the old town would cover his statement. Kailundu, who, as I have said, was a Kissi, was a Kurugba or war leader here, but whether in the service of the town, or as a conqueror, was not stated. The old Chief mentioned that for seven years they fought with the Guma.

Old Momo Koiwulo was grey-headed and wore a crisp grey beard cut short. His age would be about eighty or even more, for he said he held Alimendi's mother in his arms when she was a baby, and Alimendi was at least forty-five. He was Alimendi's mother's brother, but was much older than his sister.

There were other old people in the town. Among them were two old ladies, Gbongo and Njala-wai, who dated from old Bandajuma. The Chief said they were old when he was a child, and as they were reputed to be a hundred the estimate cannot be far wrong.

There seemed to be an unusual number of children in the town, and I commented on it. I was told it was so. The Chief had a great many wives, and so had the sub-chief, as well as the smaller number of my friends Alimendi and Bindi. I said there must be men without wives at all, and received the answer that there were many.

At five o'clock it was time to start back. Four volunteers took my hammock for a mile and as usual a party of ladies came. I had brought only eleven shillings with me, which was not enough, so some presents had to follow next day.

I saw the old Chief again. He used to walk into Kailahun to see his Paramount Chief quite frequently.

There were two Poro dancers in Kailahun belonging to the Paramount Chief. They were Goboi and Nafali. Goboi is completely covered with fur with an ornamental head-dress. Nafali, however, only wears a dress of cloth with "fur" trimmings, the "fur" being raphia fibre.

Goboi requires numerous attendants. His chief attendant is a fanner, Ngafo-mo, and there were four young attendants called Mbolesia.

The fan, Ngafoi, was a small oblong sort of semi-stiff pad without a handle, and held in both hands. Goboi was fanned on the face and body, but the fan seemed mostly used to fan his backside, over his fur of course, and the holder of the fan pretended to lift him up with it.

The four Mbolesia waltzed round, and a man in an ordinary gown carried the usual tied up bundle of short rods called Kpangba, meaning broom.

My Gba-Mende folk called the attendants Ngolonga, but Momo Banya said the name was not correct.

The Mbolesia were really more interesting than Goboi himself. They wore the usual many-coloured checkered loin cloth, an imported article, loose round the waist, and another over the shoulder, and a belt called "Tebe." They were very slightly smeared with Hojo, white clay, which is rare in this country. On their heads they wore a curved stiff arrangement like a mitre. Two Mbolesia had theirs covered in front with leopard skin, the

other two with the black skin of the Tewe or bush goat, which is a species of duiker. The latter had a rosette each on the lower part, made of cowries. The mitres were fringed with wool from a white sheep. The head dress is called "Mbole ikole," Kole being the word for a skin. The Mbolesia were young men all rather short but with well developed muscle round the shoulders. They wore absolutely no expression on their faces, which is usual with dancers in costume.

Goboi went on dancing in the town till dusk, when the women had their turn. I was told he advances towards them and they retreat with an uproar; then they in turn advance on him, and so backwards and forwards. Presently there were sharp and special drum beats. My boys said Goboi was going back to the bush. He was going to die.

It is done slowly.

One hears them sing.

"Ngāfō, Ngāfō, Ngāfō, Ngāfō." *Fan* (him), repeated at increasing intervals and in increasingly more mournful and strained tones.

Then there is a chorus of Bo, followed by more long drawn-out Bos.

After a pause four times Ngāfō quavers through the night air, followed by a general cry of "Gbini i njei lewea"—Gbini the water has crossed.

Bo is called three times by the Mbolesia, taken up immediately by "Ho" three times from the town.

Goboi is no more.

Forthwith all the drums begin again in the town, and the show is over, having begun in the early afternoon.

The disappearance of Goboi in this way is even more interesting than the dance itself.

During the performance Nafali danced almost independently, and I thought he was part of the Goboi show, but when he came afterwards for his present I found it was not so.

I gave Momo Banya some cartridges for his double barrelled gun, and he promptly went out to shoot, getting a guinea-fowl which he sent up to me. There were some bush-fowl which shouted near the rest-house, but apparently there is little else in the country, though the hunters get a pig or bush-buck occasionally.

Momo Banya gave me a few local legends. When the wind is from the north one can hear the rapids in the Moa river distinctly.

Apart from this he said there was quite a special roar in the river, and when that was heard some big man would die. If they heard it in French territory, the death would be this side, and vice versa.

Another legend of this river is that a thing like a human head may be seen to rise out of it.

There is a river called the Mafira in French territory, and by it is a gigantic cave going far into the earth which will hold a great number of people. More about it I could not learn.

Mt. Mamba, which is visible from the rest-house and over which the sun used to rise, is said to palpitate in one place and people are afraid to go up it. He himself had never been up and would fear to do so.

Mamba is not the only hill visible from here, there are also the Konno mountains to the N.W.

In view of the population being so mixed, and there being mixed marriages, I asked Momo Banya what was the procedure in naming children, the Mende custom being for fathers to name the boys and mothers the girls, though I do not think this is invariably adopted. As the parents might be of different origin, the birth names of the children would probably be many and various in origin. He had not given any attention to this point, but said it was all rectified when the children went into the Poro or Sande bush, for they there received their proper names, now commonly Mohammedan names.

Totems or family taboos exist in Mende but the system is not very strongly developed, except that the totem, if a living thing, must not be eaten. In this mixed population here I could not learn of a trace of it, though undoubtedly the pure Mende in the country do have their taboos. All the Chief could tell me was that the Gbandi do not eat the catfish.

While I was in Kissi country I was told there was a recognised six day week, but as the whole six days were not named further information was desirable. I asked Momo Banya about it, but he seemed doubtful. He knew neither of any old Mende names nor Kissi names, and regarded the week as non-existent till the Mohammedan or Christian week came in. Anyhow it was curious that he at once began to name seven days, or rather to give the local markets for each of these days. There is a complete seven day cycle, and it is not impossible that cycles of markets are the origin of the weeks of different lengths which exist in various parts of Africa, and are very varied in Cameroons for example.

These are the local markets :—

Sunday	Buya.
Monday	Gondome, near Dia.
Tuesday	Baiima in Kissi-Teng.
Wednesday	Kolo in Kissi-Tungi.
Thursday	Saru in Liberian Kissi.
Friday	Vuahun in Kissi-Tungi.
Saturday	Kpangame in Liberia.

The Mohammedanism of the Chiefs is possibly not very strong. For one thing they refuse to be strict teetotallers. There is a great demand by them for two kinds of drink, stout and French Vermouth, and only one brand of each will now be accepted. I gathered it cost Momo Banya a lot in entertaining visiting Chiefs, many of whom passed through Kailahun on their way to the railhead.

Before I left Momo Banya presented me with two very fine cloths. One was white with blue across each end and across the middle, and woven of the specially selected white cotton called Biti-kili. The other, a much bigger one, was decorated with small geometrical figures of small size in black. A little red ran across it, and this he said was the only foreign cotton in the cloth. There is nothing to make a scarlet of in the country.

After such presents the problem of the return present arises.

Before leaving Kailahun I parted company with an old friend. This was a rooster which had been acquired at Batkanu, and having survived the fate of his companions for several days, was added to the permanent staff. His chief recommendation was that he could shout well in the early morning. He was handed over to Sara at Bandajuma, unless the bearers ate him on the way, with strict instructions he was not to be killed. I pointed out that new blood would improve the local breed.

However, one can never trust the Mende, nor others either when their stomachs are concerned, as I found in regard to drinks, biscuits, etc., on occasion.

An old blind man here used to bring me oranges, and very good ones. He was said to have been blind from childhood.

I left Kailahun on the 20th December, and reached Pendembu seventeen-and-a-half miles in just under five hours. There were not many villages actually on the road. Giehun was halfway with many lorries loading up, and there was Gorahun just off the road.

On the 24th, joining forces with the Hollins we all went down to Daru to spend Christmas with the Frontier Force, arriving by the early train in time for breakfast.

CHAPTER XI

THE LIBERIAN FRONTIER

THE military station of Daru is pleasantly situated on the western bank of the Moa river. On the other side of the river, which is crossed by the railway bridge, with a footpath on one side, is Daru town. The headquarters of the Sierra Leone Frontier Force were moved here from Freetown on the 3rd of June, 1907. Major G. E. R. de Miremont, D.S.O., M.C., was in command, with Captain F. W. Doke as Adjutant.

The history of the force goes back a good number of years. In an old record book preserved in the Orderly Room the first entry is dated 1887, but only refers to a detachment of the Sierra Leone Police on service. Nevertheless the Sierra Leone Frontier Police was constituted in 1890 with a nucleus of the Sierra Leone Police. After twelve years their title was changed, and on 26th June, 1902, the Force was resworn as the West African Frontier Force, but have always been more commonly called the Sierra Leone Frontier Force.

The principal tribes now enlisted in the force are the Konno and Kissi, and the Temne and Mende are being largely eliminated. At one time it was predominantly Mende, but they are said to have done badly in the Cameroons, where on the other hand the comparatively few Konno made a name for themselves. Some experienced officers put the failure of the Mende down to inferior leadership. In any case they are now discredited as soldiers. In the former Ashanti wars, however, the few who were brought along to the Gold Coast—they are referred to under their Creole name of Koso—were the only native contingents capable of making any headway against the Ashanti in the dense forest. It must not be overlooked that the Mende are a purely forest people, whereas the Kissi and Konno are partly grassland people.

Incidentally the Germans were keen on Mende, as well as Vai, soldiers, and used to enlist them through Monrovia.

All the same possibly the railway and trade have caused the Mende to deteriorate from the military point of view.

The record book I have mentioned is unfortunately by no means, certainly as regards its early days, a consecutive record of the work of the Force. It has only been written up spasmodically, and military operations are only recorded in some cases by a list of the rank and file on the patrol. It is all interesting reading, however. There are, too, some pithy notes relating to officers of the Force of a historical and light nature, rather than official. It is related of one officer, how when serving with the Niger Company's Constabulary, he lost a field gun in action and was made to pay for it. He had also other mishaps. One officer hurried out to fight a fire in Freetown, fell down a cesspit in mess kit, and was dropped by his friends into the harbour before he was allowed into barracks to change.

Major de Miremont named two short roads in the camp : Norman Road and Bill Road, to record the memory of two officers of the Force. Captain Norman was badly wounded in the fighting in Kissi country in 1906, and Lieutenant Bill brought him out with great courage in very difficult circumstances. The former is, I understand, still alive, but Lieut. Bill was killed in France.

An old custom in the Force, which has been handed down from the Sierra Leone Frontier Police, is that of singing "God Save the King," followed by the Lord's Prayer, at 8.30 p.m. It seems that an officer out on patrol started it for his detachment in the eighties or nineties. It spread to all the Force and has been continued ever since.

Another relic of the past is a big drum in the mess which was captured in 1895 at Massimera.

The men's barracks were being re-built, the labour being supplied by all the Chiefs for some distance round. The new houses are circular, divided into three rooms with a narrow verandah all round. The old houses were rectangular, of the ordinary barrack type, six rooms with a verandah along the front. Going back to circular houses is, I think, very retrograde. If we are in a savage country to improve the natives we must not adopt any of their culture.

I had a long talk with Major de Miremont on the very bad slavery conditions in this Colony. It came up over the dislike of men who had served as soldiers to going back to slavery. A Sergeant or Sergeant-Major, a man of position while serving, might be required on discharge to go back as slave to his old master and work in the farm or do other menial work required of him.

In Nigeria Sir Frederick Lugard's proclamation in the early days declared that no one, born after the 1st April, 1901, could be a slave. In Sierra Leone it is not so. The slaves increase and are inherited. Sales are not permitted legally, but a native will see no distinction between being permitted by the Government to hold property in human beings, and disposing of them like anything else he is permitted to own. The only way a slave may gain his freedom is by paying the sum of £4 into Court, when it is handed over to his owner and he is given a discharge certificate. I have heard of the freedom being refused by Commissioners on some technical point, which is inexcusable.

I have made several notices to slavery already in this review of the Colony, and shall have occasion to do so yet more.

In Nigeria, I may mention, settlements for ex-soldiers have been established, and Regimental Sergeant-Major Tasker, who was at Maiduguri in Bornu when I passed through on my Lake Chad expedition, was keenly interested in the subject. He emphasised the fact of how soldiers dislike going back to slavery after their military service. Such settlements are not under the Chief of the country at all, but directly under the District Commissioner, and the Government makes advances for agricultural implements, house building, etc., the man's deferred pay being utilised suitably. It is purely optional for a man to join such a settlement. Such settlements are, of course, one more nail in the coffin of indirect rule. All educated natives, too, would want in time to be exempt from the rule of the Chiefs. Indirect rule can only be regarded as a temporary measure.

It was a very merry party of about two dozen in all that collected for Christmas. There were three ladies present: Mrs. de Miremont; Mrs. Milne, sister of Mr. Bowden, Provincial Commissioner; Mrs. Hollins; and male visitors from far down the line. We were all quartered somehow, but entirely by the officers of the Regiment establishing themselves in their Company offices. Personally I must express my thanks to Lieutenant R. P. M. Davies for giving me his house, which was most delightfully situated on the river bank. He and his bagpipes moved elsewhere, but he left the tarantulas which at once made themselves at home in my boxes.

Christmas night ran into next morning. It is wonderful how one's boys can be faithful in the wrong things. At dawn as usual Aruna woke me up to drink tea. I wondered how he had managed to wake so early, but he had continued dancing and

otherwise amusing himself in Daru town until it was time to come and boil the kettle, so he had not been to sleep at all. I pointed out to my staff how a thoughtful Government provided iron verandah posts, which cooled by a night's harmattan, were delicious for them to press their heated brows against. They had not known of the advantages of iron pillars as they only use wood verandah posts in their own houses. There is always something the European can teach the African.

The dashes I gave the previous day were insufficient, and they all had to have advances of pay. They said that being Gba-Mende the local Mende had said that it was up to them to stand treat if they wanted to join in. Before they left, however, the Chief gave them all some entertainment.

Mrs. de Miremont, our hostess, was greatly interested in natural history, and had a small zoological garden in which there was practically every monkey in the country. The snakes she had not begun to study yet.

Mrs. Milne, on the other hand, directed her attention to botany, and had collected some fifty varieties of orchids. Her chief work, however, was experimenting in native dyes, and introducing new methods of weaving.

Mrs. Hollins specialised in education, and took a keen interest in the rural school at Pendembu.

Unless women who come out to tropical Africa, especially such as have to live in the bush, take an interest in something, it is the most boring life imaginable.

Major de Miremont had given general leave to the men, except a minimum required for guards. It was much appreciated. Some men whose homes were near went off, others simply did just what they liked with no bugle to worry them. A stilt dancer came from the town and performed, and a Goboï also tumbled about merrily, the performer being a man in the sanitary gang.

For amusements at Daru there are golf, tennis and boating on the river.

There had been trouble in the town between the Chief and his head-Lavari. Mr. Bowden ordered the Lavari to go and reside in another chiefdom and gave him three days to do it in. On Sunday morning (28th) I saw the long procession crossing the bridge, men and women carrying loads, a hammock, and a horn blower behind blowing a mournful dirge.

A marabou was shot here in the camp, and the Officer who brought it down came along with it to ask me what it was. These

birds are very rare up here, I understand. Indeed, the Mende have no name for them, but the Sherbro call them "Kakiye."

I left on Monday, the 29th, by which day some of the party had already begun to disperse. The Regiment, too, were shortly off to the neighbourhood of Kamabai for training, and where they expected to meet the West African Regiment, and possibly do joint manoeuvres.

From Daru I was going down the frontier to Mano Salija on the coast. Twelve men for my loads arrived early, Mr. Hollins having directed the Chief to send them. They were only to go to the limits of the Chieftdom, so I had many changes all the way down. With frequent changes one is glad to have a small permanent party to keep the routine going. I strongly object when travelling to have to give a single order or say anything at all, and require everything to run as automatically as possible. When it is perceived that that is your firm resolve, it is wonderful how easy everything becomes, and for all concerned.

In one's household arrangements I further find it better never to call a boy, except for some great emergency. I object, too, to be asked if I am ready for lunch, dinner, or whatever it may be, or for a bath. It is for the boy concerned merely to announce they are ready. Of course I have to do my part at once, or the routine breaks down. Still, I recommend this system to persons travelling. They should divest themselves of all routine work and make their staff do it. It is an enormous saving in worry over petty details. Further, if you should by chance fall sick, which I usually manage to avoid, you are not stranded with everything broken down because you are too ill to give any instructions.

Captain Doke kindly took charge of a few loads for me, which were to meet me later on the railway, and with many regrets I started off over the bridge and through the large town of Daru, turning in a south-easterly direction for Jojoima.

The march along a good road took about three-and-a-half hours, and I left the main road to the south just outside Daru, but a good road is also kept up to Jojoima as it is a Mission station of the Wesleyans. On the way we passed Bombong, a large town, Kotuma, and Tikongo, and then for an hour there was nothing until I came to the Mission buildings and the Government rest-house on the hill, the town being down beyond.

The road, with lateritic gravel but no laterite itself, was generally level and ran through the jungle growth of old farms. There were many oil palms, but only a little fringing forest along

the road. Clumps of bamboos were numerous, and the streams and swamps all flowing to the Moa river to the right were bridged. We passed through the forested hills one sees from Daru. A sharp cutting climbing grass called "Jewe" in Mende was in all the fallows, rather too plentifully, as I found when I went in after bush-fowl.

I put up at the Mission. The Reverend J. R. S. Law was in charge, with the Reverend P. D. Robert to assist him, and as I expected I found here the Reverend W. T. Balmer. I had met him in the train coming up from Kennema after not having seen him for many years.

Balmer was revising the translation of the New Testament into Mende, incidental to his supervising educational work. Together with Mr. Law we discussed many points, and one word we argued on was a suitable translation for "hate." This in the version either done or supervised by Schoen in the last century is rendered "dolo." The trouble arises over hate being a frame of mind that is not well developed among the negroes of Africa, any more than its opposing idea of love is. Every student of an African language has trouble to find an exact equivalent of "to love," it practically becomes no more than want or like. The verb to hate has not been so fully studied. My own view is that the best way to render it is to use "lo," like or want, with the negative. There is no object in emphasising the cult of "hatred." The word "dolo" has in it something of jealousy.

There is a boarding school for small boys. There are dormitories, mud houses, filled with wooden beds each with a blanket. The fee is three bushels of rice per annum. Books and slates are supplied for use in school, but pupils may buy their own, which many do. Of the two teachers one was Mende, and the other from somewhere else, but also Mende speaking.

In the evening football is played.

The town was practically deserted, nearly all the population, including the Chief, being away. The Mission I made 720 feet above sea level. The town is well laid out with houses, mostly oblong and streets wider than usual. The chiefdom is Sami or Malema.

Next day, the 30th, I was eight hours in getting to Mende-koima. A uniformed messenger of the Chief's came to show the road which he did not know, but one of the carriers did. We had come S.E. and now turned S.W. to get back on the main road.

We passed through part of Jojoima first. Just as we came out there was a new grave. It was oblong with a log of wood on each of the four sides. Inside it was sanded over and a gin bottle stood at the head.

The road was a bush path with forested hills round about which we passed between. The swamps were numerous and unbridged and Squire carried me over as usual. They were probably impassable in the rains.

We passed the small village of Periwaima (= on the big road) with forested hills away to the left, and in an hour came to the boundary of Sami and Jawi chiefdoms. The messenger of the Chief's wanted to go back here. I said he could if he liked, but as no present was visible, he came on as had been intended. Passing the small town of Boilahun (Boi's town) we came to a stream flowing to the right named Loiya. The bridge was a sort of suspension bridge and really quite ingenious. A natural branch with spreading legs was suspended downward from an overhanging tree, the legs had a cross piece well secured to them, and on that was laid the long sticks that formed the bridge. As the span was only eight yards it sufficed. Other bridges were crossed sticks with the long stick one walks on laid in the fork.

At 8.30 or an hour and fifty minutes out we came to an abandoned village with a bread-fruit tree growing there. Here we missed the track, which we only rejoined after making a cut through an old farm. There were a lot of farm paths about going in different directions, but no main track. In a few minutes we were on a ridge with a hill near, and it was this which gave the indication we were going wrong. Here I got almost my only view of the road. Ahead I could see thick palm growth and half a mile to the left was a cone-shaped hill covered with forest.

Just here on a cleared piece of the bank on the right side of the road was an arrangement of pebbles. It was about six feet long and the double line was two feet wide and led to a small tree on the bank. Between the lines lay a big stone. Children had done this, and it had something to do with travelling ants, some game I supposed, but could get no adequate explanation.

At 9.30 we were at Ngeblama, and forty minutes on was Wuilo a small town, at the entrance of which stood a box with small stones in it. A quarter of an hour on was the small town of Tau. On a rubbish heap some tall tobacco plants with long narrow leaves and pink flowers were growing. Someone was

evidently experimenting, for it is rare to see any tobacco plants. Some swamp rice near here was still uncut. In most of the villages are kola trees and bananas.

Bombe, in Simbawo chiefdom, reached at 11 o'clock, was small with a broad street and regularly placed rectangular houses. It seemed a new town laid out on an up-to-date design.

Bamboos are common along here, and are used for making bridges. At this season the Fawe tree is casting its pods. It is a big forest tree with very small leaflets, and wooden pods a foot long, with big seeds inside. The pods split and discharge their seeds and then fall themselves. These half pods are collected in little heaps along the road, and are burnt there, and from the ash a soap is made.

Soap is very largely made from native materials, so much so that the trade in imported soap is comparatively small. Among the materials out of which soap may be made, besides the Fawe bean-pods, are Fundi stalks, banana skins, edible bean pods, etc. The general procedure is to gather the husks when dry into heaps and burn them. The ashes are then collected and carried to the place of manufacture, which is as follows.

An old mat or cloth is laid in a large basket, the ashes put in and water poured on. The mixture is stirred up until the water has all trickled into a big pot placed underneath. The water is then boiled. The solid matter that remains is the "soap." It is a potash and is called in Mende, "Libi," and is used for mixing with snuff and by cloth dyers, as well as for washing clothes.

A useful plant which I happened to notice about here is the Yoyavi. It has a mass of long thin seeds which are very adhesive, and are used to place on rat runs. They stick to the rats which do not come again.

The epiphytic orchid called Bembe was fruiting, the fruit consisting of green berries about three-quarters of an inch by half an inch with six grooves down the sides.

At noon we reached Motihun (=the burnt field or place) a big town; and we had rejoined the main road again. I had expected we should have stopped here, but Alimendi made no sign so we went on. There were a lot of new big oblong shaped houses building. After an abandoned village, and passing Goabu, at 12.50 was Nyama with a broad straight street and big well placed oblong houses.

Alimendi having again taken no action I passed on leaving the carriers sitting down. Then he woke up and sent somebody

to say a house was found. I was already beyond the town and refused to turn back. By the time I had gone a mile Aruna came running to say the carriers were tired and refused to proceed farther, so I told him to get other carriers from the Chief and replace them, and continued on my way. As far back as Wuilo I had said we would stop when we came to a suitable village.

By that time I was alone, not even having the man with the gun with me. Of course then a Tewe or bush goat, came out of the bush and stood in the road and looked at me.

Alimendi was now quite awake, and the first time almost this trip he recognised some responsibility rested with him, and he caught me up. He must have run. My permanent staff with the more important loads also began to catch up one by one, and at 1.30 we reached the small village of Senehun; but the houses, round ones, were all so small, that we again went on, and in an hour reached Mendekoima, which I had rather hoped to reach. I heard no less than three ways of pronouncing this place, Mendekema at Jojoima, and also Mendekwema. On the map to agree with none it is written Mendikama which the people do not know.

A large circular house was given me, a part being cut across to make a verandah. The last load was in within half an hour by the same carriers. I paid them off, treating the journey as three days, and they returned by the direct road to Daru. As for the permanent staff their activity was now wonderful. We were eight hours on the road and probably did eighteen miles.

There was a lady-chief here but I did not see her. The Poro came into the town at night, and I took notes of the proceedings which I give in the chapter on Poro.

The new carriers were rather late in collecting next morning, the 31st, so it was ten minutes to seven before I left. The Head Lavari accompanied me to the end of the town, and in parting gave the quaint salutation, "We kiss again." Some ladies followed further to receive their parting present.

We passed the towns of Senehun, Mano, Magbema, and then after a gap of an hour and a half with no villages reached Juru, or Jeoru as it is more precisely pronounced. All were smallish. There were the usual small streams and swamps now all drying up, and bridged in some simple way. Only in one place did I see some sandy laterite. The ground was generally ordinary vegetable mould with sand and rock here and there.

At Senehun there were some cattle of very mixed colour and in the Barri, or Seme as it is called in Mende, were many hunting nets hung up, as if a lot of game was caught that way.

At Mano, only a small town, there were some unusual architectural features in the newly built houses, mud pillars supporting the verandah. These pillars probably had sticks inside to reinforce them, and there was an attempt at a capital. Some enterprising Mende who had travelled had brought in a new culture.

Just beyond Magbema was a stream to the left six yards wide with many clumps of bamboos. There was a gate and fence here made of hanging reeds. It was a boy's camping place and called "Bili logboihū" or the "Circumcision bush." The boys had not entered the Poro yet. I did not see any of them about, but could hear their tinny sounding drums going. I am told this institution does not exist in Gba-Mende.

All along was a broad sandy road with thick fringing forest, and "peacocks," Kpuli in Mende (*Corytheola cristata*) and the Bigger hornbill, Gule in Mende (*Ceratogymna* sp.) were common. I am always glad to be able to shoot a few "peacocks" as they make a change from chicken. Their gorgeous blue plumage is very like the ordinary peacock's minus the tail. Whenever he saw any birds Aruna used always to drop a bunch of leaves in the road so that when I came up later with the gun I might get them.

Juru was three and a quarter hour's march. It was not a big town, and after some search I fixed on a house at the edge of the town. It contained a middle room with four small rooms out of it. I counted six wooden beds and in addition hammocks were slung up everywhere. How many persons slept there I should not like to guess. In every room was a hearth, often in a corner where the clay was thickened. Some big logs were smouldering in the middle room when I went in, filling it almost entirely. The owner said they felt cold. Still by 10 a.m. they might have been stirring a bit. A sweeping and sprinkling with water was very necessary.

There were some trees laden with oranges, and I got two coco-nuts for three pence, but they were mature ones.

I heard a hyrax, the first since I had been in the country, as far as I remember.

I received the usual fowl and eggs on arrival, and when the Chief came again in the afternoon he arrived with a hamper of rice weighing perhaps thirty pounds, with some dried fish on top.

I gave Alimendi the stink-fish and had the rice laid in the corner. I asked Alimendi why the Chief came with a second present. He said he thought I would like it. Later Siafa came and asked for change for a shilling. Then another looked in and said did I want the rice left there. Shortly afterwards Alimendi came and said did I want it rebagged. They thought they would get it, and had no doubt told the Chief to bring it to me. In this way they would eat at my expense and not use their subsistence money. I had been getting tired though of presents of great quantities of rice. The plot failed, and they never got the rice, for next morning in settling up for my house and food, I told the Chief he must take back the rice as I had no means of carrying along such an extra weight. He received it back with alacrity.

With changed carriers, and it being the first day of the new year, I went on to Ngigbema. It was a good road and we got over the ground well, passing Pele, largish with mostly circular houses; Boabu, fair-sized; Kokuru, big, and about half way; Jaru or Ja'u, smallish; Komasu; Gotoba, small; and reached Ngigbema in four hours and a half.

There was good fringing forest, and we passed among forested hills, though there had been big inroads into the timber for making farms. About eight o'clock just before Boabu the hills on the left had already receded, and the ridge on the right had come to an end; and after that it was merely undulating country. There were some raphia palms in the swamps, which had not been plentiful anywhere along this road so far. The forest trees were now putting forth their bright green leaves, and some trees with young red leaves showed up very conspicuously wherever one got a good view. There seemed practically no trade in palm kernels, in fact the only trade on the road were some Vai men who were going south with goats.

Near Kokuru we passed a party of five dancing boys in costume with an elderly man in charge. They are called in Gba-Mende Ngogbo-lopoisia or Bush-boys. They wear a short skirt of raphia fibre sticking out all round their middle, and an open net work singlet, and varying head-dresses. They do jumping, somersaults and other athletic exercises, but unfortunately in all my trip I never saw any performing.

In Kokuru the people seemed very different in appearance from Mende I had met before. A very large number were wearing long gowns, and I judged the Vai element to be strong.

Red monkeys were plentiful. As nobody eats monkeys

much about here, and certainly not the red ones, which are said to cause sickness if eaten, they increase and do much damage to the farms. I shot one for its skin and skull, after removing which it had to be buried. Possibly slaves are the only people who eat them.

At Jaru was a big breadfruit tree, and at Komasu was an experimental plantation of cocoa with patches of onions and coco-yams.

Some men on the road offered me a tortoise, but I had no use for it.

At Ngigbema was a rest-house, which I was grateful for as one gets tired of dirty houses in a town. As I passed through the town I saw some earthenware pots of a wide open shape, newly made, but I never saw pots actually being made. The rest-house is on a hill beyond, with a barri next to it, and all round were planted pine-apples.

The old Paramount Chief came up in the evening in a hammock with a small boy blowing a horn. He was not communicative, and the conversation consisted in his answering questions in the negative. His Head-Lavari more frequently gave the answers. He also brought his chair with him.

It seemed to me to be a very effete population here, and they seemed to do little or no trade. I asked what the numerous reddish people were whom I saw. Were they Vai or Gola? He said, No, and had not observed their existence. He said there was no shooting here. They had no guns. They could only snare animals. Everything was negative with him.

Later a tiny man, a trader with a Creole wife, Mr. Essien of Cape Coast Castle, came up. He said trade was bad. A few kernels went to Kennema, but a road was badly needed. The people were more than lazy and did nothing but loaf all day. My Gba-Mende staff also formed a very poor opinion of them. They had very little to do with these people, and might have been in a totally foreign country.

I gathered the Mende language here is very purely spoken. There is no elision nor slurring of sounds, and every syllable is distinct, which is so different from the Gba-Mende. This would be a good place to clear up the meaning of obscure sounds.

I stayed here the next day, the 2nd January.

I managed to collect a jigger under one of my toe nails, the first so far this trip. However, Aruna got it out readily with a needle. When the jigger is out I always wash the hole well with

kerosene in case any eggs are left in, and then bandage the toe with paper.

Owing to the delay in the new carriers turning up I did not get off till 7.30 next morning. It was just about four hours or twelve miles to Gorahun (=in the stockade, or the stockaded town).

There was thick fringing forest on the road, and all the streams flowed to the left to the Maho river. They flowed to the right to the north of Gotoba, so that about there I crossed the watershed between the Moa river and the Mano with its tributaries the Moro and Maho. We passed the small towns of Tuwoma, Tanina, Manyahun and Gondama before reaching Gorahun. The ground was largely lateritic gravel, but the lateritic clay, except for a few traces, was wanting, as if washed away. Many trees are more easily recognisable now that they are bearing fruit. There is the Mambui, in Creole English "Tombia," with its edible soft nuts covered with a black velvety skin, and which monkeys also feed on. The Gorli too is now bearing its prickly fruit like a horse-chestnut in appearance, and the small seeds of which are oleaginous. In the swamps an arum called the Dine is putting up its tall spathe.

All the towns on the road had their "Kamela" or entrance to the Poro bush just outside, with the usual screen of hanging reeds, and the irregularly branched stick in front wound round with creepers.

The Mende about here affect a fringe of hair round the face which is peculiar to the locality. The long drooping moustache of the northern Mende I have not seen at all.

There is a forestry station at Gorahun, and hearing of the arrival of a stranger from the north, a very unusual direction, Mr. E. Macdonald came along and invited me up to dinner.

The station was only a year old, and a large forest area had been marked out as a reserve. It is part of the well known Gola forest, an uninhabited region in Liberia. Several Europeans are said to have gone in to explore and never to have come out or been heard of again, which seems rather to point to inhabitants who do not welcome visitors.

I discussed the question as to whether in his experience the statement so often made that the natives leave great quantities of palm nuts to rot on the ground, being too lazy to gather them, was a fact. He thought that probably in fallows of several years' growth they might fall and be left because it did not pay to hack

paths through such dense growth from tree to tree. Still against this is the fact that the growth would not be great in the first year, and a track to the trees once made would remain fairly open. It is probably rather a question of the height of the trees, some of which are over fifty feet high, and by no means every Mende is capable of climbing them, as I found at Dia, only two out of the ten with me being able to get up a tall tree. It will be interesting to know how this subject will be dealt with when some of the plantations in other parts of Africa begin to get aged, and whether the trees will be replaced before they reach that stage. The fruit can be collected from a dozen or twenty small trees while one tall one is being dealt with.

Captain L. W. Wilson, District Commissioner, arrived next day from Zimi, and returned on Monday, leaving a Court Messenger to bring me in, for I had not had one down the road.

There had been no harmattan scarcely since I left Daru, but every morning a dense mist came up with the sun and lasted till nine o'clock.

The Chief of Gorahun was named Morigula. He had ten children, but I did not ascertain the number of wives. I went into the question of crops with him, which is always a useful subject to broach with Chiefs when nothing else directly offers. He reckoned his rice lasted eight months, and they had in addition some cassada, some coco-yams, and a very few yams. He said they could not do better because Government work took so many men and for so long a time. To this cause they assign all the fruits of their own laziness. The reason for the shortage of food is no doubt the inefficient slave labour, and in this region probably well over a third of the population are slaves. The slaves if not closely supervised, or in other words driven, naturally waste their time when they go into the farms alone.

Still the big men in the country would not welcome the abolition of slavery, and certainly not the Chiefs. The question, however, arises, should they have a bigger say in the matter than the slaves themselves. The slaves are largely Mende men captured in days gone by from other chiefdoms and their descendants. So one chiefdom has retained people from another. Prisoners of war were, however, sometimes set free when the war was over. In this part of the country probably most of the slaves originate from Liberia. Chief Morigula was said to own a hundred slaves himself, and he is not a Paramount Chief. When the annual famine comes, at the time that the rice is all eaten,

it is the slaves who first go short of food, and the older ones incapable of much work probably fare very badly, and have to hunt the bush for any thing they can find. When the new rice comes in there is a regular gorge to make up. At Ngigbema, Alimendi told me the old Chief there was very close with the rice he rationed out to his "children."

I have mentioned earlier that slaves may purchase their freedom for £4. In such a region as this it would be impossible for one to earn that sum in all his life time. He could only do it by going away if his master gave him permission, which would be doubtful. The Government too will assist in the restoration of run-away slaves, and I never heard whether any steps were taken to supervise the punishment a master might inflict on the run-away, especially if the owner were the Chief himself. There are District Commissioners, I have heard, who will refuse to accept the £4 for a slave's freedom, especially if he ran away and worked elsewhere to earn it.

The Government takes strong measures to see that natives do not leave their Chiefdom, and even if a freeman, and the Chief complains he cannot fulfil his Government tasks, he will be compelled to go back.

It frequently seemed to me on my travel round the Colony that the demands on the Chiefs for free labour were excessive, and even if payment were made to the Chief, the work on which the labour was employed was not urgent or valuable, and the men would have been much better employed in food growing in their own homes. It would be more satisfactory perhaps if every adult male knew exactly how many days in the year he had to put in for Government, but as the majority are slaves it would be immaterial to them and only concern their owners.

In talking about shooting the Chief complained they had no guns, so no doubt the hunters have to snare. Until recently the Mende blacksmiths were skilled enough to turn out gunbarrels and make a gun complete. As this is now prohibited no doubt the art has already died out.

On Tuesday the 6th, I went on to Zimi. The Chief was waiting to say good-bye, an honour not always accorded me. It was just about four hours to Zimi, say twelve miles. There was no village till we reached the small one of Palima (=? on the road) a little over a mile from Zimi, but Periwai (=the big road) at three hours was just off the road, the previous site now abandoned being on it.

It was dense forest all the way, but none of the trees were of great age. For an hour and a half we walked along the edge of the Government forest reserve. Possibly in days gone by there may have been a good population here, which was annihilated by slave raiding, and only now has the population begun to increase again. As the road ran straight it was fairly up and down hill. The drainage was to the left. We heard many chimpanzees.

CHAPTER XII

VAI AND KRIM COUNTRIES

I STAYED four days at Zimi with Captain Wilson, who had heard nothing of my coming, but knew of me from my Mende grammar alone.

Zimi station, 380 feet above the sea, is well laid out, with a good garden in the process of making. It had only been in existence a couple of years, it having been found necessary to have a frontier District for the control of the frontier and to check slave trading. From the bungalow there runs an absolutely straight road down the hill, passing the Court and office and the Court Messengers' lines. It crosses a swamp and then rises gently to the small town of Zimi, about 1400 yards in a perfectly straight line. It was a treat to see it. So few officers who have had the making of roads have felt it worth while taking the trouble to make them straight, but Captain Wilson had led his in his District over rough country regardless of obstacles.

The rains being over the country was fast drying up, and as I came along I found many streams had already ceased to run.

The Paramount Chief, Pessima, who, however, is not permanently in Zimi, having his own town, the chiefdom being named Makpeli, had some keenness for progress and had set up lamp posts for the lighting of his town with kerosene lamps at night ; but I did not gather all were regularly lighted every night.

There was one trader, a Mende, with a small store. His sales had been ten shillings on the day we asked. There were one or two others selling a few things at their houses, and a few Mandingo dealing in kolas.

The Maho river comes close to Zimi, and a road leads from there into Liberia. Captain Wilson wanted to substitute a bridge for the ferry. There are rocks reaching half way over, but the remaining half presented difficulties, and we examined the possibility of using an overhanging tree to construct a light suspension bridge for that part.

There is a very good card system for complaints in the Protectorate. It was introduced by Colonel Warren. On bringing

a complaint a numbered card is given to the complainant, on which is written his name and chiefdom. He is told when to appear, and brings his card, which acts as a clue to any papers on the subject. An improvement instituted by Captain Wilson was that he gives the gainer of the case the card to keep, so if it is brought up again by the loser after a year or two before a new District Commissioner and with perhaps a new native staff, the gainer of the case can without further research show the case has been heard. It is a favourite custom to bring cases up again after a lapse of time in the hope that a new hearing may give a different result.

All natives like to have their cases heard by the District Commissioner instead of by their Chiefs. For one thing it is cheaper. Justice is not obtained for nothing in a native court. The native always has the right to appeal to the District Commissioner, but few are such fools as to do so, for he is bound to be penalised afterwards by his own Chief, who would not take such a flouting lying down, unless the complainant was a very big man with perhaps more power than his Chief. In default he would have to pay a big sum of money to the Chief to make his peace.

Quite a reasonable amount of revenue is raised in this District. The house tax in 1923 produced £2,357 5s. out of £18,151 for the whole of the southern province. Some coffee and cocoa are being grown, and efforts are being made to develop them. Kernels are the chief export. There is a small school at Zimi, but the holidays being on I did not see the pupils.

I was under the impression that Zimi was Mende. All the people talk Mende, but I found that they are not Mende at all, or only a faint strain is, but are Gola by origin. The Mende boundary is at a big cairn at the end of the forest reservation on the Gorahun-Zimi road. The Gola inhabitants had been there from some unknown age but none any longer knew the Gola language. Their fathers, I was told, may possibly have known a few words. South of Zimi begins the Vai country, and the Paramount Chief is a Vai.

My dressing gown was missing when I reached Gorahun, so on arrival at Zimi I sent Squire and John Simbo back as far as Juru to see if it had been left hanging up anywhere behind a door; but there was no result. Siafa knocked the nail off one of his toes on the last march in, but it soon healed up, and on the return of the two from Juru was able to go on again all right.

So on Saturday the 10th January I started for the sea coast, taking Wilson's "Roman" road, but sending direct to Pujehun some loads I had no immediate use for.

Two hours brought me to Gofa, where I had a good house on the edge of the town. It was circular, but a bit front and back had been cut off by wooden partitions running straight and thus making two small verandahs, and another partition divided the rest into two rooms. All the windows had pierced panel screens, and it was very neat. The town was fair sized and rather crowded.

It was the Chief here who gave me my information about the inhabitants of the country for I did not see the Paramount Chief at Zimi. He said there were no real Mende among the people at all.

Though the general style of house building was that of the Mende, I noticed a few variations at Gofa. The new type house had a roof of two slopes and the ends filled in with closely placed vertical sticks, the top of the wall being protected by a thin line of thatch. This was the most northerly place that I saw this type of house. There were also some half dozen semi-open barris for private use, the two end walls being high, but the others dwarf.

I inquired if the produce of the oil palm was fully collected or some allowed to fall and rot on the ground, and it seemed that it was practically all collected. It is sent to Widaro on the Moa river, where it is sold at 5s. the load, and goes thence by boat to Sulima or Mano Salija. The Chief said, however, that the price was an unfair one, so they took most of it all the way to Pujehun, much farther, but where they got 6s. The time element, within certain limits, does not come in at all. It is the cash they go after, and it is better to come back after a trip away with 6s. than with 5s., for one or two more days on the road is immaterial, whether the carriers be freemen or slaves. They would not be doing anything valuable on their return. It seemed that no produce at all goes by road to Mano Salija.

Pujehun is called Wainjama here.

There is a climbing broad bean grown in this country, and I noticed heaps of the husks which are carefully kept to burn for soap. There were clumps of bamboos in the town, and a few trees of a spreading nature with very thick foliage which grow a large round fruit used the same as calabashes. It was new to me.

It was a perfectly straight road, but on the last half of the

march a few deviations would have been acceptable as the hills were very steep. In one place steps even had to be cut, but at least the mileage is reduced, and if the native does not like it he can meander on his own bush paths. It was only at the village of Grima, an hour out, that a few bends did occur. At the second hour was the small village of Wulgenda off the road to the right, and we sat down for a few minutes where some laterite was exposed in a cutting. This red earth has been conspicuous by its absence along the road.

These were the only two villages on the road. An hour beyond Wulgenda was a "shimbeck" or temporary house, belonging to some farmer, so there was not much in the four and three quarters hours' march. There were the usual swamps and streams flowing to the left, all embanked or bridged, and it was good fringing forest all the way. In places raphia was plentiful, and ferns were numerous.

Malema is in Soro chieftdom. The Paramount Chief was away, but his brother, an elderly man, was in charge. He came along in the evening with a considerable following, but had not brought a chair, and as I only owned one, my old roorkee chair which I have had since 1907, I told him to send for one as I proposed talking for some time.

In discussing the trade of the place I learned that they preferred here also to send their kernels to Pujehun, where they get a minimum of 6s. a bushel, and often up to 8s. according to the prevailing price. They complained that Jackson, the only trader at Mano Salija, only paid them 5s., and that not in cash, and also that trade goods are too highly priced there. I told them that I thought that there would be other firms opening up there soon, and that then prices and conditions of trade would be better for them.

These people had no knowledge of their ancient history, but said the Paramount Chief probably knew. They did not know where they came from, nor who were the earlier inhabitants of the country. They did not know who invented their syllabic writing. They are Vai, but the conversation was in Mende which all knew and customarily used.

I asked about iron ore in the country, as I remembered that about twenty years ago a syndicate was formed to work it. I specially recalled it as the prospectus bore not the name of a single individual, nor was it signed. They said there was none here, but that it was in the Gbandi country.

I was desired to see the town. It has been recently rebuilt and the inhabitants were proud of it. The streets were straight and the houses well spaced. Painted shutters and window screens were common, and the mosque, a rectangular building with verandah on three sides, was very neat. The houses in the middle of the town, which was not very large, were oblong and those on the outskirts circular. The rectangular houses have a verandah about two thirds along the front, the remaining third being included in a room. The rest-house was separated from the town by a small dip in the ground. It was a distinct type, being a big roof with two very small circular rooms under it, which is not singularly convenient. The central province does not build round rest-houses as a rule, but I found I was returning to a primitive type in the southern province. When the well-to-do natives build good rectangular houses for themselves it is certainly retrograde for the Government to build round huts. Incidentally this was what I found so often in the colony. There were as it were waves of progress, and then one was suddenly up against a new return to primitiveness.

Being now in Vai country, often called Gallinas country, and so named from the number of fowls the Portuguese found in the villages, although the general language was Mende the culture was certainly not Mende.

I noticed from my verandah a small child standing against a house in the town and studying me intently from a distance. Having done this and satisfied itself that I was a different species it howled lustily till it was fetched away.

It was four hours from Malema to Mano-Saliya. We passed the small villages of Jombo ; Gongwa, just over the Soro-Gbema boundary ; Kwaje, at the top of a long hill, two hours and twenty minutes out, and then coming down on to the sea plain continued on the flat till reaching the rest-house of Mano-Saliya standing by itself. The road was very straight and there were no steep hills. Fringing forest was scarce, and there was only young growth. Kola, coffee, guinea corn, sweet potatoes, were the cultivated crops I saw as far as Kwaje, where there were also some breadfruit trees, coco-nut trees, and a sour-sop tree. When we came down the hill there was millet as well. Oranges had long disappeared, and I had seen none since I was well north of Zimi.

When we came to the plain there was more grass—of a coarse, tall kind, bracken in place of ferns, and some screw pines. A big mauve convolvulus was also common. Oil palms continued ;

there was the usual Kere palm, used for roofing and other purposes, in the higher swamps ; and there were some raphia palms.

The road was the usual lateritic gravel, with ironstone of large size in places, and a schistose rock. There was also some sort of granitic rock. When we got down on to the plain, over which we had got a fine view from the Kwaje hill, where we could both see and hear the sea, we came on to sandy soil, and there was a long series of bridges and embankments through the many swamps. In fact it was almost a continuous swamp, but near the sea are a few patches of dry grass land.

There were bush-cow tracks, and I heard once again a dove, which bird seemed to be entirely absent all down the road.

We had heard thunder to the south from Malema, and found there had been a little rain about here.

The rest-house is on the Mano river, which is the boundary of Liberia and here runs some way parallel to the sea and is two hundred yards wide. There are hills on the far side and the river used to enter the sea near them. Now for some years it has been raising a sandbank and comes out a considerable way to the west of Mano Salija. This sand bank was the cause of a dispute with Liberia some years ago. That State claimed all the new land for customs purposes, so that goods that crossed the river for shipment over the sand, or were landed there would have to pay duties to Liberia. The matter was adjusted by the boundary line being run down the river and across the sandbank. The thalweg is a very uncertain line when applied to a West African river at its mouth.

The Customs station is about three quarters of a mile to the east from the rest-house, along a long series of bridges and embankments, with some rice growing in the mangrove swamps through which the road passes. It is at the bend of the river, and the boundary line cuts the sandbank opposite. Perhaps by some freak the river will one day decide to run out to sea here again. The swamps behind probably indicate more ancient meanderings of its lower course.

A big town formerly extended along here as is marked by the many mango trees, but all the inhabitants, Vai, had gone over to Liberia. There was a German trader here before the War who was doing well, but his factory was derelict, except for a small part a native trader had established himself in. It was expected though that he would re-establish himself as he was in Liberia. The other trader, Mr. Jackson, who was away at Freetown, had a

neighbouring store. He was expected back by the German steamer "Este." No steamer had been here for three months. A Dutch steamer had called not long since, and owing to the surf had had to leave its boat behind. Elder Dempsters do not find it pays to send their steamers here. The surf is exceedingly bad and dangerous owing to a very steep beach. Boats frequently capsize, and for days at a time the steamers cannot work. Unless therefore there is plenty of cargo ready, and the surf conditions are satisfactory, it is not by any means a paying proposition for steamers to visit this "port."

There was a great stack of piassava under a shed on the sea beach across the river.

The boatmen here are Vai and Kroomen, but with such occasional visits it can hardly be expected they can have the skill in handling their boats that they would have if steamers were regular and frequent. Were they so no doubt capsizing would be much less frequent. The beach is like that at Grand Bassam on the Ivory Coast.

I wanted kerosene and a few other things, which I hoped to find here, but could only get some matches.

Mende is the language that is generally spoken.

Mano Salija was a starvation place. Only in the last year or two have the people begun under official orders, and with supplied seed, to grow rice in the mangrove swamps. Some small patches were just ripening. The Court Messenger with me had to take very active measures to get food for my boys. Food was brought for me myself, but that was immaterial. Eventually a little rice was forthcoming. It was so unsatisfactory, however, that though I would have stayed another day, I had to move on. The water was all right and quite sweet, but was very muddy, coming from a hole in the swamp behind.

There was a brief spell of north wind in the morning, and all the afternoon was a strong sea breeze.

Next day, Tuesday, the 13th, therefore, I went on to Sulima, some local men replacing the carriers who had come from Malema and who bolted back at once. In two hours I was at Sulima.

A few minutes from the rest-house was the small village of Manguibu (under the Mango tree). Here there is stationed a Court Messenger who acts as Customs Policeman. Five minutes on we came to Mano-Salija village, which is quite small and with a cotton tree to mark it. There were a few houses of two rooms with the open space between, and some round houses. These are

built differently from those up in Mende country. Here a basket work frame is first constructed, and on this the mud is laid, black lagoon mud mixed with white sand being used.

There is some small jungle growth here, and just beyond is a long mangrove swamp embanked and bridged. Then the soft sandy track goes inland, with good trees all along it, so that one does not get a glimpse of the mouth of the Mano river. Half an hour on a track goes to the right to Jurung up the Moa river, the town of the Paramount Chief. Then was the small village of Lawana, and an hour on Sulima. One comes to the village first, then following the river are the Customs and a trading store, and the rest-house is breezily situated on the sand between the river and the sea. In spite of the sand there were white ants in it, so they must work down to the lagoon mud below.

The river water was perfectly fresh, and there are no mangroves near. A big island is opposite over half a mile of estuary.

As one passes the small town and approaches the Customs there is a grave built up with brick and with a solid sandstone slab on it. The inscription was perfectly plain, although the slab has been used along its edges to sharpen knives on. It is to the memory of Edward Hobson Jones, of Liverpool, who died 20th November, 1879, aged forty-two.

The trading store here belonged to Mr. James Nathaniel Harris. He was born in 1879, his father, J. M. Harris, being an English man and a trader here. It was while in his father's business that Jones died of the usual coast complaint of those days. Mr. Harris did not immediately follow on in his father's business. He came along much later.

I wrote and invited him to come along in the evening for a talk. He was very well informed, and had been several times to England. His trade was chiefly in piassava which comes down river and is then stacked on the sand near the sea to await the coming of a ship. A surf boat came down with a load while I was there. Widaro is where most of the produce is bought, and Jackson's also comes down and is stacked here.

The bulk of the population are slaves owned by a few Vai. They are of various origin, probably partly Mende, and Mende is the language in general use. The Vai are great slave dealers, and buy Kpwesi and others in Liberia and sell them to their countrymen here. The Vai did the slave collecting for the Spaniards when they used to come here, and live still on the same trade. They are a fairly pure Mandingo stock and are all

Mohammedans, so naturally take to slave dealing which is permitted by their religion. Still although slavery is looked upon so leniently by the Government the Vai find the few restrictions too irksome, and Mr. Harris told me that many had gone back to Liberia in order to have more freedom in this respect. When I was in Liberia on a short visit before the War it seemed to me the Vai practically controlled the slave traffic in the neighbourhood of Monrovia.

Mr. Harris informed me that there was no activity in the Vai. As long as their slaves supply them with all they need they are satisfied, and the slaves receive a minimum of consideration. When the ten men and boys turned up at Mano Salija to bring my loads to Sulima, I reckoned eight of them were slaves, and perhaps all were. One boy was very small, and though a relief was found for him he insisted on taking a load. Very few in this country I have been recently passing through would ever have a chance to buy their freedom.

Trade at Sulima, as at Mano Salija, is much hampered by the irregularity of the steamers, and most of it goes to Pujehun and thence by water to Bonthe in consequence. The Germans have always made it their policy to meet the small trader, which Elder Dempsters do not. Even if on their outward voyage, they will take all homeward cargo, at the same time landing such small outward cargo as they may have for the port. One must admit that the German shipping companies enable many small places to exist as ports.

With a regular steamship service no doubt the dual ports Sulima and Mano Salija, and especially the latter, would develop a large trade not only with the British side but with the Liberian as well. There is an enormous quantity of produce that could be evacuated here, only a small part of which now drifts through to Bonthe. To foster it, however, there is needed a firm or firms with adequate capital and able to keep a large stock of trade goods of all kinds, which is all the more necessary if the trader can only partly pay in cash for the produce brought to him.

It was the Spaniards who chiefly operated in this region in the old days. I inquired of Mr. Harris if there were any visible traces of them in the people round about. He only knew of two old men many years ago who bore Spanish names, both of whom were dead. Apparently the Spaniard never went inland at all, and when the ships came they were off again as soon as they had got in their cargo. The trade was possibly mostly in the

hands of the Chiefs or native traders. There seem to be no traces of old barracoons in the neighbourhood. The old slave ships being of shallow draft could be towed in over the bar by their own boats on the flood tide.

British influence began here in 1883 under Governor Sir A. E. Havelock, when according to Alldridge, the chiefs ceded, for fiscal purposes only, the seaboard from Bonthe to the Mano river. He adds that the Chiefs inland were always at war with one another. This cession though was rather owing to disputes with Liberia, with which State, Mr. Harris said, his father had had considerable trouble.

I only stayed one night at Sulima and then went up to Liya. The name of this place confused me considerably, but I found afterwards that while the natives called it Liya it is called Dibbia by Europeans, which is confusing all the more as there is apparently another Dibbia farther along the coast.

The ferry boat was a very small gig manned by two men, and it was a pull of over an hour inside the lagoon and then across the mouth of the river, on the far side of which we landed. Sometimes a very heavy sea rolls in. Most of my party with some of the loads walked along the sand spit to the mouth of the river, and the boat did a couple of trips more to fetch them over. On the far side there was a big stack of piassava awaiting shipment. It was half a mile on to Liya where there is a good rest-house. This was again built in the form of two large round huts under one roof. It stood a hundred yards from a long lagoon, which was recently connected with the mouth of the Moa river, but the passage had silted up with sand.

Cassada seemed to be the principal crop grown on this sandy soil. I walked along the edge of the lagoon, and beyond where it ends to the west there is again a series of lagoons extending as far as eye can see, with a heavy surf beating on the outer sand.

The lagoon edge at low tide was well marked with the tracks of monkeys which come down to eat crabs and shell fish. Antelope tracks were also numerous, but I failed to see the animals themselves. Water birds anyhow at this season were almost entirely absent, but I managed to get a hawk or two for the boys.

The food question for them was fairly acute. Strangers are asked 3d. for a cigarette tin of rice. They got, however, a reasonable quantity for 1s., but they missed the quantities they got farther north while yet the crop was young, and which was not

uncommonly in "presents" to myself which I passed on to them. Three lean days along this coast had rather upset them.

A new Court Messenger from Pujehun met me here, and the man with me went back. The new one was rather sick of things as he had that morning been half drowned owing to the capsizing of a ferry canoe.

I could hear in the morning the Bundu girls singing in the bush.

I stayed a whole day at Liya and went on on the 16th. Leaving at 7 a.m. about a mile on we came to a farm named Jieiya with the usual big mango trees and coco-nut trees, the former now flowering. Beyond was broad grassland, with clumps of trees, which is liable to be all flooded in the rainy season. The trees here are peculiar to the region, and I shall mention them further. We then had to pass through the mangroves, and it was fortunately low tide or we might have had some difficulty. In the rains there is a long canoe passage till the small village of Tambaya is reached. This village stands on a high bank on a mangrove creek 150 yards wide leading to the sea.

It took over an hour to cross all my party here, as there was some way to go. There were two rotten canoes, the smaller of which, manned by a small boy, could only carry two passengers. The larger took four men and four loads. It was a quarter of an hour round through the mangroves until we came to open water, and then the sea entrance had to be crossed to the sand spit opposite. There was a broad expanse of water where a very nasty sea can get up. Some two miles up a village was visible, and it was in crossing there that the Messenger was capsized, an alternative road going that way.

The sandy road cut through the scrub followed the sea shore for a long way.

Leaving the landing place at about 9 o'clock, we reached Londila, a small open village without the usual old trees. Beyond it was a long bridge over a mangrove swamp, and at an hour and twenty minutes was a small collection of temporary huts with old mango and coco-nut trees; and this was the end of Vai country, I understood. The Vai influence, however, extends farther.

There had been a small but too early attempt to burn the grass, and at 11.10 we reached Sibingu, and over the 25 yard stream where a canoe is necessary it being very deep, and which is called the Masibi, was another part of the town called Masibi also. I found Alimendi sitting down with the loads complaining

PLATE IV



MOUNT MANJAVI IN KISSI COUNTRY



LAKE KASSE AT MANO BONJEMA

that the Chief would not supply a house. This was rectified and the Court Messenger said some rude things to the Chief. The house they gave me was close to the river, the water topping the bank, and only partly finished. The doors had not been put in and the floor was still deep sand. It consisted of two rooms and a space between, but on rather a small scale. I found in it a small piece of plain cotton cloth here suspended over the doorway instead of a written charm.

This was the first Krim village I came to.

There were a few cattle here and some goats. The preparation of piassava was going on actively, and is done by the women. The palm stalks are soaked in the river till rotten, and I saw some being hauled up to the surface to be shredded. The surf can be plainly heard from there.

A big silk cotton tree stood on each side of the river and afforded a nesting place for countless black-and-white storks. I was asked to shoot some, but declined for the dual reason they were nesting, and also because they were in the town.

The march to Mano Bonjéma, my next halt, was three hours and the fare per carrier 9d. Our road was over grass plains of great extent, the principal, if not the only tree dotting them, being one very like an apple tree in appearance, called Gise (Gise in Vai, Kise in Mende,) with a hard largish leaf and a woody fruit. (*Parinarium macrophyllum* Sabine-Rosaceæ).

The grass is a soft kind and at this season russet brown in colour. There were a few cross tracks, and after two hours we came to a small swamp on the right, and then there was palm jungle again. A quarter of an hour further on was the small village of Bawoma with kola and other trees, and here again after a long interval I heard the familiar dove calling, but instead of saying "Ku, ku ; ku ku kuku," he said "gaw gaw—stupid, stupid." From this village we followed for half an hour a strong fence on our right which enclosed palm jungle and which was eventually to be cut for farming. The fence was to keep cattle out. Monkeys were common.

Mano Bonjéma is a small town, the residence of a Paramount Chief, on an arm of Lake Kasse, a big fresh water lake running parallel to the sea, and continuing as a creek to Bonthe. The excellent rest-house commands a magnificent view over the water to seaward for perhaps three to four miles straight, and on each side jut out peninsulas with thick bush and glistening white sandy beaches. The water had subsided to the extent of twelve feet

already. The long low island called Turner's peninsula, which extends almost to within sight of Bonthe, separates it from the sea. This island was ceded to England as far back as 1825.

There is considerable trade by water. Launches come here in the rains and until December, taking to Bonthe via Mopalma palm products and piassava. Gigs and surf boats lie off and there is of course the small native canoe as well.

There are Syrian traders in the town, an indication that something must be doing, as well as a French trader. He was away, and there was very little to be got in his store. I wanted soap, but there was none; I found tea, however. The houses are the usual collection of oblong and round shapes, with improved ones for the traders.

I stayed here over Sunday the 18th.

On my arrival the old chief Francis Fawundo came along in a hammock to call. He was lame and bald headed and his jaw was twisted, and at first glance he was an extraordinary looking man. There was, however, a firmness in his voice and a glance in his eye that showed that he had not by any means begun mentally to fail. He said he had not heard of my coming, but had been notified that some one was coming from Bonthe to Mano Salija, possibly an Auditor or Customs Officer. He spoke excellent English. A cousin had died in another town and he was obliged to go there, he said, but his younger brother Frank Fawundo, who was town headman, would look after me.

On Sunday afternoon a party came along for a talk. There were Frank Fawundo and the son of the Paramount Chief, and others including an old lady. I had said I wanted to learn something about the Krim, and this was the deputation to supply the information. I began with the numerals, and there was an appalling struggle to get from One to Ten. They are much the same as the Sherbro numerals, but the people evidently use them very little, and everywhere Mende is spoken. They agreed that Masibi is the eastern limit of the Krim, who they said had always been in this country.

They supplied the ancestry of the ruling house of Mano Bonjéma. This is it backwards. Francis Gladstone Fawundo, born 1883, second son and heir apparent, who spoke excellent English, and looked quite a youngster though forty-one years of age. Francis Fawundo, the present Paramount Chief, was born in 1854, and father and mother were both Krim. His father was Fawundo; his grandfather Kiaberi Fawundo, built Mano Bonjéma;

his great grandfather was Peri Grei Bai or Pe'ngi Bai, and great great grandfather Seiwo.

Frank Fawundo, brother of the Paramount Chief, whose mother was Mende, was born in 1860. He, too, spoke excellent English. He was very strongly built, and like so many elderly men along the coast had considerable elephantiasis. He had spent many years in Freetown. The old lady present, who must have been eighty, said Frank was a small boy to her. She said she had borne seven children, and I gathered the population about here was fairly prolific or at least they themselves thought they were. They said, however, the population was decreasing. In 1898 Mano Bonjéma was burnt down in the fighting, and after that many people went and settled at Sembahun, Yagri, Bonthe, Boma and other places.

They call themselves Kim or Kimi, and said it was Europeans who call them Krim. This I think though may bear revision, but no doubt the general use of Mende as the language has brought in a lot of softening of harsh sounds. There are no native names for the days of the week, and there are no rest days of their own apart from the Christian week which is now observed. They said all children learn Krim first and Mende afterwards, which I doubt, and I judged the whole population to be more familiar with Mende than Krim. Frank Fawundo for instance had a very scanty knowledge of Krim.

A fair proportion of the people seemed to be of the sturdy short legged type.

Twins are named as in Mende, and they said there were no other names. Children have fixed names according to the order of their birth. Boys are called in succession, Jo, Tong, Baki, and girls Boi, Yema, Kuna, but I judged variations occur. After seven days anybody may come with a small present and give his or her name to the infant. This name is added to the foregoing name. There is said never to be any dispute about it. A similar custom to this I found in Cameroons highlands.

As to burial: quite recently proper cemeteries have been established at the Paramount Chiefs' towns. Formerly they buried in front of the house—if deceased had a clean belly. This was ascertained by opening and examining the spleen. If evidence of witchcraft were found in it the deceased was buried in the bush.

There are some taboos, but if they represent any totemistic idea the latter seems to have largely broken down. The Fawundo

do not eat crocodile or scale-less fish. The Tucker family do not eat pig or bush-buck (*Tragelaphus scriptus*). Twins do not eat iguana (*Varanus* sp.). They said fowls are not eaten by women, as they make them barren. There are, however, fowls about, and if this statement was correct the abstention may have its origin in a one time scarcity. Some "medicine" people called Pare do not eat garfish unless the head be cut off first.

I inquired whether palm nuts were allowed to waste on the ground, but was assured all were collected, which in view of the small number of trees is no doubt a fact.

The women are expert canoe paddlers. The canoes here are of thin wood with an overhanging pointed bow and a raised stern the point being cut off sharp, and a seat fitted there. They paddle standing or sitting, and in shallow water use a pole. The paddles have lozenge shaped to oval blades with a knob where the handle joins the blade. The same type extends into Gba-Mende country.

I was inquiring of my boys about the different kinds of thatch they had seen in the town. Grass was mostly used, but "bamboos," as the mats made of raphia are called, were also to be seen. No Kere yase, that is Kere thatch was seen. This led up to a discussion on the preparation of piassava. In Sherbro and in Liberia the Nduvu palm (*Raphia*) is alone used, but in this region where Nduvu is scarce the Kere palm is used. Aruna said he was talking to a woman at Masibi as she was preparing the fibre. She told him she preferred the Kere palm as it was easier to work than the Nduvu. When it was finished hardly anybody could tell the difference.

Some big black storks are accustomed to roost at night on a big cotton tree near the rest-house and also on one at the far end of the town. They are called Kankan locally, I believe, but my Mende boys had no name for them as they are not found up-country.

I did see one or two mosquitoes here, but they are very scarce. The surf can be heard when all is quiet.

On Monday, the 19th, I resumed my way towards Pujehun. Getting fresh carriers as usual, we crossed a small arm of the lagoon at no distance from the rest-house, by a series of sandbanks and one piece of water ankle deep. On the far side was the small village of Kpeli. Lying in the road was an iron monkey of some size. It was puzzling how such a lump of iron got here, for what purpose first of all it was imported into the country at all, and

secondly, why it was brought here, and what the bringer expected to do with it. He may have thought it useful for an anchor, or for melting down and converting into other things ; but I did not see any blacksmiths along here.

We then skirted the lake in palm jungle and came down to an inlet. A surf boat was waiting and took over the whole party loads and all to the town of Boma. Old Paramount Chief Vandī Mina met me and we had a short talk. It seemed to be a well spaced town, and the last Chief had a big European style house, which some of his family still occupied. There is also a rest-house here.

After I had said good-bye there was considerable laughter from the crowd, but I did not look back to see what the cause was. Anyhow it seemed very bad manners.

We then came to Tobanda, a small village on a creek with a large growth of pineapples just before it. The Chief brought me eggs, but as I was alone with Squire and he was carrying gun and cartridges it was not possible to take eggs and shoot as well.

We skirted the river down stream with a grass plain on our left, and in a very short time were at Messima just under two hours from starting and about five miles. The town, a fair size, was being laid out better and was partly rebuilt. The rest-house stood on the far side, a good building with a big wooden bed on which the Chief had put a mosquito net and some native cloths and a couple of pillows ; and in the windows were white curtains. He had made the place quite attractive and pleasant looking.

All round were big trees, and close by was a patch of grass surrounded by big bush where the Chief's cattle were collected at night.

There were a few old cannon lying in the town, such as one often sees. The Chief said they were fired when his predecessor died and two had burst to pieces.

The Harmattan began again after a long lapse, and next morning the thermometer went down to 66 degrees indoors. I was told Lake Mabessi was a place to go to and shoot, so I went off early up river in a small gig. Just above Tobanda which we passed, we took a small creek to the right, leaving the main river which comes down from Pujehun. Eventually having passed through mangroves we came out at the western end of Lake Mabessi. It is a long lake extending eastwards, and a clump of big trees on the north bank, which we did not reach, marks the village of Bumboko. There was a thin haze over all the lake which

made it very attractive. The end we were at was very shallow, and would probably dry up before the next rains. A small shrub grows everywhere in the water, but there was scarcely any grass. Fishing operations were going on and people were walking about far into the lake. As for birds there were only some black storks which swept over the channel lined with mangroves which we came up, hawks and some "leaf-walkers" (*Phyllopezus* sp.).

There is apparently a small trade in dried fish which is sent up country, but it seems to be very small indeed from what was told me. The Chief said the manatee, Buani in Mende, was to be found in these waters, but he had never seen one himself.

Monkeys play about in the trees round the town, which the Chief said did a lot of damage to the cassada. As no one eats them, or only very few persons, possibly slaves, if they can get them, they multiply.

Hill rice is not grown in the country. Swamp rice had been tried recently, but they said the fish ate it all.

In all the Krim country it is the Chiefs of towns who own the cattle of which there are considerable herds. They are of the usual yellow kind, but many of the animals have a darker strain. Owing to their belonging to the Chiefs one sees strong fences running great distances built to confine the herds within certain limits. If the animals were privately owned the building of such fences would not be possible. The Chief here told me that a bush-cow, or to be more precise, a bull buffalo, joined up with his herd some time ago and killed all the bulls, annexing the cows to himself. There were reported to be one or two crosses as the result which soon left the herd and went into the bush. They had horns like a buffalo, but their face was like a cow.

Paramount Chief Kaikazoko was about twenty years of age (he said he was a young man), at the time of the Liberian trouble which was in 1883, so his present age was about sixty-two. His father was Boima Zokong, who built a stockade round the town and put cannon there. These cannon were given him by Harris senior of Sulima. The grandfather of the present man was Sondimabe. The people here are basally Krim but strongly mixed with Mende and Vai, and Mende is the language. Old K. had forgotten most of his English to speak, but understood fairly well. His mother was Vai. He liked to come in the evening for a talk and have a drink afterwards.

Two diseases are very common along the coast, elephantiasis of the scrotum, and humps on the head.

There was Bundu dancing in the evening after dark. A woman's voice called at intervals, long drawn out—Gani-o. Later came—Sawi ya Sungje ; but the meanings were unknown to my boys. They said they were Sande, i.e. Bundu language which men do not know.

In the last few days coming along I had noticed several clumps of oil palms had a sign set up near them. This was a prohibition against cutting the nuts until the order was given, which would be when they were properly ripe. As, however, they seemed to be properly ripe elsewhere this could not have been the reason. The sign is a stick with branches with a creeper wound round—the well known Poro sign.

Four and a half hours' march the next morning in a cool air (21st) brought me to Pujehun, the head-quarters of the southern province, the name meaning Pepper-place.

Old Kaikazoko turned out to say good-bye, and I left at a quarter to seven, the party getting a move on as the morning was very cold. It had been 65 degrees indoors.

Two roads start from just beyond the rest-house, that to the left going to Mopalma, a trading place reached all the year by launches, and the right to Pujehun. They are merely tracks through the grass plains. These plains are rather aptly called grass-field in local English, for one walks ten minutes and then comes to a fringe of bush with perhaps water in it, which being passed through another field begins. In the rains all the country is flooded and nearly all the journey has to be done by boat. The Chief wanted me to do the first part by canoe down the river as he said there was much " potto-potto " (mud), but I said where the carriers went so did I. There proved to be practically none. It was all dry. The dew on the grass though, was exceptionally heavy.

After a mile we rejoined the river, coming down on the right from Lake Mabessi on the one hand and Pujehun on the other, and at about the third mile out we came to a crossing of about 100 yards with the village of Kalu opposite. There was no delay as there was a gig as well as canoes, and I may here mention that I found in all this swampy region of the southern province that the ferry system was very efficient.

Kalu had the usual mixture of round and oblong houses, some very well built. In a little shed outside were three or four bush-cow skulls. A broad sandy road led out of Kalu, and a short way along it was a leopard trap, and a cattle fence followed the

right side of the road for a very long way. There was a (climbing) maiden-hair fern with long leaves, and at a bridge over a swamp ten minutes out it was clear the vegetation was changing, and we were on harder ground once again.

A short mile from Kalu was the small village of Kpwetema. Then came a very long swamp now nearly dry, and on the far side there was rising ground and gravel with a ferruginous tinge. We were finally off the sea-shore sand.

At the village of Tibo some rice was still growing, and thence onwards, an hour and forty minutes, we kept close to the river Wanje into which ran deep creeks now mostly dry, but all crossed by lofty bridges. Between the creeks with their fringing vegetation were grass plains.

After Tibo we passed a farm on a knoll to the left, another farm, and then the small village of Toso with clumps of bamboos near it.

One or two anthills of compact grey mud showed on the march. They have been very scarce, though possibly had the grass been burnt I might have noticed more. No doubt the ground was not good for them and they were liable to be drowned out.

Finally I reached the outskirts of Pujehun with cattle and goats feeding round the solitary grave of a European, the fence of which was all broken down. He was a young man in one of the firms and committed suicide the year before. He was therefore dumped out here away from everything.

- CHAPTER XIII

PUJEHUN

AT Pujehun I found Mr. Howard Ross, Provincial Commissioner, and Mr. J. C. Wratishaw, District Commissioner, the son of the well-known writer on Eastern Affairs. Mr. Ross very kindly asked me to stay with him, which I did in part but slept at the rest-house a hundred yards off where I was better able to spread out all my things. Being circular the building seemed out of place, and especially in a station where cement houses have already been erected.

Pujehun was selected rather hastily as the headquarters of the southern province when it was created about ten years ago, and much money was spent on permanent buildings. Now several other preferable places have shown themselves. In such a country as West Africa experience has shown that cheap temporary buildings are all that are needed for many years until the place has proved itself. The only exceptions are a railway terminus and a new port, and by the latter I do not mean an open roadstead and a bad surf on a worse beach.

The trade of Pujehun is considerable, and the Wanje river is navigable for large launches as far as this, and beyond in the rains. In the dry season the launches cannot get beyond Mopalma, so produce has to be stored for many months. There is a reef of rocks just at the lower end of Pujehun and were the factories there it would give several more weeks life to the river navigation. However, firms make errors in judgment the same as Government Officers. There is only one firm in Pujehun itself, Pickering and Berthoud. The others are over the river and about a mile up stream, and from the small village of Yoni lying between them and Pujehun, are said to be at Yoni. They have a big system of tramlines in their compounds. Here are the African and Eastern Trade Corporation and Patterson, Zochonis, and two French Companies. There are numerous Syrian traders in Pujehun, and one or more at Yoni village. Pickering and Berthoud used to buy a proportion of their produce from the Syrians, which saved

dealing with the individual native and worrying over bags of kernels one at a time, all of which requires staff. From the Syrians it can be bought in large quantities.

I gather that the reason the firms did not build their factories below the reef of rocks was because the up-country road comes down in front of their factories and they wanted to tap the trade early. It is probable now that this is regretted, no more than a mile and a half being in question.

Some 5,000 tons of kernels are dealt with in the year besides palm oil, a little cocoa and coffee, and a large quantity of piassava.

Pujehun is forty-eight miles from Bo on the railway, and when the big bridge at the entrance to Pujehun is finished motors will be able to get right in. The bridge, which was partly built when I was there, is a very solid structure, being constructed with surplus railway bridging material. It was a great feat getting some of the iron work along and into position.

There was great political excitement at Pujehun when I arrived. A new Paramount Chief, Momo Kaikai, was elected the day I came in. The old Chief, Samuel French, died, and was buried with Church of England rites after the Roman Catholics, Mohammedans and others had all tried to claim him. Then the question of his successor began. The two candidates were the deceased's brother and Momo Kaikai. Momo Kaikai was of the old reigning family, but some fifteen years or more ago he was mixed up with leopard society and other troubles, and though nothing was proved, I was told, he was banished from this country, he being then Paramount Chief of the two chiefdoms of Kpanga and Sowa. On French's death he was not prohibited from returning by Mr. Ross, and was told there was no objection to his standing as a candidate just the same as anybody else. Mr. Ross decided that the election was not to be by Chiefs and Sub-chiefs only but by Heads of all houses, and he had two outside Chiefs with him as assessors. Over 5,000 persons voted, and there was a majority of about ninety in favour of Momo Kaikai. There were counter-charges of bribery on both sides, but as they balanced each other Mr. Ross rejected them. Then the assessors claimed all sums paid in bribery as their own perquisites, but the money when ascertained was collected and paid into the Treasury, which made the assessors who had ferreted out the cases very sick.

On the numbers being counted, Mr. Ross announced Momo Kaikai as the Chief duly elected by the people. There was at once a scene of great enthusiasm outside the court. The

ancient family "crown" was at once produced out of a bag and put on his head, and he was carried off shoulder high.

As for the other party they retired quietly but sullenly and took no part in the rejoicings of the other faction. It was largely a Mohammedan victory.

I greatly regretted I was not at the court at the closing stages of the proceedings. Dancing was started at once and carried on during the succeeding days, up to 9.30 p.m., being allowed. A powder permit was also issued for five pounds weight to be purchased, and an old cannon was fired. In a couple of days the French family had vacated the Chief's village which stands apart, about a quarter of a mile from the town.

Momo Kaikai, who is now about sixty years of age, is only to have the chieftom of Kpanga. Formerly the family had the next one, Sowa, as well, but they are now treated as separate.

The inhabitants of Pujehun are mixed Vai and Mende with of course the Mende language predominant. There are a lot of slaves.

My boy Siafa wanted a job as Court Messenger. A vacancy existed here, but unfortunately he had not got his discharge certificate from the Frontier Force; he said it had been stolen from him some time since. Alimendi thereupon produced one from his box, which he said he was keeping for another man, and wanted me to produce it as Siafa's own. This I could not do. There is no doubt a good trade in discharge certificates since ex-soldiers are preferred for many jobs, and it is easy as there is no description on them.

The Mende women are a merry lot. I was crossing the river one morning and there was a large party of women sitting all along the canoe on each gunwale. We had not shoved off before one of them almost opposite me opened the ball. Did I like her? I looked at her and said, No. Nothing taken aback she pointed to her next friend and asked if I liked her. I looked again and said, No. The one next to me then asked, and again I said No. The first then said, perhaps you don't like any of us, and I said I did not. My actual answer was an affirmative because the question was an implied negative. There was some water in the boat and I shifted one of my feet to avoid it, whereupon No. 1 lady said, See, he has put his foot near me; he likes me best. In the general merriment we reached the bank, and I stepped out, and I saw no more of the ladies. They are not bashful, all of them. Elderly ladies met on the road, a hundred years of age, and withered

and bent double, like having greetings addressed to them, even if it be no more than "bua" (=bi wa, you come), the commonest salutation. If you add "Mama" (grandmother), she will appreciate it, but it requires more self assurance to address her as Flapper or its equivalent in Mende (Bogbeni), though that she will appreciate yet more.

Mr. J. C. Shepherd, of the African and Eastern, kindly asked me over to dine, and showed me a collection of unusual skins he had been making. Among them he had a very big otter skin (Nuni in Mende) and several of the zebra-antelope, a small antelope brown and striped like a zebra (*Cephalophus dorisæ*). The latter skins all come from Liberia and are called Heni. It is only the eastern Mende who know the animal, and some of them call it Binde, a name given by other Mende to an unstriped antelope. The only other natural history specimen I saw here of any interest was a rhinoceros beetle.

Mr. Ross had instituted cloth weaving as an industry in the prison. Native woven cloth is unsuitable for any but native purposes owing to the narrowness of the strips, four inches being regarded as ample width; and these strips are sewn together to make a big piece of cloth or a gown, coloured threads being mixed with the white according to fancy.

Some broader combs, up to twenty inches wide, had been made in the prison, and prisoners were being instructed in weaving with them, and the product is sold to support the prison. Among other cloths a very strong kind was being woven of natural colour (a brownish) native yarn, and fancy coloured cloth of a lighter nature was being made with imported yarn. The natives themselves also use imported yarn as the native grown cotton is insufficient.

Whilst on the subject of looms, I will give a brief description of the two kinds in use in Sierra Leone, extracting my information from the booklet on weaving written by Dr. Easmon.

Spinning the thread and dyeing it are women's work. The remaining processes of weaving and joining the strip together are done by men. They work with light looms which are entirely made by hand and are portable. In fact at night the Mende weaver dismantles his loom, and with the unfinished piece of cloth still in it, wraps it up into a small bundle, which is kept in a convenient place till next day.

There are two main types of loom in the country, the Mende or southern and the Mandingo or northern types.

The Mende loom is used by the Mende, Vai, Krim, Konno and Sherbro. This is a very simple loom consisting of a tripod (sangamei) of three sticks, from which are suspended the heards (nini). The warp is threaded through the heards and then the comb. The sole support of the comb (kpawe), which is made from the raphia palm, is the warp (gulawangoi), the threads of which are rendered taut by being tied to two sticks, one on each side of the loom about 20 to 30 feet apart. The comb has a handle projecting from one side. Attached to each heard by a piece of string is a short length of stick, the far end of which rests on the ground and forms a foot piece. When one of these is depressed the attached heard is lowered and half the fibres of the warp passing through are transposed. On being released the heard goes up to its original position and the other is depressed, and the other half of the threads of the warp are transposed. The weaver sits on a small stool on one side of the loom, and works the woof (fuli) on a shuttle consisting of a short piece of wood, with his hands, while interchanging the warp by pressing the foot pieces (nyemei) alternately with the foot nearest to them.

As he works he moves the whole loom and its supporters along the stretched warp. On reaching the end he rolls up the finished length of cloth and secures this at the commencing end, and stretches another length of warp from here to the finishing end; and repeats the process till all the warp is used up.

The Mandingo or northern type of loom is the same in principle, but has a more complicated supporting structure. This is used by the Mandingo, Limba, Kuranko, Upper Kissi, and Upper Konno. The supporting framework is more permanent than that of the Mende loom, and is generally erected under a shady tree, the sticks being fixed in the ground. The whole is square shaped, the worker sitting at one end facing the loom. At the commencing end is a rough seat for the worker, and just in front of him is a horizontal roller round which the cloth is rolled as it is woven. Next comes the comb without a handle and supported from the framework, as also are the heards. The lower part of the comb is weighted and is pulled towards the weaver as he works. The warp is stretched by being secured at one end to the roller, and at the other to a weight of some kind. As he works the stone weight is gradually pulled nearer and nearer to the loom, having been at first a long distance away. At night the framework is left behind, the roller and the comb and heard being detached. The shuttle is worked by a to-and-fro

movement of the hands, and the heards by both feet alternately. If a complicated pattern is being made there are several shuttles, each with its own coloured yarn. Occasionally the threads of the warp cut, and the weavers are very quick at finding the severed ends and skilful in joining them together again. When special patterns are being made two sets of heards may be used, one for the ordinary weaving and the other the ornamental part.

Setting up the warp is quite a complicated business, as native spun thread, as soon as it is slackened, twists itself into terrible knots. Several posts are stuck in the ground, or natural objects such as trees are used, and the thread for the warp to the required length is passed round these posts until the required width for the strip is reached. The combs and the heards are placed near the commencing post and are at the same time threaded with the warp. The length of warp is carefully rolled, commencing at the far end and going towards the loom. When the whole has been rolled into a large ball, which is now close to the loom, it is ready for weaving.

In the prison at Pujehun the Mandingo type loom was in use, being more convenient for working.

MAN-KILLING APES.

While I was at Pujehun there was a boy in the hospital who had been badly torn by a chimpanzee. This species of ape runs to a large size in Sierra Leone. It is also noted for its ferocity, and will without hesitation when it gets the chance attack children and run off with them with the intent to kill them.

This boy, who might have been about twelve years of age, and named Ansumana, was playing with others in a farm when a party of apes came upon them, and he was caught and dragged into the bush, the other boys running off. A man came up and found one of the apes had the boy on the ground and was standing over him. The man drove it away. The boy was badly wounded. He had a great piece torn out of his left cheek, the flesh hanging down, and there was a smaller bite on the other side of the face as if the animal had not finished there. Further, the boy's penis was almost stripped of its outer cover, in fact the ape had circumcised him; and there were smaller wounds in other parts of the body. Dr. Hughes showed me some photographs he had had taken.

I understood that it was a couple of years since a similar case had been reported, also from the region to the north-east

of Pujehun where these apes are numerous. There are, however, other cases on record, and great care has been taken in testing the evidence and to have the whole case heard in open court, as there has always been the suspicion that such cases of mutilation were the work of men disguised as apes and not of apes themselves. The latter have commonly in Europe been regarded as harmless and docile vegetarians, though this was never the view of the natives themselves.

The subject was first inquired into by Captain W. B. Stanley, who as far back as 1919 wrote some valuable notes on the subject in "Sierra Leone Studies." He it was who proved conclusively that a large species of ape had really inflicted wounds which at first sight looked like knife wounds. Such apes are generally grouped under the general name of chimpanzee, but there is a wide difference between the pygmy chimpanzee so often kept as a pet and the great beast nearly as large as the small species of gorilla that inhabits the forest of southern Cameroons and Gaboon. One of these big apes killed in the chieftdom of Kpanga (Pujehun district) in 1916 measured as follows, "A," and another killed a few months earlier, but exact locality not stated, only differed slightly, "B":

	"A."	"B."
Height from crown to heel	51 inches.	53½ inches.
Span from finger tip to finger tip	69 "	70 "
Chest	35½ "	36 "
Upper arm	13½ "	11½ "
	(unflexed)	
Circumference of fore arm	11½ inches	10½ "
Neck	16½ "	—
Estimated Weight	120 to 130 lbs.	—
Thigh	—	16 inches.
Shin	—	10½ "

"A" was a very old male with long canine teeth and dead black skin.

It is undoubtedly a fact that the larger chimpanzees can be very savage. When I was in Gaboon in 1919 I obtained the skull and skin of a similar ape which the hunter who killed it said was a very savage animal. The skin was a dull brown colour, and the skull is depicted in my book "Across Equatorial Africa."

We know too that the Carthaginians, who killed some "gorillas" in what was probably the Sherbro region and took their skins to Carthage, noted how savage were these apes. It is

probable that they are the identical species as the present day apes which have such an evil reputation, for in giving etymologies to the word "gorilla" there is one which persons who have attempted it have failed to notice, that is, that the Mende name for chimpanzee is Ngori.

I might here also repeat what I have said earlier, that chimpanzee or ape in Creole English is named Baboon, and when Baboon is used by an English-speaking native he never means the dog-faced baboon (*Papio* sp.) which only inhabits open country and is not in the forest region. He always means the chimpanzee.

It is often assumed that herbivorous animals must be harmless to man, at all events in so far as not to attack and tear with the teeth. The latter action is only associated with the carnivorous species. Nevertheless probably every species of monkey or ape will whenever they have the opportunity vary their diet with small living things. I have been told by a native hunter in southern Cameroons that gorillas turn rocks over to look for grubs and other dainties. Monkeys certainly hunt along river beaches or salt-lagoon beaches at low water to get shell fish and crabs. It is also fairly well authenticated by native accounts that they catch fish for the purpose of eating them.

In Sherbro it was described to me by one man how the apes came to a shallow water with their young ones. They collect and lay down sticks horizontally, which they embank with mud. Then they catch with their hands the enclosed fish. It seems unduly intelligent, but in view of the activities of beavers, it is not totally impossible especially when the larger brain is considered.

Mr. Howard Ross, Provincial Commissioner, told me that when he was formerly in the Northern Territories of the Gold Coast he found one day a party of baboons eating a harnessed antelope, which presumably they had killed; and baboons are generally regarded as vegetarians. A taste once acquired can easily be kept. A well-known instance is that of the Kea parrot of New Zealand, which on the introduction of sheep learned to attack the lambs and to pick out their kidneys and eat them. As a result it has now become a carnivorous bird at least as regards part of its diet.

How the Sierra Leone ape has developed the habit, if such it be, of attacking children, is hard to fathom. It is well-known that if one of a herd of baboons, the real ones, be shot, the rest of the

herd will collect and attack the intruder. This, however, is different, and is purely in self-defence.

In the numerous cases that have been inquired into, the ape, usually an old male, has pursued women and children, whom it has found on the farms, but has never been known to attack a full-grown man. The reason probably is that when the women or the youngsters have seen the apes they have become frightened, and have started to run away. This action no doubt has raised the spirit of mischief always present in the monkey race, and he has pursued, and vented his rage, easily aroused if baffled, on the small children. Nevertheless there still remains to be accounted for the murderous instinct that all at once is developed. Perhaps however, it is always there and only needs calling forth. In the cases that have been reported it does not seem to have extended itself to actually eating the flesh of the victim, but merely to tearing and killing.

To illustrate the mode of action of these apes I quote in reduced form some of the inquiries held.

On the 6th of March, 1918, a little girl called Niabi was severely injured by a big ape in the Barri chiefdom. The following is the sworn statement made to Captain Stanley :

" My name is Kura. I reside at Taninahun in the Barri chiefdom. On or about the 6th day of March (1918) I went to my farm with my uncle's wife, a woman named Forbi, and my daughter Niabi. We were on the farm all day. In the evening I told Forbi to take my daughter Niabi back to the town. She started for the town carrying Niabi on her back. When she had gone a little way I heard loud screams. I ran to the spot and found Forbi standing up. I asked her where the child was. Forbi replied that she had been chased by a large ape, and had fallen down with the child, and the ape had seized the child and carried it into the bush. I heard the child screaming in the bush. I ran into the bush ; Forbi stayed outside. I found the child lying on the ground with a large ape standing over it biting its ear. I ran at the ape shouting, and it left the child and ran away. Niabi was badly bitten in many places. We took the child to the Chief at Potoru and he ordered us to take her to the D.C. at Pujehun. The same day we started for Pujehun with a lot of men from the town."

The medical report showed that many of the wounds at first sight looked as if they had been inflicted with a knife, but on close

examination a more or less lacerated condition of the edges could always be seen. Among the wounds was a lacerated one to the right ear, the lobe having the appearance of having been chewed off; a wound one inch long and a quarter of an inch deep on the front of the abdomen; and the middle toe of the right foot bitten off.

In a case quoted by Mr. Ross, dated 9th June, 1920, and occurring in Kpanga chiefdom, the child was found dead.

A woman named Soko went with her child Bokari, a boy of about six years old, to her rice farm. At noon she cooked rice, fed herself and the child, and subsequently resumed her work in the farm, leaving the child close to a pathway in the vicinity. In her evidence she said, "I was about thirty yards away from Bokari when I heard him scream. I turned and saw a large ape coming towards the child. Before I could get to my son the ape seized him in his arms and carried him to the bush. I returned, crying out, to my village. On the way I met Moriwo, my master, I told him all, and he and I then followed the track of the ape, and we came upon the child lying dead near the place where I had last seen the ape. The child was bitten on the face and throat."

The post mortem examination showed that the fingers of both hands had been severed, the humerus of the right arm fractured, and there were other lacerated wounds on the body.

Here is another case dated 17th August, 1920, from the same region.

A woman named Jeneba went with her son Dawa, a boy of about ten years of age, to a farm and was there engaged in clearing. She said in her statement: "We went to the farm. My little son, Dawa, was with me. We were opposite a small spreading palm tree. I saw 'baboons' coming from behind the tree. They were walking on the ground going very softly. There were several. I am not sure how many. I called to Dawa, 'Here come baboons.' One with grey hair seemed as big as a man. I took my son's hand and we ran up into the farm. The baboons came up level and they passed us. The animal caught the boy's foot, and I held the boy's hand (foot = leg; hand = arm). But the town was far off, and I am pregnant. The baboons looked like attacking me, so I let go Dawa's hand, and the big monkey carried the boy into the bush. I kept calling and the men came soon. They found the boy dead in the bush. The monkeys were very stout. Some were black. The biggest was grey. They had much hair. The young ones were like 'Bundu devils.'"

At a post-mortem examination at Pujehum there were found to be lacerated wounds on the head, the index finger of the right hand removed, lacerated wounds of the thorax and abdomen, the genital organs removed, and wounds on the leg.

The majority of cases seem to indicate that the murderous instinct accompanied often by a desire to inflict mutilation largely pertains to the old males. Here, however, is a case apparently of the murder being committed by a female, which left its young one to perpetrate it, and then resumed possession of its own offspring. One might be inclined to think this action is assignable to aggravated maternal jealousy.

It occurred on the 13th of September, 1920, at Faiama in the Nomo chiefdom. The child killed was a girl about four years old. The father, Morigura, thus gave evidence :

" Four days ago I went to my farm. I left my wife and two daughters in the hut on the farm. I left her cooking rice. I went to a neighbouring farm. I heard my wife cry out. I could hear what she was saying. She called for me and cried that the baboon had caught her child. I came to the farm and saw the baboon. I was then about fifty yards from the edge of the forest. The baboon was holding my daughter Fatamata. She was so high (=about four years of age). I ran towards the baboon. It was long (i.e. tall) and black, but I could not see its size till it was killed. When I went towards it, it went from my child to its own child and sat down there. I shouted to the people in the neighbouring farm. I picked up my child. Her head was cut and her side and stomach bitten. She was dead but still warm. There was a felled log on the ground. On the log was blood, and beside it the string of beads and little charms my daughter had been wearing. Many people now came, but the baboon did not run away. It was a female and it climbed a tree with its young one. It stayed up in the tree while people came and gathered round."

A hunter was then fetched, and the people surrounded the tree. The hunter fired. The baboon fell down and died at once. The young one also fell. It was hanging on to its mother, whose body fell underneath.

The post-mortem examination at Pujehum showed a lacerated wound on the scalp and deep lacerated wounds on the lower part of the abdomen. The young ape was tended for a fortnight but died of a cold.

The mentality of this female ape is an interesting one. It did not kill for food. It attacked the face of its victim and also the genitals, just the same as the old males. The child being dead it returned and picked up its own child, which it had set down while it committed the murder. It then went up a tree and viewed the rest of the proceedings culminating in its own death, with a complete mental detachment.

In all the cases that have been reported there appeared among those persons who witnessed the actual occurrence, and those who inhabited the same town, a feeling that these attacks and murders could not be the work of apes. They could not conceive that such wickedness existed in the ape, but that it must be a human being disguised as an ape. The point of view is not quite creditable to their own species. The inquests or inquiries were held in open court so that no suspicion might rest on any individual. Mr. Ross in one case remarks that though the woman had been sure that an ape had killed her child, she at once responded to an opportunity when it presented itself of casting a sinister aspect, namely one of human agency into the matter. The witness's demeanour and the general attitude of mind of the natives present made it difficult to avoid the impression that a few leading questions would have stimulated her biased and primeval imagination to conjure up fiends in human shape disguised as apes.

Such cases of killing by apes have until quite recently been commonly attributed by the natives to human agency, and under this guidance European Officers have also adopted the same point of view; and it is to the credit of Captain Stanley first, and following him Mr. Ross, who have gone closely and what is more important publicly into such cases, that suspicion has been averted from persons of the same town or chiefdom.

There has undoubtedly existed a Baboon Society in Mende and Sherbro countries, and in others as well. To that society have been assigned in the past the murders done by apes, with the result that grave suspicion has fallen on whole chiefdoms and even entire districts, thus extending the range of action beyond single persons who might have been harbouring some animosity. Witchcraft is the idea that arises at once in the mind of the native who cannot quite understand. He knows that by witchcraft a person can change himself into any animal at will. It is assured knowledge not a mere belief. Believing no evil in the beasts of the field or bush, he assumes the culprit is a human being in animal shape, and that it cannot possibly be otherwise; and, in this

belief, at all events until the subject was most closely inquired into, he has been confirmed by the fact that Europeans too believed that such deeds must be the work of man.

This point of view has perhaps been instrumental in calling into existence a thing that did not exist before. Captain Stanley states in one of his accounts that the Baboon Society or Societies were not heard of in the Protectorate before 1910. If this be correct, it seems that a few bad men, and some Mende and Sherbro men can be very bad, wishing to commit murder or to kill in order to gratify some supposed necessity or demand of witchcraft created by their diseased minds, formed a society to perform their murders—we may call them ritual perhaps—in the assurance or hope that if detected the killing might be assigned to the apes. To have power is always uppermost in the mind of the negro, and by knowledge of witchcraft, as I have stated elsewhere, he believes that he can attain his ambition. "Their reward," says Captain Stanley, "is the mystery and terror they create in the minds of other natives." To increase their prestige some—they were Leopard men—have been known to boast that it was they who killed the goat last night, for example, and that the leopard all the town heard was one of themselves changed by his own powers of witchcraft into that leopard. He feels himself a big man after this, and is regarded with awe, which yet more swells his vanity.

The above notes relate to the Mende and Sherbro countries, but there is a Baboon society among the Temne also. They are there reputed to catch little children, bite a small piece out and let them go. Mr. Frere, District Commissioner, rounded up a lot of the reputed members of this society on one occasion. According to the evidence of a child—it said it was concealed in a clump of bush when it saw Pa (i.e. Mr.) So-and-so come and change himself into a "Baboon." First of all he pulled on the trousers, and then pulled the rest of the skin over his head, and so disguised himself, which is interesting, as it shows how the skin is converted into a dress; but the man must have been small.

I left Pujehun on the 27th January with the mornings still fresh, such a late harmattan being unusual. Bandajuma was fifteen miles. It is almost an absolutely straight road all the way running due north, and there are no serious hills. The road is sufficiently old for the fringing forest to have grown up. Three miles along, at about mile 45, the Wanje River crosses the road, a hundred yards wide and very sluggish, as there is a line of rocks below. A big canoe takes passengers and rafts made of bush

materials take motors. The village of Ndandabu (under the Ndanda tree) was the only one between the river and Bandajuma.

Until about three years ago the Frontier Force had a company here, but everything has disappeared except the Officers' Mess, which is now the rest-house, and the orderly room on the main road now used for motors. Flowers and shrubs still struggle for existence in the invading bush.

The road was sharp gravel all the way, which makes it very hard on the feet of bare-footed persons. There was a lot of traffic going down to Pujehun, kernels and mostly in the form of head loads, not carried on the back. I also saw two crates (carried on the back) going north, and they contained kola.

The old Chief of Bandajuma wore a white tuft of beard and his face was round and fat. I had such difficulty in getting food here that I did not stay over the next day as I intended. They are, I understood, very uncivil to Europeans here, and practically no one except the Provincial Commissioner receives any consideration.

Over a door in the rest-house there was pasted up a drawing of a fish, a perch, cut out in brown paper, which no doubt some officer in the Regiment caught in the river below. It was beginning to fall down so I had it regummed and drawing pins put in.

The few carriers I needed were produced reasonably early next morning, and crossing the Wanje again I was at the town. There is a small rest-house here and a large plantation of coco-nut trees and rubber trees, the former beginning to bear fruit and the latter having their leaves the beautiful golden brown the Para rubber tree assumes at this season of the year.

One meets towns of the name of Bandajuma all over Mende country, and having never been able to get a precise or indeed any translation of the word it must be one of the oldest place names in Mende country, as most names are readily translatable. The presumption is that it means a war camp or outlying defensive post, but this is conjectural.

I reached the rest-house of Bendu at twenty miles in about four hours, passing Gbeyama on a river of the same name, Foibondo, Koribondo on a cross motor road from Blama to Sumbuya, but only finished I believe as far as this; two miles on was Bendu, or Benda as it is on the map.

At Foibondo was a painted mud wall making the entrance to a place in the bush. The window and doorway were blocked inside by a strange criss-cross arrangement of palm sticks, that in the window being different from that in the doorway. The short

wall was continued a little way with a palm fence. Being on the main road it evidently formed a place of public entertainment. There was nobody about to ask and Alimendi happened to be the only person near. He thought it might be a place of the Ngali-hale-bela, or Ngali medicine men, but could not be sure as it was not his country.

Bendu has a small mosque.

I should have done badly in the food line unless I had shot some "peacocks" on the road, birds that have so often proved a useful standby.

The Chief told me their output here was about a hundred loads of kernels and four hundred tins of palm oil, but much reliance cannot be placed on these figures. Kernels go either to Sumbuya or Bo according to which offers the better price, varying from 7s. to 7s. 9d. a load. The Chief also had a kola plantation. I gathered some kernels are wasted here. Those from the very tall trees fall and are left, and they say some must be left for reproduction purposes. The women though, go and collect a lot of the fallen nuts. On the whole the waste is perhaps not greater than is inevitable in all tropical farming as done by natives to whom precision is not important. In the oil season which succeeds the kernel season, everybody gets into any dirty old garments and all turn to. White clothes are then not worn.

The Chief said monkeys destroy a lot of kola fruit, and he wanted a gun. This is the general cry. Then when they have guns they naturally want cartridges. Flint-lock guns are permitted and the only charge is 2s. 6d. for a five-year license. He said some people here do eat monkeys, but not Mohammedans.

In Mende country the Mohammedans are rather exclusive and arrogate to themselves a superior position. Nationality has to go down before religion, which is the dominant factor.

The big road is liked, the Chief said, very formally as if it were a stereotyped expression, and in connection with nothing, and the people are grateful to the Government now that such a fine road had been made. There is no trouble with bad swamps, and a man can walk to Bo by night quite safely. I said I supposed ghosts and devils had not yet begun to haunt it.

I was glad to find myself back in a square house again, being now in the central province.

It was ten minutes under four hours from Bendu to Tikonko, which is at seven-and-a-half miles from Bo. We had the usual gravel on the road, and at thirteen miles laterite began. The

gravel is very trying to pedestrians, and all sorts of sandals are improvised.

Sembehun with a rest-house, at about sixteen miles, I did not notice, it being off the road. At twelve miles we came to the Sewa River, a hundred yards wide and with a great expanse of rocks just below the crossing place. There are a few houses on either side, and big barges or lighters propelled by four or six men with long sweeps ferry the motors over.

The Paramount Chief's name at Tikonko was Kangbai. He had been installed only four months. He gave me some of the history of the place. He is a middle-aged man himself. His grandfather, named Momo Tikonko, a Mohammedan, came from Falu near Jerihum on the railway. They fought, and the then Chief Karo Momo (not a Vai though the name Karo, the Mende for Vai might imply it) surrendered the country to him. He extended his boundary to the River Luiya near Bandajuma, but had later to withdraw. He was succeeded by his son Maka Fori, three of whose brothers, Sandi, Jibwa and Amo succeeded him in turn. Then Kangbai, the son of Maka Fori, succeeded. Vai influence ceases about here.

There is no forest here now at all. It has all been destroyed for making farms, but in Momo's time there was forest and elephants used to come here. I said if they destroyed all the forest and so spoilt the ground what would their children do for food. They laughed and said it did not concern them. Future generations could look after themselves. Five years is now the average period before the jungle growth is cut and the ground planted again. Rice is the staple crop, but not enough is grown to last the populace the whole year. There is, of course, the oil palm industry, a little cocoa (the natives always call it cacao), and coffee are grown, but coffee does not do well. Coco-nut trees have not been introduced to any extent.

I took the Chief's photograph, but it turned out badly so I was unable to send him one, as I always like to do.

I stayed the next day, as I had not intended reaching Bo until Saturday, and the rest-house was quite good. I shot a bush-fowl on the road coming, the first for a long time, and I got two pigeons and another bush-fowl, and as the Chief sent me a couple of small scale fish, which apparently came from the Sewa River, my larder was well supplied for a change.

There is said to be considerable immigration from other parts of the country, and people come up from Sherbro to fish in the

river here, perhaps an indication that the lower reaches are being fished out.

I was fortunate to catch on his way from the town to the bush a boy of the fraternity known as Ndogbo-lopoisia, or bush-boys, but the photograph I took was a failure. He was wearing an open net-work vest and round his waist a fringe of raphia fibre dyed with camwood, or more likely Bagi, giving a reddish-yellow colour. It was so high that he wore an ordinary loin cloth as well. He was short, but a well-knit young man of perhaps eighteen years of age. I asked who he was and he said he was "Hawai ngi loi" or Big-thing's son. There was a party of nearly ten of them training in the bush, and they would in about a fortnight be ready to perform in the town and elsewhere. I passed a similar party on the road on my way down to Zimi. No women are allowed to see them practising, but they may see a set performance, in which somersaults and other athletics form a part. I regretted I never had an opportunity to see them.

From Tikonko to Bo was a short walk of seven-and-a-quarter miles, which took two hours and five minutes, and then I was back on the railway line again, and in quasi-civilisation.

CHAPTER XIV

BO, MANO, AND MOYAMBA

I WAS at Bo from the 31st of January till the 14th of February, a longer stay than I had made anywhere else. I went, on coming in, to the railway rest-house, but when Mr. V. F. de Lisle, the Principal of the school, offered me a spare house, I accepted with great pleasure, and being quite comfortable was in no hurry to move. The rest-house is liable to be very crowded three times a week when the down and up trains meet, for the journey from Freetown to Pendembu cannot be done in a day.

Because of this and of its great trade Bo is a place of importance; and since in addition the training college for the sons of the Protectorate chiefs is here, Bo is the best known place in the Protectorate, and the number of Europeans is about two dozen.

I broke up my domestic party on reaching here. As I did not expect to travel again by road in the immediate future, I paid off Ali, John Tucker, Siafa and John Simbo. I anticipated palavers over debts among themselves. They occurred but were soon disposed of. Though they had a balance of £3 each to receive, in a few days they were all penniless, and I had only been able to find work for two of them before I left. Aruna seems to have borrowed Ali's money, gambled with it and lost, so he had to have a big advance too. Squire was to have come on, and did a few day's work, even buying some long white gowns to wear; but one morning he came late and said he did not want to work any more. I paid him off too, and he was lost in the town for three whole days, in which time some of the ladies, who find Bo provides them with a good income, were quite able to relieve him of his money. As he had had work, and could have kept it, I felt under no obligation to try for employment for him also. I was now reduced to three boys altogether.

I met here James, an old boy whom I had had in 1912, and 1913, who was now working on the railway, and another named Africa who drove the Public Works lorry on the Pujehun road, and who during my stay put it into the ditch.

Having travelled through the large part of Africa taken up by Alimendi's numerous relatives, I thought they were at last finished when I left Daru, but the mother of his wife Adama turned up from a near village. This did indeed finish them, but now Aruna's began, and continued all through the month of March.

Bo is the home of thieves. I gave the faithful ones special warning in this respect. One afternoon Aruna brought his niece Wiya, aged about nineteen, and his nephew Kande, aged about thirteen, to see me. He accompanied them a little way back to their village down the line. The other boys were away. A watching thief promptly seized the opportunity and walked through the compound and collected all Aruna's clothes which were scattered about, including his shirt, a coat and his red fez cap, also a garment of Alimendi's. When he came back he noticed the loss after a few minutes, and his temper was bad and not improved by my telling him I had again specially warned him that morning. His first act was curious, it was to chase his niece and nephew whom he had just come back from seeing on their way to their village, saying they must have stolen them. He came back very soon saying they had not done so. Then he dashed for the town.

It is a curious thing that these people are always ready to accuse their near relatives of stealing, and no one's feelings are permanently hurt by such an accusation. I knew a youth once who had no hesitation in asserting that his father must have taken some money intended for him. In this connection it must be borne in mind that in a state of society bordering on communism personal ownership is an idea of very recent origin, or perhaps I should say rather of development. In any case it is not fully developed, and what in the village belongs to one belongs to all, and the Chief can take all. In larger towns the rights of property are rather in the family than the town as a whole, and there would be no recognition of the claim of one family to the things belonging to another. If, however, a single individual or head of a family committed the crime of becoming rich he would soon be dealt with by the Chief and reduced to a proper level. This is about the greatest crime an individual can commit, and his life is not safe. The Chief knows he himself may go under unless he puts down the upstart.

In the big emirates of Nigeria the merchant who has amassed wealth is not fool enough to live under the rule of his own Chief. He finds safety in the Cantonments which are under the rule of a

Political Officer. Here he can continue to carry on his trade in safety.

One point in the communism of such countries as the Mende country is that a large part of the population are slaves who technically cannot own anything. It all belongs to the master, so that one cannot really steal from another their master's property. In practice a slave is allowed to hold certain goods, but they cannot be considered as his own in the sense that a freeman's things are his own.

To revert to Aruna and his clothes.

In an hour he was back with a party and a stranger whom they held firmly. He had a fez which Aruna said was his. The man, by name Kamatindo, belonged to Jerihun, and Aruna had known him before. He had been in gaol at Kennema and arrived that day on his discharge. He had been given a railway ticket for Jerihun, but had not got off there, but come on to Bo, and somehow had not given up his ticket. I told them to take him to the Chief to deal with, and went and played on the five-hole golf course. In the distance I could see the party for a long time seated at my kitchen discussing the situation. Then they dispersed, to re-appear a little later on the links with the stolen property and the accused. The matter was settled by de Lisle in the evening, and as I was leaving next morning and did not want to leave my boys behind, Mr. Kamatindo was sent to the Chief to be put in the stocks for the night, and having been duly scrutinised in case he should return was next day to be put over the border of the neighbouring chiefdom.

There is no District Commissioner at Bo, and Mr. de Lisle is given certain judicial powers.

Bo school was founded in 1906 for the education of the sons of Chiefs. It was selected for the sole reason that it had been a constructional headquarters of the railway, and there were a number of buildings which could be put to use. The water supply was very bad, but has been improved by the erection of lofty tanks into which water is pumped from wells.

The European staff was reduced to Mr. de Lisle himself, for his one remaining European assistant was invalided, and the senior native teacher, Mr. Alfa Meena, had at this juncture fallen seriously ill. Mr. Meena was a native of Boma, in Krim country, and when I passed through there I had noticed him (he was on leave), but did not then know who he was. His present salary was £14½ per annum, very small for such responsible work in

comparison with the enormous salaries paid to clerks performing routine duties such as filing papers in some of the offices.

The school had 160 pupils, and is organised on a system of prefects, sub-prefects, and monitors. The teachers are mostly promoted boys. The training is nominally purely secular, but this is only as against Christianity, for the Government has a Mohammedan priest on salary, who teaches Arabic. The school is therefore practically a means of the dissemination of Mohammedanism under Government auspices. The principal, however, gives a "moral" lecture once a week. The school was founded to train the sons of Chiefs, or in default of sons, their nominees. At first many of the Chiefs were nervous and sent slaves instead of their sons. The fees, which are collected by the District Commissioners, are £10 a year for the first and senior boy from the chieftom, and £5 for a second boy or subsequent boys. If two are accepted together it is £7 10s. each. After selection by the Chief, the District Commissioner under whom the chieftom is, has to approve the nominee, and then the Principal decides on his suitability. Sometimes the Chief who sent the boy dies, and his successor, who may be of another family, refuses to continue the fees. If the boy is promising he may be put on the free list, which numbered fourteen in the 160. Prefects come on to the free list. The gross receipts are about £1,000, which is about 6d. a head per diem, and for this they are fed. The parents are supposed to clothe the boys, but free issues are commonly necessary. All books and stationery are supplied free.

Some parents are more regardful of the boys than others, and some of the boys bring back from home rice, a sheep and other food supplies, or may receive them during the term. On receipt they are brought to the principal for safe keeping and his office under his bungalow had no small space taken up with the boys' food supplies, which had come from home, and were deposited there until wanted.

The age preferred for entry is from eight to ten years as far as ascertainable, but I formed the opinion that there was a considerable underestimate of ages. The ages of some of the boys whom I interrogated worked out at over twenty and up to twenty-two. In the registers where there is a column for date of birth, it was filled in with the date of admission to the school and that became the boy's official birthday.

Boys are rarely accepted if they have been to a school before.

The organisation of the school is on a system of "towns," which are names London, Liverpool, Manchester and Paris. Each town contains so many houses, built circular mostly, and with three rooms, and there are usually six boys in a house all of different ages. Competitions both athletic as well as literary are promoted between these towns by adding up the marks each inhabitant earns, and I understand the boys are keenly interested in the results.

Among the vast number of registers kept, some of which were falling to pieces from climatic effects, is one showing the boys' general report on discharge, and what he has done since. Some half-dozen are now Paramount Chiefs. Another troublesome register is the pocket-money account. A few shillings may be brought back from the annual holidays at the end of the year, and the money drawn 3d. or even only 1d. at a time, all of which is recorded.

The basis of education is to afford a sound grounding in the English language, which, accordingly, they learn well, and Creole English is rigorously suppressed. There is taught arithmetic, drawing, geometry, carpentering, but no advanced education except simple surveying consisting of prismatic compass and chaining. No instruction is given by the medium of a native language. It is all in English. Arabic is, however, taught as I have already mentioned. The boys are from all the Sierra Leone tribes, but all non-Mende boys soon pick up a working knowledge of Mende. Creoles are not admitted to the school. It is for the Protectorate people only.

Many years ago I heard the gibe against the school put in the mouth of an old mammy, who said the boys were dirty and covered with craw-craw. This was in the pre-water days. Now there is a big bath house with sprays, and elsewhere two swimming baths, and facilities for washing clothes.

I was present at the half-yearly sports, which were held on two days, and which all the school attended. Some of the results were very good indeed, but there was great disparity in the points gained by the different school "towns." Liverpool was far ahead, Manchester next, but London and Paris were nowhere. It seemed that somehow the best athletes had got into Liverpool. A senior boy named Yanke came out with the best average, but Molai, a Konno, was near him. The latter put the 15½ lbs. weight, an old cannon ball, 38 ft. 4 inches, and his pole jump was 9 ft. 3 inches.

With the one exception of Molai the winners in the athletics (they are in four grades) were also good at book work. Owing to a senior examination coming on soon some of the senior boys had given less time to practice for the sports than they otherwise would have. Considerable interest was taken in the contests. In a generally athletic, or at least bodily active race, naturally more attention was given to the principal object of their being at school, namely book learning. The sports were entirely organised by the teachers and boys themselves. Everything worked smoothly and there was no confusion. The prizes depend on offers from anybody interested.

The President of Liberia passed through Bo on his way to the interior of his own country, the railway affording a ready means of communication. He broke the journey here to see the school. Mr. Bowden, the Provincial Commissioner, gave an official dinner in his honour, and asked me very kindly to be present, but I had only just arrived at Pujehun and was unable to get here in time.

There was an eclipse of the moon on the 8th of February, and much drumming and beating of any object that would make a noise at once started. It is said Nyangoma eats the moon and must be frightened off. All I can gather about Nyangoma is that he is a heavenly personage who has no other function than this.

Owing to the demand of Europeans for steatite images which, of unknown origin, have frequently been dug up in various parts of Mende country, the manufacture of them has begun again. Mr. de Lisle showed me two of recent make, which he said he thought came from Konno country or near it. They are superior to the ancient ones, and a different type of face has been produced. All the old images were very crude, and usually a small seated figure with the male organ well developed. Mr. Ross had two at Pujehun which he considered were genuine old ones. One was small and a complete squatting figure with the hands on the thighs. The second was bigger and black instead of the usual neutral tint of soapstone. It was head and shoulders only. There was a hole pierced in the head, which was flattened on top as if intended to support something. There was also a hole in its chest, which may have been for the insertion of "medicine." Only the shoulders were indicated, the rest of the figure being practically cylindrical. That these are representative of Mende folk is, I think, fairly sure. They are dolichocephalic, the nostril is well curved, and in one of them the nose has a convex outline,

all of which features are found among the Mende. Their name in Mende is Nqmolli.

I must also mention some large full-sized heads which were found a few years ago, or at least were forthcoming, from near Panguma in northern Mende. They wore the long drooping moustache of the northern Mende. A peculiar, but understandable feature pertaining to them, was that instead of a neck in the usual place there was a "neck" at the back of the head, indicating that the block of soapstone had been worked by the maker sitting on the ground with it between his legs, and the supporting "neck" was left. The antiquity of these very realistic heads is problematical.

The country round Bo is gently undulating ground with a few hills with fallow ground on them, but no forest. It is about 300 feet above sea level.

There is tennis and golf links, where no artificial bunkers are necessary, so there is something to do every evening.

I was very glad to find a big table in the house de Lisle lent me, so I had every facility for doing some writing. Further, de Lisle let me see some of the essays of the senior boys, from which I culled several interesting details.

On the 14th I left by train for Mano. All the late staff turned up, and I regretted that any of them were still without work, but I could not possibly keep them all on with nothing whatever to do.

There was an albino on the platform, a full grown man, with a sprouting irregular beard, which so many of them seem to have.

It was two hours to Mano. There were few trees to be seen, only fallow growth, but near Tabe there was much flat grassland, which is no doubt flooded in the rains. Almost the only trees on these flats, and these scattered far apart, seemed to be the Kisi (*Parinarium* sp. *Rosaceae*), the same as on the flats nearer the sea.

At Tabe one begins again to see houses with apexes like the Temne houses, and long roofs with three apexes.

There is a Court Messenger to do odd jobs at Mano. He collected carriers for my loads and took me up to the rest-house on a hill to the south of the town. He buzzed around and explained with pride that he had built the rest-house, which was very large, having two big bedrooms, a hall between, and verandah front and back, and a roof of "bamboos," that is of raphia mats.

Mano is a busy trading and missionary place, and is in Gba-Mende country, Gba-Mende, I may mention, merely means

"Different-Mende." The next day being Sunday the stores were closed, but there were services going on in five churches. Some of the singing that came up to me was very fair, but coming from more than one church at the same time it became mixed. The bells go One, two; one, two, three, and continue long. It is said that all the children here go to one school or another. The town is divided into several villages. Beginning with Madina over the river, there are in order from west to east roughly, Konjo, Mano, Tobo, Moyamba and Mende. There is an iron railway bridge across the river here like at Daru, with a footpath along one side.

There was no Chief at Mano, the last one having died three months before, and his successor had not been yet elected. They do not last long here, three or four years at the most, and are thought to be poisoned, as also was the Chief of the not far distant town of Taiama, who had died suddenly.

Aruna belonged to the late Chief's family, so I was in the thick of it.

Chief Gomo died after a reign of only a few months, having succeeded his father Kondowa. A brother, Koba, had been put forward as the heir, but there was also another candidate, one Boma, the son of a Kurugba (war chief), and an educated man; Koba on the other hand did not speak English. Boma only had a small following, whereas the majority of the people wanted Koba. As the last election not so very long ago cost the family some £240, they wanted to keep the chieftdom in the family a bit longer.

I was told Koba was coming to see me in the evening, which he did after dark, about 7.30. I found him a tall brown man and very young looking. Mbalu, the mother of Aruna, is his sister. They are a numerous family, and all the sons of Kondowa as given me were Gomo; Blackie, a Chief somewhere; Vanboy, a Lavari somewhere; Mbalu, Aruna's mother, aged forty at least; Koba, the favourite; and Tommy, who accompanied his sister, and who though short looked older than Koba. The first four were by one mother, and apparently Koba and Tommy by another. There are other sons of Kondowa too, by other wives I gathered. It took some time to get these accurately from Aruna, so little impression had his relatives made on his life, and he had to go and ask his mother. Whilst I was at it I went into Aruna's own brothers and sisters. His mother was wife of Kpule, chief of Manowa near Jerihun, since dead. The sons and daughters in succession were Johnny, Fogbawa, Mattia, Katuma (girl) dead, Aruna, Mbomboi and Segbatu (small girl). Aruna has no children.

At least the list indicates some families are big. Johnny had two children, Wiya and Kande, whom I saw at Bo.*

Kondowa's predecessor was one Musa, a rich outsider.

Five miles from Mano is Njala. Here, where the Taia River makes a big bend, is an agricultural station. Captain J. D. Fisher, Mr. M. T. Dawe, the Director of Agriculture, having kindly notified him I was coming, invited me over, and with him were Mr. Edwards, Agricultural Instructor, and Mr. Glanville, newly out. The bungalows face westerly on the river where it takes an S-turn, and are pleasantly situated seventy feet up on a precipitous bank. Down below two Agricultural men were drowned the previous year while bathing. A great deal of experimental work is done here, and the Department is thoroughly progressive.

There is a big Government school here. I was always under the impression that it was an agricultural college, but I found it had nothing to do with the Agricultural Station, but was merely placed there because there was ground available. It is a boarding school and is somewhat on the lines of Bo, except that it is not reserved for the sons of Chiefs. No fees are charged, and the boys are lodged and fed free, and further clothed free and receive their books free. This is quite wrong, and the Reverend A. T. Sumner, who is in charge, rather thought so too, and recalled his own earlier days and the difficulties he had. The pupils never bring a thing from their own homes.

The houses are well laid out and the grounds neatly kept. I went into the class rooms and tested some of the boys at reading, and put them some questions as I had done at Bo. Three or four occupy one house. In the kitchen I found their food laid out. It is prepared by a man cook, with an assistant. Each boy's bowl, containing red rice, stood ready, and a very small portion of meat and palm oil are added. Each boy fetches his own, and on arrival at their houses they turn it all into a big bowl together and eat communally. At Bo the practice was for each house to send a small boy to get the whole house's food together.

I was very glad of the opportunity to meet Mr. Sumner, whose name had long been familiar to me as the writer of grammars of Mende, Temne and Bullom languages. He is a Sherbro man about fifty-one years of age, and his old mother aged eighty was still alive and active. I met him first at the cricket match and regretted I did not have another opportunity for a

* Aruna wrote me later in the year that Koba had been made chief.

conversation. He told me he learned the Sherbro (Bullom) language before Mende, but it is not uncommon now for children of Sherbro parents on both sides to learn Mende first.

There is considerable competition to get into the Agricultural Department as a pupil. While I was at Bo I happened to be with Mr. de Lisle when a Mende woman was pressing him to endeavour to get her son, then in the school, and I believe it was a second son, taken by that Department. The tall young man stood by saying nothing, while the capable lady his mother dealt with the matter of his future welfare.

I returned to Mano the next day, the 17th, in a gig with Captain Wikner, who had come up to examine the river as to its suitability for a launch. At present a gig is used by the Agricultural Station for fetching things or persons from Mano. Barges go up as far as Taiama, where there are some Syrian traders. There was one troublesome reef of rocks about a mile below Njala landing place. The gig slipped through a gap easily enough, but it would not do at this season for a launch unless a new passage were made through the reef; and when a reef is blown up you never know how much the general water level is going to be reduced.

A man brought a golden sovereign to me and wanted to change it. I agreed, but when I found he wanted 24s. I declined with thanks.

At all these railway towns meat is killed every day, so that there is no shortage of food.

The principal trade at Mano is kernels. From my hill I could hear the voices of the touts calling out to bring the kernels to their store. Their master is good and pays well. The price is so-and-so, say 8s.

On Saturday the 21st, I went on by rail to Moyamba, about two-and-a-half hours. On the way at Kangahun, Blackie, the uncle of Aruna came to see me. As the train comes down the line one sees the high hills of Moyamba from various points of view as the line meanders through them. They are all peaks, not ridges.

Mr. G. E. Biddle, Superintendent of Prisons, was on the train coming down from Bo, and also got off at Moyamba. He made himself known to me and very kindly arranged for the prisoners who had come to meet him to take my things to the rest-house also. As we came in Mr. Hargreaves, Entomologist, and Mrs. Hargreaves came in by road, and we all converged together on the rest-house, which is a cement building with four rooms. We

stayed together for a week, which gave us a game of Bridge every night, and Dr. Lewis, the only Government Officer in the Station, used to come and join us, so we had a very pleasant week here.

The principal feature in the town is a fine straight avenue of trees. The only other place I had seen anything straight was Zimi. When one sees straightness one knows that the European is dominating Africa. When not, he has succumbed to Africa. The town is not big, and it is intersected both by the railway which meanders through it on account of the swift Yambutu River, and by the river itself, which also flows through the town.

There is a big American mission, and a Roman Catholic mission.

The trade in palm oil products is small. It is now all ginger, which was introduced some years ago, and of which this is now the big centre. A ginger beer is made of it for local consumption, but the main export is to a teetotal United States of America.

After the Mende rising of 1898 there was a detachment of troops here for many years.

Moyamba is blessed, or at least the Government station is, with a supply of water, a pipe line bringing it from a hill a couple of miles off, on which in consequence the forest is specially conserved. The other hills have no big growth left. At the foot of the water hill is a largish patch of grass land, which I hunted through but without result. Bush-fowl were numerous in the farms, and the tiny antelope (*Neotragus pygmaeus*), Hagbe-wuloi in Mende, is to be found. The female is a light brown with white belly and very tiny horns. This is the animal called "Cunny-rabbit" in folk tales in Creole English.

I had several long talks while we were at the rest-house with Mr. Biddle, who besides being Superintendent of Prisons in the Colony proper, inspects those of the Protectorate. One matter he had gone into was the cost of feeding the prisoners up country, owing to unsatisfactory local tenders. He reckoned a great saving could be made, at least as an initial attempt, if the prisons on the railway line were victualled direct from Freetown.

He was anxious further that the prisoners should do definite work as in the central gaol, and that the number of prisoners put on to a job should be in some proportion to the value of that job. Nevertheless in a bush station a supply of labour ready at any moment is of great value, for it is not always the same as in Freetown, where labour is tumbling over each other to get a job even for a few minutes. Imprisonment in a bush prison cannot

really be regarded as a serious punishment of itself. It is rather to remove a man for a time from the scene of his depredations.

Mr. Biddle was very hot on such sentences as five months and twenty-nine days instead of six months. They irritate the prisoner who feels an unfair advantage is being taken of him, as he is prevented from earning good conduct marks which count towards an early release. Small scores are always undesirable, but on the other hand perhaps the fault lies with the penal code which does not provide for a sentence of six months being completed to its full.

All prisoners go about chained two and two, which perhaps experience has shown to be necessary in this Colony, though in the Gold Coast in the old days, whatever may be the practice now, short sentence prisoners always went about free. It was considered very bad form for one to run away and spoil the show for the others. I remember once an old woman bringing her son back and saying he had to finish his sentence decently. On another occasion there was a frightful clamour at the prison door inside Cape Coast Castle in the middle of the night. A prisoner said he had lost his warder in the afternoon, and not finding him had come back to report. Warders, especially the junior, or temporary ones, are always a difficulty, though it struck me less so than in other colonies. When they are new and have not fully learnt their duties they usually have, however, a valuable assistant in the senior prisoner of their gang, who will obligingly take charge and instruct the new warder in the routine. I remember hearing of a new European Prisons Officer in some Colony who would not have such nonsense, and I gathered there was no harmony in the prison for a time.

One finds the same trouble in the days of the Roman Empire, when administration was much more centralised than it is now, and when every detail went to Rome for the Emperor's personal information. Pliny, when Governor of Bithynia, complains to the Emperor Trajan of the uselessness of the prison warders, and wants to mix a few soldiers with them to bring them up to the mark. The Emperor however, replies, similarly to what he wrote on the subject of orderlies, that he will not have trained men taken away from their military duties.

A matter that Mr. Biddle mentioned was the urgent approaching need in Freetown for a boys' reformatory, and was thinking Moyamba would offer a better site, especially as it would be possible to make ginger plantations and put the boys on to farm

work. The idea was essentially good, as the work would be both of a useful and reforming nature in itself, and no doubt many of the youthful ruffians of Freetown scarcely know what a farm is. It is rather a terrible thought that a century and a quarter of educational and missionary effort have only rendered necessary a reformatory. If such an institution is started it will be eminently desirable that a complete life record of each boy should be compiled in the hope that the causes may be ascertained.

When I returned to Freetown I had the opportunity, by the kindness of Mr. Biddle, of seeing all over the well-equipped prison there. A number of remunerative industries are carried on, one of the most important being the making of police uniforms. A very useful industry had been closed down owing to outside popular clamour. It was that of boot repairing, and the complaint was that it was taking the bread out of the mouths of the outside boot-menders. The present position is that boots cannot now be adequately repaired in Freetown, for the double reason that the materials used are indifferent, and the price is extortionate for bad work.

The prison has not been without its health difficulties. In times past the health of the prisoners was bad, and beri-beri and dysentery were common. The medical supervision was made stricter with the result that the general health improved, but as regards some diseases the medical officers were long baffled. One of them informed me that in order to get into hospital the prisoners would frequently give themselves dysentery. The faeces of the hospital inmates had to be carefully guarded, as other prisoners would steal it to mix with their own, and if that failed would swallow some.

My chief object in coming to Moyamba was to make the acquaintance of Father Raymond, who has given much study to the Gba-Mende. A Breton, he arrived out at Moyamba a few years before the War; then he went to France and served in the ranks for a time, and afterwards acted as interpreter, I believe, with the Americans. The War over, he came back to his missionary duties.

The mission is along the Sembehun road, and a great church was being erected of cement and mud dried bricks, the foundations, pillars and tall windows being of cement with figures of beasts, birds, etc., moulded upon them.

Aruna's mother, who had been at Mano, came on to Moyamba. She wanted some money from her dutiful son, but he had had the

foresight to draw it all and spend it. Consequently ten shillings was all she could have. Aruna did not like my having a talk with his mother. He would say, why had I told his mother this or that. To see that redoubtable ruffian walking meek and mild after his mother and looking as if butter would not melt in his mouth, and scarcely venturing to speak till addressed, gave me infinite satisfaction. So did further his lugubrious announcement when we arrived in a new place, "Ye 'wa," "Mother's come."

On Saturday, the 28th February, our party broke up and I went south to Sembehun. This is about twenty miles from Moyamba and connected by a motor road which does not actually reach Moyamba, because a tidal mangrove swamp had not yet been bridged. I found the cost of a lorry was excessive, so went down with carriers, needing only thirteen, as I had no longer any supplies of provisions to carry, and Biddle very kindly took some things for me down to Freetown. The fare per load by carrier is 2s. 3d.

I called at the Roman Catholic mission as I passed and met Bishop O'Gorman there. He had just come in, and I found him very well informed about the country.

The road is of a very gritty lateritic ironstone, which is hard on bare feet, and is planted for a long way with gum copal trees, distinguished by their split leaf. At three-and-a-half miles was the large village of Moyogbwa, then two other villages, and at eight-and-a-half miles was Kogbotima, where I stayed the night. We passed through hills all the way, so the walk was quite agreeable. Kogbotima is the last Gba-Mende town and under Moyamba, and the Paramount Chief had sent to say I was coming and to have a house ready, which was very obliging of him, as I had not met him. As there was no Court Messenger with me, I was doubtful in my mind as to whether I might not have some difficulty over a house, but it was all arranged I was glad to find.

The house was a good rectangular one with "bamboo" thatch. There were three small rooms, the remaining corner making a verandah, and across a small yard was another room.

I had to pay off Alimendi here and let him go home. He complained he was unable to walk any more. It would have been much more convenient had he mentioned the fact at Moyamba. I was therefore reduced to Aruna, who took over the cooking, and Longboy, and I was inconveniently short of staff and unable to get even an untrained youth to fill up, for this is the beginning of the clearing time for the rice farms.

The Chief came along about seven o'clock with his two Santigis. They prefer to use the Temne word instead of "Lavari" in this country. The Chief complained of a very bad cough and I knew by now what that meant. I said were they not Mori men, that is Mohammedans. They laughed.

The next morning Alimendi turned north back to Moyamba with a carrier for his tin trunk, a cheque for £8 7s., and a pound in cash for expenses. and we took the other road.

The hills covered only with scrub closed in on us later. There was laterite and a stratified crystalline rock, and later we emerged completely from the hills, which are composed of schists and gneisses. Five miles along we passed a village which showed clear thinking as to how big a house might be made and still the house tax remain the same. Annexes had been built on and the roof constructed in a wavy way to cover all and still count as one. One house had had an additional verandah built on to the original one. In all there was much variety.

Having passed the road turning off to Gbangbama at seventeen-and-three-quarter miles, the road stopped abruptly at a big mangrove swamp which is crossed by a rough foot bridge, and then a long walk through the well laid out town of Sembehun brought me to the station at the far end.

CHAPTER XV

BANTA AND SHERBRO COUNTRIES

THE station of Sembehun consists of bush houses only. It is pleasantly situated on a rising ground, and looks north and east to the distant hills. A strong salt sea breeze came up every afternoon while I was there, and was distinctly agreeable, and a couple of small tornadoes came up also during my stay.

Sembehun, though in Sherbro country, is part Sherbro and part Mende as regards population. The Chief, whose name was Suloku, was Sherbro, that is, Bullom, on both sides, and usually spoke Mende. He owed his position to having been the consort of Madame Nancy, the previous chief. He seemed quite a capable man but was not literate. Sembehun was until the last few years quite a small place. It was so when Nancy Tucker, a Sherbro woman, came and settled here to trade. She built her house near where some big trees now stand on the northern edge of the town. She began by entertaining all Court Messengers and other native officials, and later extended her hospitality to European Officials. In 1898 war came, and when it was over all the Chiefs were deposed and substitutes had to be selected by the Government, which was done very hastily. Nancy was by now well-known, so she was made Chief. She became very active and developed the town, and further built for herself a big house in European bungalow style, which at the present day is rented to the French Company. She died in or about 1908, and the present Chief succeeded her. He was from another chiefdom. The Tucker family then packed up and moved to Nongoba Bullom. There still, however, remained the question of the rents of the big house, which were long in dispute. As it had been built with town labour, it was decided that half the rent should go to the Tucker family, and half to the chiefdom.

Chief Suloku inhabits a house of his own, a big barrack structure built round the four sides of a square yard, and the roof being without a break he only pays the same tax as a small round hut. It was tested in court, and as the ordinance says that the tax is for one single roof, it was decided it was quite in order it should be assessed at 5s. only. The roof might run a mile, but provided it be without a break it only counts as one. If taxation were on this

basis in some of the towns I have seen in Gaboon, a whole village would only pay 10s., or one unit for each side of the main street, and would be rather unproductive. Incidentally the chiefs collect for their own revenue 1s. over and above the 5s., so the tax is always spoken of as 6s.

There seem to be practically no slaves at Sembahun, but when making inquiries I was always told what a great number there are in Gallinas, that is Vai country. It always seemed to me that at the back of their minds the natives could not understand why the Government legalised slavery on such a vast scale.

All the population was very busy clearing the ground for the new rice farms. The bush had been cut but burning had not begun. All adult males are mobilised for this work, and a beginning is made on the Chief's farm, which is nearest the town, and was here of vast extent. The Poro sign was in great evidence wherever there were any oil palm trees, indicating that they were not to be touched under heavy penalty until the edict was removed. I met a party of youths one evening sitting on the path near one of the farms when it was getting dark. I asked them what they were doing sitting there and not going into the town. They said they were waiting for someone. I then perceived they were going through their Poro course, but were doing farm work in the daytime.

In addition to the Chief's great farm, which is called Manje in Mende, the Chief was having the mangroves cut at the village of Mokolo in the Bagru River, about a mile and a quarter away. Here he was going to make a farm of swamp rice. With all this work in the fields there was scarcely an able-bodied man left in the town; all were out at the villages or living in the huts on the farms.

Being reduced to Aruna and Longboy I wanted an additional boy of any kind very badly, as I had no one to go for water and wood. As it was Longboy had to go, which was very inconvenient, for the water hole in a swamp was nearly half a mile away, and it needed several trips a day. Aruna tried hard, but we could get nobody. I was told later if I made personal application to the Chief he would find me a boy. I left it alone therefore. After leaving Sembahun the quest was continued till I reached Bonthe, and I always got the answer that they did not like to work for white men.

At Sembahun there are no Government prisoners, and only a very small vote for labourers to sweep up. The Chief, however, has his own prisoners, and an arrangement had been come to by

the District Commissioner by which the Chief lends so many for the money available.

I noticed here that the people cut down the oil palms to make palm wine. So they differ in this respect from the Mende, who never do so, but tap the tree just under the leafy crown.

The station was the home of countless crows, which seemed to think it was laid out for them. I never saw so many anywhere else. Even hawks seemed unable to exist on account of them, and were very few. The smaller egret or cowbird, however was about. This is a bird nobody ever eats, certainly not the Mende. There were besides a good many bush-fowl in the farms, and the young birds were well grown.

There is a local rule that all natives coming into the town have to report themselves to the town headman. It has been found most beneficial as a check on the thieves and burglars who visit one town after another in search for loot.

I was surprised the evening before I left Sembehun to see an English lady who had apparently come from nowhere, standing in front of my house. Mr. Harnetty, District Commissioner, who, incidentally, is a good Mende scholar, had gone out the day before and there was no other European in the station. She was the wife of Mr. Tuach, Produce Inspector in the Agricultural Department, who had just arrived up by launch from Bonthe. They established themselves in the Court House as there was no other accommodation, and we joined forces as regards food supplies and dined out in the moonlight.

I left on Tuesday the 10th for Gbangbama. There is a good broad road and numerous villages. First was Dodo, a long straggling town with two creeks running through it and hills between, and some good houses. Then came Gbangba, small; Mosegu, with good houses; Njala, small; Basa; Taso, small; Mokango, small; Mokebi, small; and after a march of three-and-a-half hours from Sembehun, Moselolo. There was no forest and only the small bush that grows up in fallows.

At Taso, where the road takes a sharp turn to the left, was a Kamela, or entrance to the Poro bush, with the fence continued a long way along the road.

At Mokebi was a small wall on the edge of the bush daubed with different coloured clays and paints. It was a Yambui, or entrance to the Snake bush, where I understood the snake charmers train their snakes.

The rest-house at Moselolo stood a hundred feet above the

River Gbangba, which runs between wooded hills, with some big trees down below. The windows of the rest-house were decorated with clean white curtains with lace edgings.

The Gbangba River is the boundary between the Sherbro and the Banta country. The latter country is very interesting on account of a strong Temne strain. I knew nothing of this fact until I reached Mano, or I should have arranged a more extended tour of this country. Apparently the country was originally Sherbro, but at some ancient date, as the result of war, colonies of Temne came and settled in it, principally from the Yonni country. Later the Mende influence came in and is absorbing all. All three languages are spoken, but the Court Messenger with me, a pure Temne, said that while he could understand their Temne speech easily, they did not by any means understand all he said if he spoke unmixed Temne. The old Chief of Moselolo spoke all three languages. The customs of most of the Banta country are Mende very largely, but there are Temne survivals as regards the Chiefs. For instance he goes into Kanta on election, and is entirely governed by his counsellors or Kumrabai. In the one chiefdom of Banta Kele, more to the east, the customs are apparently almost pure Temne. In this connection the fact that there are Temne colonies near Tungea in northern Mende is of interest.

The old Chief of Moselolo, who was accompanied by one very stout old follower, said his land lies fallow for seven years, and the rice they grow lasts them for food six months. Cocoa was tried, but it all died young, which seems natural as there was, as far as I could see, no soil rich enough to grow it on. So they depend on their palm kernel trade.

When closing the interview I said I supposed they were Mori men and never drank anything but water, but what I gave them was entirely to their satisfaction.

There was a heavy rain but no wind.

In the rest-house was a nice little black and white cat which hunted in the roof. The Chief said it had not long since been brought from Bonthe. Of course it had to feed itself. I gave it food, and it ate till it was gorged and swelled to twice its normal breadth. It could only make a plaintive mew after that. It was friendly from the first and came at once and sat on my knee, so was evidently accustomed to Europeans.

The next day it was only two-and-a-quarter hours to Gbangbatuk.

We crossed the Gbanga River, which is about 100 yards wide and up which large boats come from Bonthe, and on the far side were in Banta country. We passed the villages of Mokongwe and Bengaloi, both with round and rectangular houses, and having crossed a rocky stream, called, I think, the Gbendi, by a stone bridge, were in Gbangbatuk, a big well laid out town with an excellent rest-house on a hill, but no accommodation for boys. Down below is a big mangrove creek.

All along the road every woman we met was singing out Jo-o as she went along, so as to give warning to the Poro youths there were females about.

Longboy I found was half Sherbro and half Banta by origin, and his mother's family used to live here years ago, but had left.

The Chief here was named Marge. He sent a message in the morning to say he would come and see me, and thought that enough. This form of saying you are not coming I have met before. As a matter of fact I had rather wanted to see him from various things I had heard. He has a big two-storied house, and is the sole trader in his chiefdom. He does all the trade personally or by family nominees, and permits no other person, whether European, Syrian, Creole or Mandingo to trade in the chiefdom. He buys up all the rice himself at 5s. as soon as the crop is in, and retails it at 15s. later. The Government apparently say they cannot compel him to open his chiefdom. Combined trading and governing has long since been condemned for Europeans. It is not fair on anybody he should combine the two functions. Either let him be a trader or a chief. No doubt when he departs this life care will be taken that the new Chief will agree to open his country.

Launches can come up to the town, and one sees here the unusual combination of mangroves and hills. It must indicate that the land is falling and the mangroves have followed the salt water up the rivers.

I was pleased to find two stone implements of neolithic type on the rest-house hill, my total find in all the colony being very small. One was an axehead or wedge, measuring in millimetres 175 by 80 by 38, which had later been used edgewise apparently to crack kernels. The other, 93 by 45 by 33, was like a two-ended or two-edged axehead. Aruna suggested this was a grinder and had been used to grind Kpawului, a tree-gum, which was perhaps, a late use for the implement.

The only other implements I had found were on the hillside at Kennema. There were two of them with points rather than cutting edges, and butt ended. The measurements of one in millimetres was 96 by 62 by 43, and this was of a coarse rock weathered green; the other measured 77 by 38 by 37 of a fine rock and much ferruginated from contact with the laterite. A smooth grinder I found at Makali I have hardly classed as being ancient.

Mr. N. W. Thomas mentions stone axes in Susu country where they are regarded as thunderbolts, and also refers to a stone wedge.

On the whole neolithic implements have but rarely been found in the country, and I believe not a single palæolithic implement has its provenance in this colony either.

There was dancing all night in the town, and some rather good singing, and it was continued till daylight. All the same the few carriers I needed were along by 6.30, and I left at once.

The rest-house had a roof of fine grass which must have come from a distance, for I could not find any growing round about the town.

As I passed out there was a Poro image round which the dancing had been. It had a clay base and sticks irregularly placed above it were bound round with grass and creepers in the usual way.

We followed a newly cut road with lateritic gravel, ironstone and boulders of a streaky sort of granite. The villages were all on the old road. After a couple of miles was the mission station of Senge, the village being down the hill, where we crossed a rocky mangrove creek by a long bridge.

When we had marched two hours we got a view to the right over the plain to Bonthe. There was a hill on the left and another on the right slightly ahead, both with forest crests, and Moselolo hill also crested was behind. A big tree is rare.

We then rejoined the old road and heard a great number of chimpanzees up the hills to the left. After two hours and forty minutes we came to a school and there turned up the hill to Gbangbama station. This was again Sherbro country which we had come into at the mangrove creek I have mentioned.

Gbangbama District has virtually two headquarters, the D.C. passing his time between Gbangbama and Sembehun, but the latter is the more important place. The D.C.'s house and office are built of stone, but the other buildings are bush houses. The Messengers' lines are down the hill near the town, which is small. A pipe line brings water from a spring higher up the hill. A great

many fruit trees have been planted, and here Sir William Brandford Griffith held his inquiry into the Human Leopard murders, 1912-1913. As usual, there was no accommodation for boys.

A path has been cut through the bush up the hill, which I make 1,075 feet above sea level, the rest-house being 367 feet. There are two outlook points, one facing south to west, and the other, the highest, north to east. The southern plain is packed with palm trees, and you see the sea towards Shenge, York Island, the sea-bar and all the rivers and creeks. To the east are the low hills on this side of Sumbuya. The northern side is bare of palm trees. There are only fallows visible which are cut down and planted in turn, and it is dreary in the extreme. In the far distance can be faintly seen low hills. Of forest there is none, and the rare trees are in small patches near which are probably villages, but no towns could be discerned.

This hill consists of a granite rock with laterite and pockets of Kaolin clay on the level of the station.

As to the town which is below the station the bulk of it seemed to be the Chief's compound. The houses were mostly rectangular with mat roofs, and one had a tin roof. Round houses were few, and the Temne type house with the heavily loaded 'apex is not there.

I finished off here the proofs of my book "Through British Cameroons," and sent it off to the publisher, but it did not reach him till I had been home for over a week.

I was invaded one evening by the flying ants called in Mende, Hitanga. This is the big kind which the Mende eat. The small ones, the Fuloisia, they do not eat. I had to stop writing on account of them, but in time obtained some relief by putting a basin of water next to the candle lamp. Into this they fall and cannot get out.

Much rice is grown round here and none is said to be imported. I was charged though, 3d. a cupful. There are no stores here, and no market, and the Chief, whom I did not see, acts as provider.

I understand a few Banta are creeping over the border and settling gradually in this, which is pure Sherbro country.

I left on the 18th and in an hour and a half was at Victoria on a creek. The road ran straight, and in half an hour we were on sand. We passed no villages, but came to one fair-sized patch of grass land not liable to be flooded, with small trees of a savannah type growing on it.

The rest-house at the entrance of Victoria was being re-built, but the Chief met me and took me to a house he had prepared. The town is of good size and two European firms have stores with natives in charge. Reaching the mangrove creek we crossed by a small bridge and continued along an embankment through the mangrove mud to the town of Teso, in the outskirts of which a house was ready for me. It was very neat with two rooms, a verandah, trellis shutters, and the roof of raphia mats.

The mangrove swamp we passed over had already borne two crops of rice, and the area was being extended. The edges were fenced to keep off the fish or catch them when once in. He had not tried leaving a fringe of mangrove trees along the edge of the river, as I have been told has been tried elsewhere and successfully. I have been wondering whether the clearing of the mangrove trees will have any effect on the upper waters of these creeks.

There are many palms about, and some big trees have been preserved near the town.

There were a number of goats about which were very sturdily built animals.

I had been out of tobacco for some days. Hearing there was some in the town, a last tin was duly secured, but when opened it was all mouldy. This was disappointing. Later on I washed it in tea and dried it again at the kitchen fire, and it became quite smokable, but with a different flavour.

There was a Njoso or conjuring dance in the town at night, which I describe elsewhere.

The next morning I heard there was a motor launch arrived to take me to Bonthe. I had written to Major I. Heslip, District Commissioner there, a few days before, and he very kindly sent one up for me.

We threaded our way down the creeks for an hour and fifty minutes when we reached open water, having travelled roughly south, then passing round York Island with its factories, reached Bonthe in just three hours.

Two round houses serve as rest-houses a mile back on an open piece of grass land near the Court Messengers' lines. Bonthe depends for its labour on the back country, but at this season of "farm brushing" everybody is at farm work, and there was not a man to be got for carrying my loads. Major Heslip had, however, six prisoners, and kindly lending me them, they did two trips.

Aruna did find somebody for odd jobs, whom he knew before,

one Fode calling himself a Vai, but more probably a De man from Liberia. He was clean but singularly uncouth, and I flatly refused to take him to Freetown which he wanted me to. He was a German soldier in Cameroons early in the War, and subsequently went to Fernando Po.

Bonthe is well laid out with straight streets, and is quite an attractive town. The inhabitants are all creolised, and there are numerous churches and schools. The language principally spoken is Mende, and one actually hears it more here than in a Mende town, for the reason that in a Mende town where Europeans are less numerous they stop talking to look, whereas here they do not. Yet except for Mende labourers in the busy season, there is scarcely a real Mende in the place. It is an interesting feature that a people of which the individuals never rise to a big position in another country, yet imposes its language wherever it goes, and a very difficult language at that.

Before the 1898 War it was the intention of the Government to make Bendu, over the river and nearer the sea-bar, the principal place, but it was burnt in that war and the Creoles refused to go there again. They established themselves at Bonthe, where the District Commissioner resided, but which was then quite a small place. Now the sea front, a mile long, is lined with the factories of nearly every firm in the Colony, and a Bank. Wood was formerly chiefly used for building, but now cement is coming in.

The steamers lie a couple of miles off to the north, and nearer York Island. No vessel now comes in over the Sea-bar (Shebar), but in former days it was regularly used. Still as a matter of fact it was crossed quite recently more by accident than by design. A launch was coming from Freetown towing a lighter and belonging to the Bull Steamship line, which is American. The European in charge (perhaps he was American?) missed his way, and found he was below the Turtle Islands instead of off Plaintrain Island. He would not turn back and decided instead to try the long-abandoned entrance. He came in well, and was surprised to find nineteen feet all the way, but had a very bad few seconds, when he suddenly found himself on the top of a wreck in the fairway. Nothing but the lift of a swell which put him over saved his launch and lighter, and the lives of all on board. However, he did it.

In Sherbro no hill rice is grown, it has always been imported from Mende country. Swamp rice is grown and it would be interesting to find when it was first introduced, which possibly

was since the coming of Europeans. Mangrove rice is of course quite new. I understand it is not equal by any means to hill rice, and the difference is easily detected.

For sale and for eating purposes in Mende country and probably here as well, the various kinds of rice are mixed. Seed rice, however, is always kept distinct. I made inquiries as to whether there was a liability to sickness if a man ate one kind of rice only, but the reason given was that all the best must not be eaten up and the inferior qualities left till last.

I found Bonthe one of the most agreeable places to stay at that I had visited. There were about forty Europeans there, including those on York Island, and there was a big gathering at tennis every evening.

The rest-house, which was out behind the town, seemed somewhat inconveniently situated, but once there one can wander away through the farms interspersed with grassland and clumps of small bush, with the chance of getting a guinea-fowl, bush-fowl or even a duiker. Where the ground is cultivated the only crop that this sandy soil seemed to bear was cassada.

There were a few mosquitoes here, which were perhaps noticeable chiefly because I had scarcely met one in my journey round the colony.

Major Heslip did everything to make my stay agreeable, and I should have liked to have prolonged it, but I learned that unless I took a passage home by the "Appam" on the 1st of April, I should not get one for over a month. Further, communication with Freetown is not very frequent by sea. Most persons wanting to go there take launch to Sembehun, motor to Moyamba, and go thence by train. One of the French companies sent a motor-lighter weekly, but there were no regular steamers. It so happened that the tramp steamer, "Glenaster," chartered by Elder Dempster came in, and when she had taken her cargo, myself and several others went round in her, camping on the bridge deck. We did not arrive at Freetown till the second night, and the following morning I landed and went again to the City Hotel, now under the new management of an Italian.

This was the end of my six months' tour through Sierra Leone.

All Freetown was absorbed in the preparations for the approaching visit of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, and the Agricultural Show, which was to have taken place at Makene earlier, was postponed and transferred to Freetown. Great enthusiasm prevailed. Sir Ransford Slater, the Governor,

and Lady Slater had returned to the colony, and the final touches were being put to the arrangements. Chiefs and their followers were beginning to flock in. There was a printed programme giving what was to be done at precise moments during the two days, 6th and 7th April, when the Prince was to be in Freetown, and Mr. Grant, of the *Daily Mirror*, had already arrived to take photographs, and was also staying at the City Hotel.

The pictures were eventually got to London before any others. A tug intercepted the "Zaria" off Lisbon. A waiting aeroplane carried them to Bordeaux. They caught the night mail to Paris, and thence travelled again by aeroplane to London.

I should have liked to have stayed at Freetown over the Prince's visit, but in view of what Elder Dempster's agent had told me I decided to leave.

So came to an end a very interesting and generally pleasant tour, and I owe many thanks to His Excellency the Governor and so many officials and others for the help they gave me on my way.

The succeeding chapters relate mostly to the manners and customs of the Mende people.

PART II

CHAPTER XVI

THE PHYSICAL CHARACTERISTICS OF THE MENDE

THE Mende nation inhabits the southern and eastern part of the Sierra Leone Protectorate. It has probably been long in that region, and certainly seems to have been there before the second century A.D. I base this on the facts that the locality of their great secret Society, the Poro, is indicated by Ptolemy, the geographer, under the name of *Purrus campus*, of which the modern and local English rendering is "Poro bush," and the Carthaginians many centuries earlier called the big apes they found in the Sherbro region—gorillas, the Mende word for this ape being "Ngori."

A hundred years ago the Mende were unknown by name. Laing for one never mentions them, but he knew the Loko, whom he thought a branch of the Temne. In 1828 the Society of Friends published some brief vocabularies of languages spoken in Sierra Leone. Kossa is the name given to the Mende. The vocabulary is very incomplete compared with the other languages given, and the indication is that the language was very little known or understood. The dialect seems to be the northern. Koelle uses the word Mende first in his *Polyglotta* dated 1854.

One great difficulty in looking for a national type is the very great number of slaves in the country. These may be pure Mende whose ancestors were captured long ago in wars with other Mende chiefdoms, and who were never returned to their own countries, or may have come over the Liberian border, and be from kindred tribes such as the Kpvesi, the Gbandi, and the Buzi, or from other tribes such as the Kissi. Perhaps from the fusion one homogenous type may be evolved; but that has not occurred yet. In the east along the Liberian frontier the type differs considerably from the others. In the south the Mende are much mixed with the Sherbro, and many Mende speaking persons in that region may have no Mende blood at all in them. Again in the Banta country, south of Mano on the railway, there is very considerable Temne admixture, Temne colonies having settled there in centuries past.

They are nearly completely merged as to language, but retain some of their old customs.

At least two types of Mende stand out. There is the slight, but often very well built man, frequently quite strong physically. His head, dolichocephalic, may rise high above the ears, with a vertical forehead, and with the sides flattened.

The other type is the short but very sturdy and strong type, with short, very thick legs, and long body. The head may be more rounded, and there may be prominent bosses on the forehead which otherwise recedes from the frontal ridges.

Between these two there are many variations, yet from knowing them well I could adopt, say, twenty types of face and classify every male adult under one or the other.

The women show less variety than the men both in build and in face. There is only a small range in height, and they are generally comely, and I may add, not shy.

The tall element in the nation is the Mandingo. This widely spread race brought their language with them, for the majority of words in the Mende vocabulary are of Mandingo origin, more or less corrupted. The phonology, however, differs, and the grammar also to a large extent.

The aboriginal short race with which this tall race fused seems in former times to have been widely spread immediately behind the coast line and throughout the forest region. That this was so seems to be supported by the close resemblance there is to individuals in other tribes, not only those speaking related languages, but others such as Temne and Limba, whose languages are radically different.

The evidence afforded by language I need not discuss here, having already done so in my work "The Languages of West Africa." That the mixture of type cannot be of very great antiquity or at least is still going on, is clear, and one can perceive the distinction of types after only a short acquaintance with the people. The Mende language is spreading also, and is gradually being adopted either as a second language by neighbouring tribes, or is displacing their own. If this process has been going on for many centuries the mixture of type is not surprising.

I now give a table of heights of 700 male adults taken at random from all parts of Mende country. There are, I must mention, two particulars which militate against accurate measurement. One is the thickness of the man's hair, which may be considerable owing to its woolly nature, in spite of being well pressed down.



GOBOI DANCER AT KAILAIUN



BUNDU GIRLS IN DANCING COSTUME

The other is the time of day the person was measured, a measurement taken at evening being appreciably shorter than a morning's record. Most of these measurements were taken in the forenoon, and very few later.

	ft. in.	Heights.	
Of	6 $1\frac{1}{4}$	1	
Reaching	5 11	6	
	5 10	19	
	5 9	31	
	5 8	71	
	5 7	76	204
	5 6	111	
	5 5	108	Between 5.3 and 5.6 there are
	5 4	114	333 persons, or nearly half.
	5 3	80	
	5 2	47	
	5 1	20	
	5 0	12	
	4 11	2	
Of	4 10	1	
Of	4 $8\frac{1}{4}$	1	163
		<hr/>	
		700	

The individual recorded of 6 ft. $1\frac{1}{4}$ in. may be regarded as quite abnormal, and it is possible there was foreign blood in him. The next in height is only 5 ft. 11 in. At the other end of the scale is a man of 4 ft. $8\frac{1}{4}$ in. only. This person, together with others of 5 ft. or less, was quite well-formed, and not abnormal in any way physically. I kept him, as I did also other short persons under observation for a time, and I have always found them inclined to be troublesome. It must be clearly understood that these persons are in no sense of the word dwarfs. Dwarfs do exist in Mende country, and are quite apart.* I saw one at Bonthe, an elderly man whose native town was Bawoma on the road from Boajibo to Blama on the railway. His personal name, Sao, indicated that he was the elder of twins. He said he was the only one in the family a dwarf, and that his children were normal. His height was 3 ft. $10\frac{1}{4}$ in. His head was big and his body strong, but his limbs never grew. I give his photograph, and others are depicted in Alldridge's book, "The Sherbro and its Hinterland." The short men included in my record of heights

* The Mende word is Tumbu, and they are called personally Gendeme or Gendebe.

are not fairer in complexion than the majority of the nation. They are the usual brown or dark brown colour. Possibly they represent a submerged race of blackish Pygmies.

In the following table I have summarised the descriptions of fifty-nine Mende male adults taken at random from various parts of the country.

Head. Dolicho, 38; Mesati, 15; inclining to Brachy, 6.
 Face. Long, 12; medium, 33; broad, 14.
 High heads 37.
 Projecting occiput, 15.
 Prognathism. Great, 8; medium, 35; none, 16.
 Forehead. High, 26; medium, 26; low, 7.
 Broad, 26; medium, 26; narrow, 7.
 Vertical, 43; slightly receding, 16.
 Eyes. Close, 4; medium, 37; far apart, 18.
 Nose. Flat, 31; medium, 23; prominent, 5.
 Chin. Receding, 31; medium, 16; prominent, 12.
 Ears. Outstanding, 11; flat, 48.
 Large, 7; medium, 30; small, 22.
 Lips. Thick, 28; Medium, 21; thin, 10.
 Hair on face. Much, 3; medium, 40; none, 16.
 on body. Much, 4; medium, 40; absent, 15.
 Complexion. Black, 24; brown, 28; red, 7.
 General build. Stout, 34; medium, 19; slight, 6.
 Trunk compared with legs. Long, 15; medium, 44; short, 0.
 Shoulders. Square, 14; medium, 36; sloping, 9.
 Thighs. Thick, 33; medium, 20; thin, 6.
 Calves. Thick, 28; medium, 20; thin, 11.
 Five of these 59 had some grey hairs. Two had enlarged navels. One had front teeth filed to points.
 Average height of the 59 less than an eight of an inch under 5ft. 5ins.

The above figures are too few to give any really useful data. I merely append them as an indication.

The age of a black man is usually a matter of speculation, and without some guide it is difficult to form even an approximate estimate. The tendency is for Europeans greatly to underestimate. In the course of this book I have made numerous references to the age of persons met with, and as can be seen in Chapter X, I was able to assess the approximate age of some very old people, two women being about a hundred years of age.

As regards the shape of the head, the majority of the Mende are dolichocephalic, but comparatively few individuals have this

feature in an extreme degree. There are fifteen mesaticephalic and six coming just within the range of brachycephalism in the fifty-nine described. Their faces are usually of medium length compared with breadth. The cheek bones are fairly prominent. The head, measured over the ears, is in by far the majority of cases rising high; and projecting occiputs are not the rule. Whilst I have shown in the table a number of cases of what I have called great prognathism, it is very much less than what is often met with in other tribes. In fact prognathism is on the whole comparatively slight. The forehead is generally vertical and then turns back with a rather sharp curve. In some cases it is fairly high, though not by any means equal to that usually met with in a long-faced European who would be described as having a high forehead. The breadth of the forehead is often deceptive, owing to the prominence of the temporal ridges running back from the outer corners of the eyes. The eyes are not usually very wide apart, and they seem wider than they really are in individuals who have no bridge to their nose. One man in those measured had a big Roman nose. The chin is for the most part receding, a feature sometimes retained even when the other features are out of the ordinary. Mis-shaped ears are very rare. Ears are from small to medium, and even those I have indicated as outstanding are not so to a very great extent. Great flapping ears so often met with in Europeans, are unknown. The lips are usually thicker than a European's, but the aggressive thickness so commonly shown in sketches as a feature of a typical negro is very rarely seen. On the other hand very thin lips are rare. The teeth are for the most part good, though caries is not unknown. The upper middle incisors are commonly filed on the contiguous sides so as to make an inverted V-shaped gap. Occasionally individuals are met with who have all their front teeth filed to points, but it is rare.

For the most part the Mende is not a hairy man. The hair on his head is, of course, crisp and curly, as is common to all negroes. Baldness either on the crown of the head or running back from his forehead, is occasionally met with and not necessarily among very old men. Mohammedans will sometimes shave the head completely, but usually men of all ages merely keep the hair clipped close, indulging perhaps in a parting on one side or other slight variations as part of the head being shaved. Women I may add, dress their hair in a variety of ways, which in some cases do not permit them to carry a load on the head.

Hair on the face is usually scanty, but strengthens with age. The young men wear none except perhaps a slight moustache, and if any growth should show, shave it off. Old men generally wear short close clipped beards, and Mohammedans will wear a goatee. The older men among the Ko-Mende, or northern Mende, wear long moustaches which are usually thin. One sees this feature on some of the soap-stone heads that have been dug up. In the country bordering on Liberia a fringe all round the face may be worn.

As to body hair, most Mende adults have hair on the lower legs without its extending much to the thighs. If they have any on the chest I have classed them as having much hair. Whilst therefore quite hairless men are few, those with much body hair are equally few. A large proportion of the hairy men I have met with have been between the heights of 5 ft. 6 in. and 5 ft. 7 in.

In dealing with skin colour I have adopted the distinction of black, brown and red. As a matter of fact really black persons, like some of the Nilotic negroes seem to be, are quite unknown. They are at most only a very dark brown. The "red" represents a lighter colour. These red men, however, and certainly those included in my list, were not mulattoes, but I was not able to trace the origin of their fair colour. It may be due to recent or old European admixture, but where this exists it is usually obvious being visible in the features. On the other hand there are many indications that a large part of what is now negro country was in former times occupied by fairer races. The Fula are a case in point of an ancient surviving fair race not yet submerged in the flood of negroism, though in many parts fast becoming so. The Gola tribe, too, in Liberia, have, I understand, a legend that they were in former times much fairer than they are now, and the Kissi are certainly fairer than the average Mende. It is, therefore, by no means necessary to ascribe a European origin to fairness of complexion, though it is more likely to be the case near the European settlements.

Whilst on the subject of colour I may note that Africans who are albinos have brownish hair.

As to general build: among the shorter men we find the so-called typical "forest" negro. This is the man with the long trunk and short, sturdy, legs. For the most part he is very solidly built. The bulk, however, is all muscle, and I do not think that his bones are any thicker than a more slimly built fellow-countryman, as he is usually not able to carry for long

distances the same weight that a taller though slimly built man will carry. The taller men are more symmetrically built from a European point of view. There is a better proportion in the length of their limbs, but really long legs are seldom seen. I have not recorded a single instance.

Malformations are few. One sees enlarged navels, and I knew one man with six fingers on each hand.

Dr. M. C. F. Easmon, who had been studying the question of the low birth-rate, very kindly allowed me to make use of his notes. He obtained his information from women who came to hospital for treatment, and came to the conclusion that the increase of the population by birth is very small, indeed almost infinitesimal.

The total population of the whole of the Sierra Leone Protectorate is estimated at forty-eight to the square mile. In some parts of Mende country it is thicker, but where this occurs it is entirely due to the presence of large towns. In Kennema District, for example, it is eighty to the square mile; in Pujehun District, forty-nine; and in Sumbuya District eighty-four.

Dr. Easmon questioned 1,020 women in six centres in Mende country, and from the answers learned there were 2,297 births, and of these 817 infants died in the first year. Of the women 179 were without children, but some of the married women would be too young to have issue. Not all these women were Mende, however. They were mixed as follows: Mende 698, Creole 179, Temne 59, Vai 21, Sherbro 21, Mandingo 18, Susu 14, and 10 other local tribes. It is therefore difficult to arrive at the position as regards Mende alone.

There are many causes for the small increase. There is evidence that Malaria impairs fertility. Another is polygamy, and it is found that chiefs have more wives than children. This can scarcely be put down to the fault of the women, but to the fact that the chief, especially as he becomes older, is incapable of serving all his wives, unless he be of the capacity of the Roman General mentioned by Gibbon.

In the big trading towns on the railway many men merely have temporary wives, and abortion is a common practice.

As regards the new born infant, death is largely due to faulty feeding and to too early feeding. The Mende woman, and others do so also, puts a little very soft boiled rice into the infant's mouth at birth in order to "open its throat." Forcible feeding later is also common.

The conclusions arrived at by Dr. Easmon are that the low birth rate is due firstly to malaria, and secondarily to polygamy. Personally I would put polygamy first, and eliminate malaria altogether, for the reason that there is a bigger and more vigorous population in Africa in malarial lowlands than in malaria-free uplands.

He also puts high infant mortality down to primitive midwifery. Against this though there is the fact that it is generally an easy affair, and a nation gets the midwifery it deserves and needs. Animals in a state of nature need none, and mishaps are rare.

Still if one cause of infant mortality be malaria, another is certainly early feeding with the wrong kinds of food. The feeding question is very important, and from my own limited observation I have often wondered if African mothers know in the least what is good for their young children. One hears of infants being given peppers when sick, thereby eventually killing them. This was in the Gold Coast. I have seen, in Cameroons, mothers carry their naked babes on their backs sitting on a sharp thin string.

One can only assume that for some special reason Nature puts foolish ideas into mothers' heads in order that the increase in population may be kept in check.

African boys are as a rule behind European boys in physical development taking age for age. The girls on the other hand are possibly more precocious, but considering the difficulty of getting the exact age of African children comparisons are difficult. In any case, I am informed by more than one medical man that babies at birth average $6\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. weight, against $7\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. in England. This is for Sierra Leone, but it is possibly not the same for the bigger built peoples nearer the Niger River, and in the Sudan generally.

Mende tribal marks are on the front and back of the body. One may see men with three vertical lines, parallel, and about half an inch long on each cheek. They are usually very faint and are affected only by the western Mende. They are made by cutting a series of very small dots. The back of the neck is usually marked by a few short lines which are not always exactly alike. The Poro marks are down the back, and I give an illustration of them. There is a main line running from the neck to the base of the spine, and from this are roughly horizontal lines passing under the shoulder blades and also along the waist. They are made with small notches nicked out. Additional marks are circles round

the breasts, and all are indicative of the position attained by the individual in the Poro society.

Without attempting to go into the psychology of the Mende, I may say a few words as to the relationship between the shape of the head and character. If one is looking for a man with some mental capacity above his fellows, it is certainly desirable to select one with the greatest height above the ears, and mesaticephalic. A man with a long head and one that is straight on top from front to back, is commonly less useful, even if his forehead be tolerably high. Of course one looks for a high and broad forehead, but even if this feature be not very prominent, a well-curved dome-shaped head is a fairly good indication of intelligence. If, however, the hinder part of the head is under-developed, the lack of energy resulting therefrom makes the individual less useful than he should be. The common feature of a sunken forehead with two great outstanding prominences or bosses indicates that the fore part of the brain has not developed fully. A cross with a neighbouring or kindred tribe produces a better brain, and adults who went to school when young, it seemed to me, do not show this contraction of the forehead so much as illiterates. It may merely be, however, that only those with some capacity to learn went to school.

On the whole the mental capacity of the Mende is by no means low. They are capable of considerable ingenuity, and are resourceful. They have not, however, shown any marked indication yet of being able to rise to a higher stage of development, or of being able to fill positions which other natives of West Africa have no difficulty in attaining. This will probably be a matter of years, if not of generations.

In connection with the wide range of heights of this tribe, a point I must mention is that I have noticed that tall and short men do not readily mix socially if there are others of a more approximate height to associate with. It may be there is an unconscious feeling that the race is not quite the same, much as in England social distinction between classes is at bottom racial.

CHAPTER XVII

THE MENDE FAMILY, BIRTH, AND DEATH

THERE is nothing very complicated in regard to Mende relationship. The reason is that the succession is patrilineal as with the Mandingo. All the same there are indications of a buried matrilineal succession. One may therefore assume that the submerged tribe or tribes which the very ancient Mandingo infiltration absorbed have to some extent clung to their old mother-system, and it survives in the mixed Mende nation.

My reason for saying this is that there are different names for certain near relatives according as to whether they are on the father's or mother's side; the maternal uncle is a person of importance; and, a father may not see his wife's new-born child for a certain number of days.

The unit is the Mbonda or family. A person says "nya bondesia," that is "my relatives," or "my families" in coast English. There is also another word "Wonga," meaning relatives. You say, "bi wongesia," your relatives. The two words seem to be the equivalent of each other, but I think there must be a distinction. In any case I have not arrived at it. Yet another phrase is "bi nungesia," your people, in the sense of those connected by blood or marriage.

The head of the family is the father (kei), who is addressed as "keke" or "nya kei." He can have as many wives as he pleases. The mother (njei, vei) is also of importance in the family, and more so to the children than to the father unless she be the principal or head wife. Her importance lies largely in the fact that the maternal uncle (kenya) seems to play a more important part than the father's brother (kewuloi). All elders receive much respect, and all uncles by blood or marriage are addressed as "keke," a term also extended to elderly persons generally. The mother is addressed as "Yei," as are also aunts (nje-wuloi); and as with "kèke" it is a polite form of address to elderly women.

Among the various male relations who are described as "nya kei," i.e., my father, are father's sister's husband and mother's

sister's husband ; "kewuloi," or little father, includes father's elder and younger brothers, and "kenya" mother's elder and younger brothers.

Correspondingly "njei," mother, includes father's sisters, and mother's elder sister. "Nje-wuloi," little mother, includes mother's younger sisters, father's wives, father's brother's wives.

Entitled to the greatest respect are the grandparents. "Mamada," grandfather on both sides, is addressed as "nya mamada," my grandfather, and the term includes great uncles by blood and marriage.

"Mama," grandmother, including all great aunts, is addressed as "nya mama," my grandmother.

Brothers and sisters, and half-brothers and half-sisters, are "ndewe," shortened to "ndě." An elder one is "nya nde wai," my big brother, and is addressed as "ngo," whether male or female. My little brother or sister is "nya nde wuloi."

My husband is "nya hini," and my wife "nya nyahei," and starting from these the many relations by marriage are given different names. "Njemo," or "yemo," is husband's mother, wife's sister, and husband's sister.

"Mbela," addressed as "Demia," covers fathers-in-law and brothers-in-law in every shape and form. It includes husband's father, husband's brother, husband's mother's brother, and elder brother's wife's father. Then on the wife's side it includes wife's father and brother and wife's mother's brother. Still further it includes brother's wife's father and brother, sister's husband, daughter's husband and father.

"Mbanya" is wife's sister's husband and husband's brother's wife.

"Njemomo," or "semomo," is brother's wife, and from my inquiries I found it often mixed, and no doubt in error, with "njemo."

"Lo," or "ndo," plural "lenga," covers a host of children, your own, your brother's, your husband's brother's, wife's brother's, sister's, husband's sisters, and wife's sister's children. When distinction is needed, a woman's own child is called "ngi gohū loi," or "her belly child." A son is "hindo lo," and daughter "nya lo," i.e., male and female respectively.

All nephews and nieces by a sister are called "nyagbe."

Men call each other "ndakpe," short for "ndakpa-loi," meaning a grown man.

The many forms of address are adopted to avoid the use of the person's name, which is not lightly to be shouted for all to hear. When one considers that every person, male and female had a birth name, which later was substituted for an adult name, and how later if a man leaves his country or enters into any foreign profession he almost invariably takes a new name for the use of his new associates; how further if he changes his work he will often change his name with it, especially if it has not proved remunerative, entering as it were into a new spiritual life, it can be seen how little individuality exists.

As to marriage: close intermarriage is not permitted, but there do not seem to be elaborate rules on the subject.

First cousins may not marry. If they do the child will die, it is said, and that reason seems to be sufficient to check it. Further, cousins' children are not allowed to intermarry, though whether this is a fast rule I cannot say. I have heard of Sherbro first cousins resident in Freetown marrying, but in any case it is the exception, and probably would not have taken place in their own country.

One finds a custom that seems strange to Europeans, but when scrutinised is seen to be in order. A man may not marry his maternal uncle's child (cousin), but may marry her mother, his uncle's wife, when the uncle dies. In the child there would be the same blood as himself, but the child's mother is of quite different stock.

Another thing too, is that a maternal uncle, may give one of his wives to his nephew in his life-time, and if that wife has already borne a child, that child will go with its mother. A man's "kewuloi" can do the same, but it seems to be specially the privilege of the maternal uncle.

So that while a man may not marry a cousin he may marry that cousin's mother—his aunt by marriage.

At any time an uncle may give one of his surplus wives to his nephew. The only prohibition is the same blood.

Apparently a wife for a young man is selected by his mother and grandmother jointly, or by his father and mother. As one young man put it whose wife had been selected by his mother and grandmother, if you are not satisfied you had better clear out.

A present of a handkerchief, or anything else, according to the capacity of the person, is given to the girl. If she accepts it, the man goes to the family with a present and asks for the girl as his

wife. The girl is then consulted. There are various ways of getting a wife, and at one time the father generally handed over his daughter to any person he liked. There is an amusing instance of this given by Alldridge—of the arrival of a bride sent to a chief by a fond father, also a chief, who had decided the former would make an ideal husband.

Before a girl is given out of the family all the members like to be consulted, or they may make a fuss and can only be appeased by gifts.

After payment of the necessary headmoney to the girl's family, which is a varying amount according to locality, time, age, etc., the family too give her presents as her dowry.

A husband has some obligations, among which is that he must contribute to the funeral expenses of his wife's family. Further, if any of her relatives are in financial trouble he must help, both of which seem relics of mother rule, or matrilineal descent.

In regard to divorce, if the woman goes away from her husband her family must refund the husband's expenses. The children of the marriage are handed over to the husband, but they have the right to visit their mother. Sometimes the parents come together again, especially if the family have not refunded.

The husband can reclaim if the wife fails to come to him, or has had connection with another man.

When the refund is made every item is carefully gone into and sworn to.

I may here add a few notes as to succession to property. The head of the family settled family affairs, but if his decision is disliked an appeal may be made to the chief. The head of the family is responsible for all family property. When parents die he controls until sons and daughters are of age. If the head mismanages, the whole family will collectively decide to hand over the trust to someone else, or it may be shared out.

Brothers and sisters have the first right to the property of their deceased brother, and are responsible for the custody of the children. When all brothers and sisters of a deceased brother are dead then the eldest son or daughter in the family takes up the first right to the property. The son obtained by the marriage of a man to his uncle's daughter has first right to the property of his deceased father. This last statement, obtained from a native writer in "Sierra Leone Studies," is curious, and indicative that marriage of cousins does take place though the general opinion is against it.

CHILDREN

Details pertaining to child-birth I do not pretend to have any knowledge of.

For three days, I have been informed, the husband may not see his wife's child, and not till then either may any other male person see the infant.

Shortly after birth the child is named by the father if a boy, by the mother if a girl, but whether this is the invariable rule, I am not sure. This is the first name, or birth name, "Gbatoi" in Mende. When approaching puberty the child if a boy goes to the Poro, if a girl to the Sande (or Bundu). Here they receive the name they will bear through life. Not satisfied with this, however, the Mende, as I have said above, takes pleasure in changing his name if he works for Europeans, so as effectually to prevent his name being a means of identification.

Twins, as is so general in Africa, are regarded as outside the sphere of ordinary children. Their parents may not name them. Instead there are names which all twins must bear, whichever their sex. The first-born is Sao, a contraction of Salo, the next Jina. The child born next after twins is named Gbei, which seems to be also the name of the third of triplets.

After a child is able to run about and look after itself the parents bethink them of a person to whom they can confide it to bring up. Parents do not usually keep their children at home, but hand them over to relatives or friends in another town. Everybody therefore practically brings up somebody else's children. If the children stay at home they say they will not do as they are told. Girls are handed over to female relatives or friends in the same way as boys are to male relatives or friends.

The children when handed over have definite duties to perform. The African recognises that there is a time for work as well as a time for play, and though the work may be done without outward and visible hustle, still it goes on. The children have a lot of freedom, but there are jobs they have to do. The smallest boys can do work about the house, watch it, sweep up and other small fetch-and-carry jobs. Later on they may be employed as messengers, and then learn to build a house and do farm work. Even early, however, he may accompany his father or other grown-up person out to the farm carrying some small object connected with farming. As quite a tiny child he will, with bigger boys, at the time the rice crop ripens, sit aloft on a high platform and yell and shout all day to drive away the birds in their efforts

to eat the grains of ripening rice. As a bigger boy he may have a platform to himself and wave around a long stick, still more to scare the birds which pay no attention to the scare-crows set up. There is always something in connection with farming a child can do, which it would be a waste of time and energy for an adult ; and these odd jobs the children do, and willingly.

Long days all the year round spent in the farms make the youngsters very familiar with nature, and they become well versed in bush-lore, and acquire a competent zoological knowledge.

When the youth begins to get strong he will go out to do road making and clearing, and may be sent with produce to distant towns. Accustomed from earliest childhood to carrying things on the head, which increase in weight with their years, their bodies gain great strength. They have no need of gymnastic exercises to make them straight.

Little girls play about and do odd jobs in the house, and learn early to fetch water. As in other countries their duties are to look after and carry about tinier children than themselves. Women, like the men, become strong, and carry a baby on the back and a load on the head.

Girls are taught fishing, which is the special work of the women, not with hooks and lines, but with hand nets which are of fine mesh and fixed on to a circular wooden or cane hoop about four or five feet in diameter. Fishing takes place chiefly when the rivers are low. The nets are sunk in the pools or streams and so the small fish are caught. The making of weirs and dams is the work of the men. The smallest girls do not go with the fishing parties, mostly grown women do that, but they learn to make and mend the nets. Other duties are cooking, sweeping, spinning and dyeing yarn for the weavers, who are men.

In later years the women spend much time in the farms, their work beginning and continuing all through the season after the men have cut and burnt the bush. When the crop is ripe everybody turns to, both male and female.

When reaching the age of puberty both boys and girls go to their respective societies where their education is completed, and they learn dancing and singing. I deal with Poro and Sande in another chapter.

DEATH CEREMONIES

It is when a person is about to end this life that he thinks most of where he is going, which is really where his spirit is going.

Hence death ceremonies and theories of the future are closely related, and can best be dealt with together.

The burial customs of the Mende are in many particulars like those of the Temne, a full description of which is given by Mr. N. W. Thomas, and also agree with those of other tribes in the Colony. On the other hand there are differences in different parts of Mende country itself. This may be due to the retention of the customs of ancient tribes which the Mende have absorbed. The general uniformity with other tribes may be due to an all-pervading Mandingo influence and blood. The introduction of Mohammedanism has further modified the old customs in varying degree; and Christianity is now doing the same.

When a person is approaching his end and beginning to gasp for breath he is said to be climbing the hill of death. This, however, is not a universal belief, and certainly some Gba-Mende do not know it. When his breath has gone his Ngafe (spirit) crosses a big water and then goes up the hill of Gbavanja, which some people place in Konno country. The reason for their doing so is obscure. Perhaps it was because the hill country there was an early habitat of the Mende. In any case it may be placed parallel with the legend of the Temne that a dead chief goes to Futa, and when his successor is appointed he is said to have come back. The direction in both cases is northward. As to this hill in Konno, Good and Bad alike climb it and eventually reach Ngewo-lahfi, or God's town.

Against this belief is the opposing one that departed spirits descend to the bowels of the earth. I have a story relating to this, and also a somewhat indecent song in support. Among the Vai this belief is held, and the way to it leads through water. "All our forefathers are in the place of departed spirits," says a story. "Thou hast come into Hades. There is no more any way here by which thou mightest go back."

The approaches to a Mende town have graves on each side of the road. If the town expands it follows that the graves eventually find themselves inside the town, but they are never built over. They are oblong in shape and marked with large stones set close together along the edge, with usually a larger stone placed within where the head is.

A chief is usually buried inside the town and a hut, or barri, erected over the grave; and heads of families may be buried close to their own house. If a person dies in another town the body will be brought back if not too far, especially if he be a big man.

In former days it was the general custom, which is now only observed by pagan Mende, to cut the spleen out immediately after death. It is put into a basin of water. If it sinks it is bad. There is witchcraft in it (hɔne). If it floats—Kohfi gole mia, it is clean belly, that is, all is well. The spleen is afterwards buried with the body.

The examination of the spleen is not confined to the Mende. It is practised by the Sherbro and the Krim, excepting Mohammedans and Christians. I gather too, that the Gba-Mende do not observe this practice at all at the present day.

Among the Krim, who as I have said before, are mostly Mende speaking, upon the examination of the spleen depended the place of burial. If the belly were ceremonially clean deceased would be buried before his own house, but in the bush if evidence of witchcraft were found. Now official cemeteries are being established.

The body is laid out flat, and with a pagan Mende it is wrapped in mats, and country cloths may be laid on the top of the body. If deceased was rich many cloths would be put in the grave, which is first fully lined with mats. Further, a rich man might even have money and valuables put in the grave with him.

Then there is the curious custom again of putting money in his mouth. A folded cloth, passed over the head, on which is a hat, binds the jaw and keeps the mouth closed. This is only observed, and naturally, with rich men. An alternative is to tie money in a cloth and put it in the hand of the deceased, whether a man or a woman.

Evidently the money is to pay the way of the deceased to God's city, but what was used before coined money came into circulation I could not ascertain.

According to Mr. Thomas gold is put into the mouth of deceased Paramount Chiefs in Loko.

Earth is thrown into the grave and trodden down. Sticks are usually set up first to enclose the grave, and later stones are substituted. This applies to both men and women. Further a kola tree is planted at the head.

The foregoing are Gba-Mende pagan customs, and with regard to putting money in the mouth it may be noted that the Gba-Mende are near the Loko.

These customs may vary in other parts of the country. As regards Mohammedans in Gba country the general procedure possibly is the same as in all Mende country in the leading features. The grave is dug and a cloth laid in it. The corpse wrapped in

white cloth is laid inside. Sticks are laid across to protect the body before the earth is thrown in. No one tramples the earth down, and there is no special orientation.

As regards Paramount Chiefs, or other big Chiefs in Luawa chieftdom in the extreme east of Mende Country, they may receive a temporary burial. The body, I was informed, is tied on to long poles which are laid on forked sticks set up in a great circular hole so as not to touch the ground. A roof is put over and the whole is covered with clay. In a year he may be moved and finally buried.

In Gba-Mende country if a big chief is buried after dark or before dawn, it is prohibited to children to go to the place. Only old people go, no youngsters.

Other special observances in Gba-Mende country exist.

When a Sande-jowi, that is Sande head-woman, is dying, no man may be present. The corpse is only seen after death.

When a woman dies in childbirth ("Koime," a woman with child, is called) the bed in which she died is laid on the grave, sometimes broken and sometimes not. If the child also dies it is buried in a separate grave close by.

If a person dies of a bad disease everything he possesses is put inside the grave.

Drowned persons are buried at the water-side.

If a person dies of leprosy (Kpokpoli), Halebela, i.e., medicine men, take him and bury him in an anthill (Hiwi). Ordinary people may not see him. Sone is the name of the medicine man who does this. The Vai do this also and cover the grave with leaves. They do not inspect the bowels of a leper.

A stranger is buried by the Chief of the town if he was residing with him. If he was residing with someone else that person must give the Chief money, and the Chief and the house-holder jointly bury him. He will be buried on the road by which he came, a custom which agrees with that of the Munshi, far away on the Benue River in Nigeria, and accordingly no doubt many intermediate tribes have the same custom.

The wives of a Poro man will be driven away before he is actually dead, and men wash the body, but it seems that after this is done the wives may come and watch the corpse.

Women wash deceased women's bodies.

Alldridge, who gives some pre-burial customs, says Tasso men are buried in the bush, not in the town. In this connection there are other persons of distinction who are not buried in the town, such as the war leaders among the Kuranko. It almost seems as

if their duties were regarded as not pertaining to any one town only and that therefore the wild is a more fitting resting place for them.

To all who have travelled in the country the death wail of the women breaking out as soon as life has left the body is a well-known feature.

When a person dies on the road-side a great heap of leaves soon marks the spot. Every passer-by is expected to add his handful. This is a Temne custom also.

When the Mende are in a foreign country they endeavour to observe their national customs as far as possible. The following is a list of articles and the account rendered in connection with the funeral of Overseer Joe of the Government Transport Department at Sekondi, Gold Coast, in August, 1918.

	£	s.	d.
Plank	1	10	0
Black cloth	12	6	
White cloth	10	6	
Brass to dress the coffin with	2	10	0
Case of gin	2	10	0
1 shirt		6	6
1 white trousers		7	0
1 sheep	1	2	6
1 silk handkerchief		6	6
1 cloth	1	5	0
Town Council charges	2	6	
	<hr/>		
	£11	3	0

Here is another at the same place, but more economical, of a Sherbro man who died in April, 1918. Being a Mohammedan a coffin was not required.

	£	s.	d.
Rum	1	0	0
Mats		9	0
Hausa gown	11	0	
White trousers	15	0	
Shirt		8	6
Candles		2	0
Soap		6	
Powder	1	6	
Pomade	1	0	
Lavender	2	6	
Mohammedan cap	3	6	
Rum		5	0
Matches		6	

£4 0 0

CHAPTER XVIII

WITCH-CRAFT AND SECRET SOCIETIES

WITCH-CRAFT is merely one way of expressing the desire of the individual in an African tribe, or indeed in other parts of the world besides Africa, to break away from the multitude.

This desire has fortunately ever been in the human race, otherwise it would not be human but merely on a level with the other gregarious species of animals.

The breaking away tendency has always been a matter of difficulty, and the counteracting tendency to remain at a dead level has more frequently than not successfully suppressed it. One line, namely that of witch-craft, has been ever able to hold its own in the struggle after individualism.

In Africa the counteracting movement or rather absence of movement has been on the whole so successful that for perhaps a hundred thousand years the negro has been unable materially to progress. In other continents, with which may be included the northern and non-negro part of Africa, it has been possible for the individual to grow rich, to develop other idiosyncracies, and to have the opportunity of doing that which comes to so many persons at times as an overwhelming desire, namely, to enjoy some measure of solitude. A people that even makes love at the top of its voice, and spends its whole life in public—with such a people the thoughts of all and the thoughts of one must coincide. It is bad form to be otherwise, and the dissident is not *persona grata*.

In the old Africa nobody could become rich except a person in the position of a chief, or those in his great favour whom he permitted to become rich. The best brains were not regarded as being for the benefit of the individual, but at the disposal if required of the people and the king. If he did not agree he was eliminated. Any reward he might get would be at the discretion of the king.

With all that, at all events at the present day, the desire of the African to become a big man is an all-pervading thought. It can find expression under European rule readily enough, but the individual practically has to leave his own country and go elsewhere to acquire wealth, wealth and greatness being synonymous.

In former days, and in remote places at the present day, perhaps the only outlet for this expansive desire is that of witchcraft. In spite of the dead level of life the Creator has implanted or evolved in some minds an activity and desire for action beyond their brethren. The direction taken has been generally into the field of abstraction, perhaps because that cannot be looted, and not into the field of mechanical invention. Of those persons who have essayed to know things some might be absorbed into the priesthood. This also to some extent implied the dead level of team work. Further, both sexes were affected.

It is, however, of very little advantage to dream away in the field of abstraction unless the process gives either power or some measure of greatness. Hence it follows that the individual studied the ways and means, and a pretence to occult powers brought fear to others, and thereby the vanity of the performer was gratified, although the material proceeds might be inconsiderable.

Witchcraft, therefore, grew to be an institution or a profession which in a primitive society could satisfy all the cravings of a crushed individualism to self-assertion. The individual separated himself or herself from the crowd ; there was opportunity to think and be at times alone ; there was the feeling that he was somebody ; and, further, there was the possibility of obtaining some of the good things of life by the skill with which he practised his functions.

Sometimes those persons who claimed the powers of witchcraft, which is no other than the power to make others fear, have overstepped the mark. Then they have been killed. Many, however, seem to have arrived at old age, and to have survived all the perils of this life.

My own personal views after acquaintance with persons claiming the power of witchcraft in however small a degree, is that they are a pestilential nuisance. They disturb everybody and everything, and one does not know what to do with them. One can only hope the spirit may move them to take a train (if such there be) and get quickly a hundred miles away and practise there.

Even the most educated and intelligent natives of Africa believe in witchcraft, and this accounts for the ready purchase of talismans written by Mohammedan priests, which wrapped up and sewn into little leather packets may be worn on the arms or body. Beyond the reach of Mohammedanism other objects may be made use of against witchcraft.

In the chapter on dreams there will be found many references to witchcraft. Further, it was the custom, and still is in places, of the Mende and Sherbro to cut open the bodies of deceased persons to ascertain whether their death was due to witchcraft.

The African is therefore always on the look-out for indications of witchcraft. This cult has found its embodiment in many secret societies all called after the names of animals. One must exclude from the list such societies as the Poro and Bundu. These societies besides being tribunals are also connected with the performance of puberty rites, and witchcraft seems to have no place therein. It is more than probable that they may in time of need call in to their assistance the other societies which do make use of witchcraft; and this is all the more likely since many persons will be members of both societies.

Among the secret societies of Sierra Leone in which witchcraft enters, may be mentioned the Leopard, the Baboon, the Boa constrictor, the Alligator. Incidentally most animals are incorrectly named in Creole English, having been originally mis-named in old English. The baboon is not the dog-faced baboon (*Papio*), but the chimpanzee or ape (*Troglodytes*); the boa constrictor is the python; the alligator is the crocodile.

In opening the subject I think I cannot do better than quote from two essays written by senior boys at Bo school. They were both about twenty years of age. Though their statements are not necessarily authoritative, still the writers with youthful naïvety have made some rather pertinent observations.

The most important superstitious belief, writes a Temne youth, is that concerning witchcraft. In this most of the important men of every chiefdom are concerned. That is why not very active steps are taken against it when somebody is killed by it. There are many ways in which people disguise themselves in order to attack others in their eagerness of eating flesh. One way is by the leopard, a second way the baboon, a third by the alligator, and many others besides. The way that principally commends itself is that in which people so change themselves that they become invisible at night and attack others. The attack is principally made on the inner organs such as the heart, and the blood of the attacked person is sucked.

Many diseases are directly attributed to witchcraft. The person therefore dies without receiving treatment for the disease.

BOA SOCIETY.

Another writes how witches go out in the night in search of their prey, and when they find a suitable person they suck the blood and finally cut out the heart, and so the victim dies. Old men and old women in former days were reputed to change themselves into witches, or boa-constrictors.

"When the cry of the big forest bats is heard for several nights it is suspected that the owner of the Ndile (python in Mende) has come into the town. There is great excitement, the women calling to their children to keep in the house after dark." If it continues, and especially if one or two children die during this time, a man who is supposed to possess supernatural powers, and who is reputed able to catch it, is hired. The man dances round the town for three days, and on the fourth points to an old woman.

In Mende country it is considered sufficient punishment to flog the culprit and drive her out of the town. In Temne country on the other hand more severe measures are adopted. A medicine man is called. He orders a fire to be lighted in the open. This having been done a big pot is put on. Oil is poured into the pot until it is half full. The medicine man puts in four pieces of iron, at the same time pronouncing certain magic words. When the palm oil boils the suspect is told to put his or her hand in and take out the pieces of iron one by one. If the oil burns her she is guilty, otherwise not.

If a big man in the country is suspected of possessing this Ndile, and the medicine man deputed to seek out the criminal proves it, he is not flogged, but he is given a certain kind of bird called in English the Fool-bird (*Centropus senegalensis*; in Mende—Nduli; in Temne—Aruna). The belief is that he who owns the witch in the form of a python must not eat this bird as he will surely die. The bird itself is not good to eat. Hence it is given to suspected culprits, who are sure to get sick when they eat it. For this reason they plead guilty although they are not. They are then fined a large sum of money, and after payment are set free.

This is what the two youths state. Even if they have never had personal experience of the doings of witches, at least they have gained their information from hearsay in their homes.

Captain W. B. Stanley, C.M.G., M.B.E., Provincial Commissioner, who has been the greater part of twenty years in Sierra Leone, confirms that there is a wide-spread and old belief among the Mende that certain persons are Boa-men (Ndile-bela in Mende; Anyaro in Temne) who kill young children by supernatural means.

The sudden deaths of very young children during the night from natural causes, such as fits, etc., are frequently attributed to these Boa-men, who are supposed, through witchcraft, to crush the victim to death, the limp appearance of the dead child before rigor mortis sets in being regarded as proof. Boa people may be of either sex, but they do not seem ever to have organised themselves into a secret society. It is more a case of individual witchcraft. To the Boa men are sometime assigned cannibalistic practices, but Captain Stanley could not learn that they have ever been proved against anyone claiming possession of this witchcraft, for the deaths of infants at all events occur without contact.

ALLIGATOR SOCIETY

The Alligator men work on different lines, and the claimants to this honour are all of the male sex. As may be judged they base their work on the habits of the reptiles they take their name from. Captain Stanley relates two interesting accounts. In 1911 the disappearance of a boy in the Tonko Limba chieftdom of the Karene District (this society is in all the Sierra Leone tribes) was attributed to Alligator men. Four persons committed for trial in connection with this case were convicted and sentenced to death. The evidence was based on a confession which led to the finding of some of the bones of the boy, and the marks of the fires where he had been cooked and eaten. Although the case when Captain Stanley committed them for trial appeared a reasonably strong one, yet he was assured by a number of the principal men of the chieftdom and of the town where the murder occurred that the prosecution would undoubtedly fall through, unless a witness gifted with second sight could be procured to testify to having seen one of the accused persons actually turn into the alligator. At the last moment a bright-eyed little girl of about seven or eight, supposed to be gifted with the necessary qualification, was brought up. She calmly related how, on one occasion, when she was taking one of the accused persons his supper, he suddenly in the seclusion of his house turned into a large alligator, much to her consternation. The witness was rejected on the grounds of youth.

In 1916, it is recorded, in the Bani chieftdom, a case occurred in which certain ill-disposed persons bought a young crocodile, and after performing certain ceremonies over it, which included treading on it, they turned it back into the river in the hope that

it would influence other crocodiles to become man-eaters, and thus throw the chieftdom under suspicion that actual men had done the killing and so lead to the deposal of the paramount chief.

The accused did not deny it.

This is a very clear case of the employment of witchcraft to bring about certain ends in a very indirect sort of way ; but then the African brain works that way, anyhow in matters of difficulty.

The cases I have quoted go to show the African can wilfully, or perhaps I should rather say cannot help deceiving himself. He fails to recognise precisely whether the boa or the alligator is the reptile itself or a human being personating it, so great is his self-hypnotism when it comes to such matters. Other examples I shall give relating to other societies will only emphasise this. In such a state truth and falsehood cease to have any independent existence. They are the opposite poles of a state of mind which have not yet come into position.

The Alligator society also exists among the Temne. Mr. Frere, District Commissioner, got in evidence once this choice fact. A party will sit round a tiny stuffed crocodile, or an imitation of one. Then it will grow. When it has done so to the requisite size, they all get inside and go hunting.

This is far better than table turning in this country. Another example of a witch-craft case which came before him was given me by Mr. Frere. All the parties concerned were Temne. A year before a child died. A medicine man was called in but nothing happened. After nearly a year a woman fell ill, and was seen by the medicine man, and before dying confessed that she by means of witchcraft had been the cause of that child's death. She died, and the medicine man was called in again. He said the proper thing was to beat the corpse, which he did. He then said the head must be cut off, which he did. The matter came into court, and the medicine man was given three months' imprisonment. Though it is nowhere laid down that it is a crime to cut off the head of a corpse, sanction was forthcoming under the ordinance relating to witchcraft practices which ought to be repressed, which is a right view to take.

THE LEOPARD SOCIETY, AND TONGO PLAYERS.

I now come to the Leopard Society, a society famed far through Africa. It is apparently not an organised society in the ordinary acceptance of the term, either in Sierra Leone, or in the other parts of Africa where it is found. To imitate the leopard, and in

killing to disguise oneself like that animal, are the simple rules ; and the greater the skill the greater the renown. The organisation such as it is is purely local, or at most tribal. Initiation involves strict secrecy. At most it is a temporary banding together of a few individuals of like disposition to effect a common object, but in any case these individuals must have the means of identifying each other wherever they may happen to be. If successful in their efforts they may be induced by circumstances to continue their work, possibly at the behest of others. It may be said that the rules of the game are always the same because their prototype supplies them.

There is one important reservation that must be made. There are among the Mandingo and sub-Mandingo tribes clans having totems. In some tribes totemism is scarcely recognisable, but in others it is fairly strong. There is always a clan that has the leopard for its totem. It must, however, be recognised that though these people may be called the leopard clan they are quite distinct from the leopard society, as much so as the partridge clan is. Among the Mende where totemism is very feebly developed, the Leopard society has been very strong.

Not so many years ago the extensive activities of the Human Leopard society caused great trouble, especially in Mende country and Sherbro. The reason for this activity does not seem to be clear, but is most probably to be associated with some economic depression.

The agents are almost invariably persons of between middle age and old age, a period in a person's life which is perhaps the most interesting psychologically. So expert became the devotees of this craft that it was impossible to tell whether the attack was by a man or a leopard, iron claws being used. Whether there was subsequent cannibalism, and to what degree, whether purely ceremonial, or on a full scale, was no doubt a matter of individual taste. Seeing, however, that cannibalism is very widespread in Africa, especially in regions where meat is exceedingly rare, it is not impossible that this practice was at times largely indulged in as a feast, all the more as it was incumbent on the Human Leopard to assimilate the ferocity of his prototype.

The object of the society, besides that of obtaining food, was to get human blood to anoint the great "medicine" of the society and give it renewed strength. This given renewed strength, the holder of the "medicine" himself derived strength therefrom. Its name was quite a simple one. It was Borfima, contracted from

Borofima, which means the "black bag," "fima" not being a Mende word in general use, but derived from the Mandingo "fing" meaning "black," or more precisely dark blue, such as is produced by indigo dye.

This little bag was said to contain amongst other things the white of an egg, the blood, the fat and other parts of a human being, the blood of a cock, and a few grains of rice. To make it efficacious and to renew its strength when the holder thought it needed it, which was when he had made some errors, it must be occasionally anointed with human blood and fat, for which a new murder was necessary, and apparently the victim had to be a young person. An oath sworn on this "medicine" was most binding, and it gave the holder great power to do many things. When he thought he was losing ground something had to be done.

There were subordinate Borfimas which derived their strength in turn from the mother Borfima. Separate murders were apparently not committed for them alone.

It would almost appear that the Human Leopard society was subsidiary in its existence to Borfima. Whether it was so or not, the two worked together harmoniously, and the same murder provided both a cannibal feast for those so disposed as well as renewed the strength of their sacred emblem. Which depended on which it would be hard to say. In any case the Borfima of Sherbro country is in all probability totally unknown, say, to the Human Leopards of the Congo.

What these Leopard men did in ages past we have no record of, but in recent years before the Mende war of 1898 they were certainly very active. Then there came an antidote, and the cure became worse than the disease. The Tongo players arose.

They originated in Gba-Mende country, and by their "medicine" professed to be able to discover human leopards. Nevertheless it is not impossible that they were only a revival at that time. Their object was to make themselves as terrifying as possible, and with that object had to give attention to their appearance. They dressed like a hunter, wearing an old short gown of country cloth, with sometimes knickers in addition, and they decorated themselves with strips of leopard skin and other objects varying no doubt with what they had available, for they could not be expected to be clothed all in a uniform; and all descriptions are not entirely alike.

Their leader was named Buamo Nepo, which name figured in the inquiry in Mperri country in about 1890, and his assistants

were Haka-wa (big load or thing) and Boju-wa (? = big thing), the former being so called from all the things hung round his person. They assembled the people of the suspected towns, did dances, and picked out the suspected leopard men, who were usually promptly burned to death.

Buamo Nepo, to add a few more details about him, was supposed to reside at Mongeri, and only came out himself if the palaver was a big one. From one informant I learned that the office descended to the eldest son of the holder. Further, that if Buamo Nepo were sent for to a distant place and there was war on the road, it would cease in order to allow him to pass through. This is only in accordance with his reputed magic powers. He could put himself in a bottle, in this wise. He retired behind his mat with the bottle, and the bottle was afterwards passed round with Buamo Nepo clearly inside! Whether there is anybody still holding the office I do not know. Buamo Nepo never did the seizing of a person himself. That was the duty of Bojuwa in the first instance.

The Tongo players acted in other matters besides finding Human Leopards. For instance, if a man fell sick and poison was suspected, the action taken by them to find the culprit was as follows. Medicine was put in an antelope's horn, and the leader of the Tongo procession went holding the horn in front of his face. He presented it to everybody he met. When the culprit was met the horn shook. That person was then seized and at once confined in a house. If the sick man died they killed him and burned his body, throwing the ashes in the river. If the person did not die the suspect was put in the stocks in the bush, and if the sick man quite recovered he would only be sold to the Susu traders, four head of cattle if a woman, two or three if a man. This was the practice I was told in old days.

In an inquiry held by Mr. T. J. Alldridge, District Commissioner of Bonthé, in 1891, he was informed that eighty suspected of being Human Leopards had been burned to death in one place, and he saw a great heap of burned bones at the junction of two roads which was four feet high.

The cure was getting worse than the disease, and the Sierra Leone Government had to intervene, and the Tongo players were repressed. A state of mutual suspicion and terrorism had arisen. In any case, however, the Leopard men had reason to fear,

Alldridge, writing in 1901—"The Sherbro and its Hinterland"—on page 159 says: "The Tongo players are already an institution."

of the past. The Government has re-organised the whole of the Imperri (Mperri) district, and neither the discovery of evil-doers by the Tongo players, nor the society of Human Leopards, now exists. This is another instance of the civilising power of the Government."

Unfortunately his statement was premature. No Government organisation can change the heart of the people, and never has. The trouble began again later, and the trial of suspected persons by a court presided over by Sir William Brandford Griffith, late Chief Justice of the Gold Coast, which commenced its sittings on 16th December, 1912, placed on record a great amount of evidence, an account of some of which can be seen in Mr. K. J. Beatty's book "Human Leopards," where many curious facts are related. Even Paramount Chiefs were implicated, but out of the three hundred accused persons only a very few were executed, a larger number were imprisoned, and others exiled. No doubt many escaped who deserved punishment, but owing to the dread which the society inspired many witnesses were incapable of giving evidence of any value whatever.

CHAPTER XIX

PORO AND BUNDU SOCIETIES

THE Poro is the big secret society of the Mende. Its principal functions are twofold. It acts as a grand national council controlling the otherwise independent chiefdoms of that nation. It also acts as an educational authority and performs the rites connected with the arrival of boys at the age of puberty.

The corresponding society of the other sex in Mende is the Bundu (Sande).

These societies or others similar are found in other tribes in Sierra Leone, and indeed largely throughout Africa.

In some tribes the same society, the Bundu, performs the rites on both boys and girls. In others the rites are performed by different societies. Of how and when the separation took place there is no record.

The Poro of the Mende is found among the Konno, Gula or Gola, Sherbro, Vai, among the Kisi anyhow in part, and among the eastern Temne only.

Among the Temne it is very restricted. It does not reach to Port Lokko, and is practically only in the Marampa chiefdom, so far as I ascertained, which is on the borders of Mende. It is called Gbanike. As regards the Temne, therefore, it may almost assuredly have been introduced from the Mende. The Vai call it Beri.

The antiquity of the Poro is very great. The *Purus Campus* of Ptolemy in the oldest mediæval maps of that geographer extant is placed where it is still, and would seem to indicate it had been heard of by the ancients. Indeed *Purus campus* is a very fair rendering of "Poro bush" which is the local "English" term for the places where the meetings are held.

The late Lieutenant-Colonel H. G. Warren, District Commissioner, gives the origin of the society as follows, from the native legend. He himself was initiated into the Poro society, one of the few Europeans who have been. I heard of another, said to be a missionary, but have no further information and do not even know his name.

Colonel Warren was probably only initiated into the first stage, and being obliged to take the oath of secrecy any details of interest, if any, died with him. In any case without a very perfect knowledge of the Mende language, it would be impossible for him to learn much. Further, a certain length of time is necessary for the initiation, and a sojourn under conditions no European could long maintain. Circumcision must have been already performed. Nevertheless admission to the lowest grade would make him a full Poro man ; and oracles have always been workable, and yet do not yield their secrets even if they have any.

When he was initiated he received the name if Nyandebo (=Nyande-mo, fine-man) so I was informed.

Warren gives the account of the beginning of Poro as follows ; " The Mende claim to be the originators (of Poro) and there is a tradition to the effect that it was brought about by the death of the first Mende chief. This chief had the reputation of being very powerful, and, on his death, his principal attendants, fearing that when his death was made known to his people there would be trouble in the country and a general split up of the Mende tribe, decided that they would keep his death secret. It so happened that the chief had an impediment which made him talk through his nose, so a suitable person had to be found to personate him. When the person was found he was sworn on the chief's corpse and other medicines that he would not reveal the secret. So effective was this, that others were gradually told the secret and likewise sworn."

The Poro is both a secret national council and a school for the youth of the tribe. The former assembles as requisite, and a chief may invoke the assistance of the Poro as it might be a national church.

In its capacity as a national council the Poro seems to be graded from the grand council down to subordinate local councils. From the latter, which act for and within chiefdoms, matters are referred to a higher council, and presumably the highest is that court from which there is no appeal and whose decisions are final. The highest court can also initiate action, and issue its commands which all subordinate members have to obey.

In the highest degree of Poro, the Kaimahtü, to which only chiefs are admitted, momentous decisions can be taken and no one else in the society be the wiser until they receive their orders.

Even that which takes place within the entrance to the Poro bush, called Kame-la in Mende, that is the mouth of the

mysterious place, or the door of mystery, must not be revealed, and no one ventures to break his oath to a non-initiate.

The Poro can act independently of the chiefs. The latter may be members of the inner circle, and so know what decisions are arrived at, but it by no means follows that they do. In fact it seems that the Poro leaders keep themselves independent of the executive authority in the same way as the leaders of a priesthood. Chiefs, like ordinary persons, have to obey the edicts. Chiefs too may invoke the authority of the local Poro, by whom it may be passed on to bigger men in the society, to assist them in dealing with their people in matters beyond their strength.

When the Poro is assembled for some definite object it is given a name, and its password is the name of the place of origin. Thus the Poro formed for the Mende rising of 1898 in the Bumpe chiefdom was called "Ngu-yira," or "Yu-yira," in its softened form, meaning "one word"; and the password was "Bumpe." To the place of origin neighbouring Poro leaders are invited. They hear what has to be communicated and call a meeting in their own town to which Poro leaders farther afield are invited, and so it passes on.

It does not necessarily follow that the resolutions passed in the original meeting are accepted by all persons invited. Whatever intimately concerns one region may have no interest whatsoever to another.

Nevertheless the Poro is the one and only connecting link between the many mutually independent chiefdoms of Mende country, and when a decision is arrived at by the highest Poro authorities that decision is virtually the law for all the Mende speaking chiefdoms. Few or none will venture to disobey. It is something higher than any individual chief. It is a council of delegates of the manhood of the nation.

Many lodges use a tortoise shell for calling the Poro together, and all entitled to do so must attend forthwith.

In his own court of justice a chief has to hear the complaint and weigh the evidence bearing on the case on both sides, and give his decision, all being done in public. With the Poro all is done in secret from accusation to condemnation and execution. There is no appeal nor redress, for all the personages are secret, and are only known to others of their grade, but probably by few below them.

Promotion in the Poro depends on various qualifications as I shall show in a table below, the social position of the individual counting considerably. Age is also an important consideration,

For promotion to grades above the lowest there appear to be hard tests of physical endurance. Secrecy is ensured by guarantors who introduce the candidate, and they bind themselves to kill him should he give away any of the society's secrets.

Its ramifications are wide, and no doubt those persons who perform the educational part of the society in regard to the youth of the nation, have little to do with the great political influences others wield.

War can be declared with foreigners, or internally, and equally brought to a close by an edict of the society. As the headquarters is probably governed by representatives from all parts of Mende country, there must at times be less unanimity of opinion in the high council of state than on other occasions, especially when civil war is brewing. One might even hazard the opinion that at times it must cease to function as a whole, or as regards the nation at large. That there cannot be a very great orthodoxy if I might so call it, is evident from the differences in the Poro in various parts of the country, a detail I always tried to get information about.

The Mende chiefdoms have long been inclined to mutual hostilities. As with all small tribes it was their principal pastime. The Poro grand council must have failed frequently in practice, as do so frequently all assemblies, to check hostilities, however well conceived their organisation might be. On the other hand it was by no means impossible that many of the hostilities were not fostered by them, and to many other disputes they may have been totally indifferent. If war be the principal pastime, like cinemas, it cannot be suppressed.

As examples of the mode of action of the Poro : when in 1898 the Poro society decided on war with the Sierra Leone Government the symbol sent through the country was half a burnt leaf, signifying war, and the number of days before the outbreak was denoted by stones, it is said. As regards the latter, though, it would be rather important to know the date the stones were sent off.

Some years ago a case occurred of the Poro society putting a prohibition on the oil palm nuts in certain localities, and refusing to take it off, with the result that the nuts rotted on the ground, and were good neither for food nor for trade. This went on till the Government had to interfere in the matter.

As a matter of fact the Poro still acts in this way. In the middle of the dry season comes the time when the bush must be cut for burning and the rice farms prepared. For this purpose,

which is the men's work, and in which the women do not take part but only come in later, all the male strength of the chiefdom is collected, and they begin on a very extensive farm of the chief himself. They must then cease from all other occupation, including principally the collection and transport of palm products. To insure this, the chief applies to the local Poro leader, and the Poro emblem is set up near the oil palm trees indicating that they must not be touched. In the northern part of the colony I did not see anything of this because when I was travelling there the time had not arrived. When, however, I was in the southern part of the colony in February, I saw these prohibition marks commonly. Where the palm trees were only in groups, each group would have the mark in a conspicuous place. Where they were general whole farm areas seemed to be included within the scope of one mark.

This mark is a branched stick stuck in the ground, about three or four feet high, round which is wound a creeper.

In places, especially round about Lake Kasse, the reason given me there was that it was to guard against the nuts being cut before they were properly ripe.

I will now give some of the outward signs of Poro as I was able to observe them during my very brief tour of less than four months in Mende country, and with the very few facilities at my disposal.

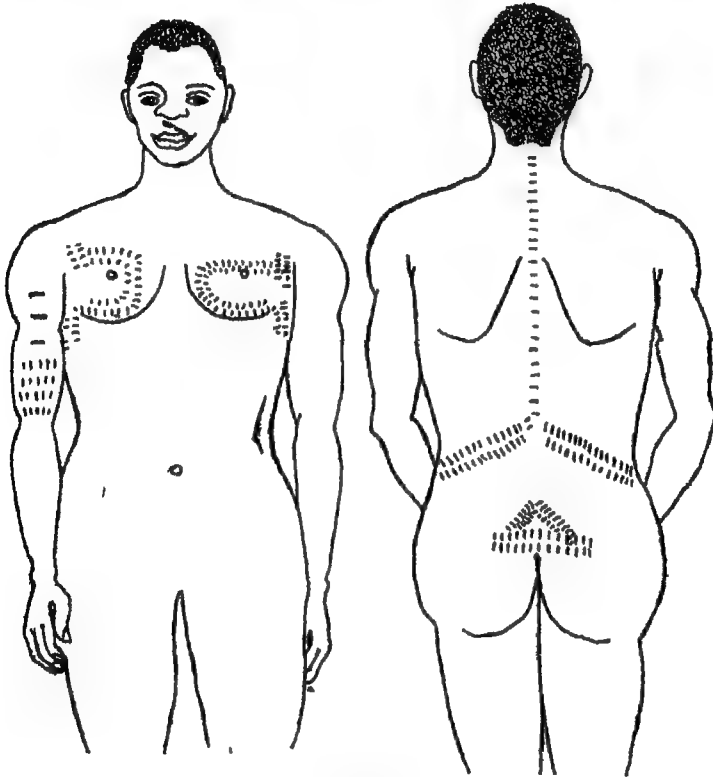
One sees the entrance (Kamela in Mende) to the meeting place close to the towns. There is no secret as to where it is. A rough sort of fence is set up for a few yards on each side of the gateway to the same, and in here the local lodge, if I may so call it, operates. My boys on my tour through the country were mostly Gba-Mende, and they usually explored the Poro places we came to, especially in the eastern part of the country, and they found them in some respects different inside from their own, showing that there is not strict uniformity.

The gathering time of the boys is in the dry season. When a boy enters he is circumcised and he takes his new or man's name. Thereafter his birth or infantile name ceases to be used except perhaps in his family or by intimates of his own age, and not always by them. Or it may be combined with his later name. The Poro name may be a pure Mende name, or a Mohammedan name, and I am not sure that an English name may not be assumed.

Then his Poro marks, soësia, also called Poro bili, an elaborate series of short cuts, are made on the back of his neck,

on his back, and on his breast. The initial ones are few and seem to be those on the back of his neck, which are commonly very faint. They increase with the grading. (The following diagram shows those of a certain Gba-Mende man).

The training may be for only a few months or may extend over a series of years when all the Poro lore is imparted, including



GBA-MENDE.

Front and back Poro marks.

dancing, athletics, the use of herbs for medical as well as magic purposes, etc. Every step requires fees.

Allridge, in his *Sherbro and its Hinterland*, gives a description of the first entry of a boy into Poro, which I am in a position neither to confirm nor dispute. In any case it relates to the Sherbro country, where the procedure differs somewhat from that of the pure Mende country, though Sherbro is largely Mende-ized,

and where the names of persons and things differ also in many cases.

The candidate for admission arrives at the Kamela, and behind the mat is a Wuja, or messenger of the Poro. He asks, "Who is there?", quickly putting such questions as "Could you bring water in a basket?", "Could you root up a full grown palm tree with your hands?" The new-comer answers "Yes" to all the questions. The Wuja then tries to draw him in, but the candidate puts out his foot and resists; and this is done three times, after which he is drawn in. While this is taking place, drumming is going on inside, but as soon as the candidate is drawn in, it ceases at once, and the new candidate is welcomed with shouts. He is then requested to pay his fee, and hands over, or did formerly, about eight leaves of tobacco. At the next barrier the same performance takes place, and the candidate pays again, this time rather more. The barrier passed he is handed over to the chiefs of the "lodge," and thereafter starts on the prescribed course of education, how far he proceeds depending on himself and his payments.

When the initiate goes into the Poro bush, the Poro "ngafe" (spirit, or in Creole English "devil") is supposed to have swallowed him, and the marks on his back are the said "devil's" teeth-marks, and the devil himself is the old first Mende chief who talks through his nose.

Poro youngsters, while under tuition, may only communicate with their families from a distance. They use what is called the Kokoye or bush-fowl call, speaking like that bird. The Bush-fowl is the yellow legged and spurred species which calls by day, and its name is derived from its call. The boy may say if he wants more food or clothes, but must not go much beyond that.

When eventually the time comes to restore the boys to their families, there is a procession through the town. The parents are waiting at their house doors to receive their sons. As the procession comes to each in turn the boy is handed over. Then they come to one house. The boy has died in the bush. The head Poro man takes a pot, holds it high and drops it so that it breaks in front of the parents, and then moves on. The father says nothing. He has already long since learnt it as a secret. The mother, however, breaks down and weeps frantically. She is supposed not to have known it before.

Now as to the divisions of the Poro and its personages. At the end of this chapter I give a list of them and of usages connected with this society.

The local chief of a Poro lodge or branch is called in Sherbro the Tasso, but this name is not in pure Mende. On very big ceremonial occasions the Tasso may be present with the Chief of the chiefdom or town. In addition to their special dress they used formerly to carry a load of human skulls, etc., on their heads, and the load was decorated with a great bouquet of feathers. It was called Tange-tanga, and the feathers were those of the Gbulo, or "Peacock," the *Corytheola cristata*. This load may be styled a head-dress. I was informed, however, that this decoration is no longer worn by Government order. Alldridge gives a picture of the Tasso. They wear the open network shirt or vest common to other performers of all kinds. There are tufts of raphia fibre hanging from their waists, called "Yele," and metal rattles below their knees, "Kpowi."

The local Poro Chief in a town may be given a special name. Bawo-kpaya (heal-power) and Tekpwe-wa (big basket) were two I inquired about in Gba-Mende country. The Laka or Laga, or Taka, is the chief Poro messenger in Sherbro and Temne, and he also leads the dance. His distinguishing dress is a shield, and he has his body spotted with white clay.

A Mende who had gone to the Temne Poro bush to learn "hale," medicine, believing it more powerful than the corresponding Mende medicine, told me it cost him some years ago £2 to become a Laga. In token of this he was tattooed with double circles round his breasts, about six inches in diameter. Asked how they were done, he said he did not know, but God (Ngewo) made them. I have always found a disinclination to say how the marks are made.

The lowest class in the Poro are Wujanga; Missi are Mori men, that is Mohammedan; and Gbinima are "devil" men.

In Luawa chiefdom, Eastern Mende, the divisions are

Paramount chiefs or big chiefs	Kaimahū, plural Kaimahuisia.
Chiefs of the Poro	Gbinima, plural Gbinimesia.
Ordinary people, messengers, dancers, etc.	Wujanga, indefinite plural. Wujangesia, definite plural.
Mohammedans	Misibu, plural Misibuisia.

I believe they are the same in other parts of the Mende country.

A person who has not been initiated into Poro is called Kpowa (or Kpowe, the definite form). In these modern days their number is probably growing as boys who have been educated do not invariably care to return and go through the barbarous rites of their ancestors, and this applies to the children of Christian parents. All small boys are, however, circumcised.

Among the Vai, Poro is called Beri. It is then that the males receive their national mark on their backs and a new name. At the same time they are instructed on certain subjects, including those of a sexual nature, which they keep strictly secret from non-initiates or from women. If an initiate reveals them death is threatened to him. The same applies if a Sande (i.e. Bundu) woman reveals the secrets of that society to a male person. Koelle considered that probably in its origin the Beri rite was identical with that of circumcision. This is probably the case since Bili in Mende means circumcision. The more modern practice, existing in Koelle's time, was for males to be circumcised (Botutie) in infancy, a change no doubt brought into the habits of the Vai by the introduction of Mohammedanism, a religion which is very strong among them. The only persons now circumcised in the Beri are those with whom it has been neglected at an earlier age, which is not frequently the case.

To go through the rite of the common Beri only requires a few months, whereas in what is called the dancing Beri, they have to be several years. Hence, also, only a few go through the latter. Youths generally enter the Beri when they arrive at puberty, or shortly afterwards. This all agrees with the Mende Poro, and as far as possible, so far as I can ascertain in Mende, care is taken that the boys go through in classes of nearly the same age.

These are some names connected with the society in Vai. Beri-fira is the place in the forest where the ceremonies are performed. Beri-fa is to go through the rite, and Beri-mo is the person who has gone through it. The national mark the Beritamba, has then been cut on his back. While they are having their Beri dances the youths are called Beri-wusa. The masked dancer, who acts the part of a being from the unseen world, and who makes the Tamba, is called Beri-nyana, or Beri devil, or demon. The corresponding person in the Sande is called Femba.

The following notes were made by me at Mendekoima, or Mendekema as it is also pronounced, about two days south of Daru, in Gaura chiefdom. When I arrived in the town in the

afternoon I was told the Poro was coming into the town that night. The house I occupied in the middle of the town, otherwise a singularly inconvenient position, was at least useful to me to note the successive occurrences. I was asked if I would shut the door and windows and not go out, which request I complied with. It was immaterial, as the moon had not risen, and the night was quite dark. There was continuous action, mostly of song, and I noted the time the scene changed. This town, incidentally, has a female chief.

- 7.40 p.m. Barking "Ho's" in the town. Similar heard also in the distance in the bush. Town streets empty, all the men having gone to join up. Only women left, indoors.
- 7.45 Short chorus. Words indistinguishable.
- 7.50 Ho, Ho, Ho.
Bo, Ho, Po.
Nwoni, be jia pe'ma yengele.
Bird, walk on the road carefully.
Above in chorus, continued.
- 8.00 Clapping of hands inside a near house.
Now the procession near my house.
Some are singing as if through a comb with paper over it.
Nomo, nya nya helei ma gwe'ema.
Nomo (his name), I am going to look for my hanging up place.
(The spirit is regarded as a bat—see chapter on songs).
The spirit is going to a certain house. Many Ho's.
- 8.07 Bo! Ngewo! A yi be lo.
Bo! God! He will sleep here.
Mabole! wa! Missi! wa!
Sandebela! wa! (for awa, plural). Sowi', wa!
(wa = come; the other words are names, see list.)
- 8.10 Ngi ngelungo.
He is exhausted or very hungry.
(Ngafe only eats crabs—ngakuisia.)
- 8.15 Silence.
Then, Ho chorus.
- 8.20 One man prosing something in short sentences.
- 8.23 Ho, Ho, chorus.
One man patters something quickly.
- 8.24 Ho, Ho, chorus.

- 8.26 One man called Ndawo-Mende, that is the Ngafe's spokesman, asking short questions in short sentences and making an address in short sentences.
- 8.32 Address ended. Ho—
 Tei-ji-bela, i se gbia ti ma.
 The people of this town, he thanks them.
 Ti mba bolo ngi lenga we.
 (Let) them cook rice for his children.
 Ndole bongoe ti ma.
 Great hunger is on them
 Nda-e-e.
 Have you heard? (= it is his word?).
- 8.36 Silence.
- 8.42. He is going back to the bush. They, sing :—
 Bomboi ta kasoma.
 The Sowu is cunning.
 They sing :—
 Ngi ya yei.
 I go home.
- 8.44 Singing dying down in the distance.
- 8.45 Ho—

There was, I understood, to be dancing in the town afterwards but perhaps my presence upset the arrangements.

I did not by any means understand all that was said, and one of my Gba-Mende said there were many differences from the procedure in his country, and further he professed not to be able to follow all that was said.

BUNDU.

In those Chiefdoms which have no Poro the circumcision of boys by the Bundu society usually takes place once a year. In the Susu country, and in Yalunka, which is a Susu tribe, it is regarded as the coming of age of the young men and gives permission to the youth or boy to wear a gown and he can thereafter marry.

In Kuranko, where there is also no Poro, Bundu is called Biriye (compare the Vai name Beri, and Bili in Mende for circumcision) and this name applies both to the male society as well as the female. The rites are held in the dry season for boys and in the wet season for girls. The period of residence in

the bush is only about four weeks, and boys are full grown before they go there.

The following is the Temne procedure in that part of the Temne country where there is no Poro, for as I have said above Poro has penetrated the eastern part. It pertains solely to the circumcision of boys.*

The Bati-Yeli, or operator, is summoned by the chief of the town, who has previously got permission from his Paramount Chief to open the Bundu. The night previous to the ceremony a dance is got up for the boys, and the following morning they are given a good meal, after which they are washed and carried to the east road of the town where the Bati-Yeli performs the operation. The boys are lined up, and each boy is supported by one of his near relations. In some parts the boys are blindfolded; in other parts Bati-Yeli wears a mask. The boy circumcised first is called Bataku, and is given the position of head Bundu boy, and is responsible for the conduct of the other boys. The last boy is called Titkabati. He does jobs for the others. After the circumcision is over, they are put in a grass shelter called Rokama, during which time they are taught certain dances and songs of the society by their guardian, an old man. An old woman, called Yabena, cooks for them, but no other woman may see them.

The boys whilst here may not use the name of any animal, bird or fish. If any boy should do so, he must catch it or he is punished. Certain foods are prohibited as guinea-corn, ground-nuts, pepper and eggs, the idea being that they act as an irritant.

As regards this last note, it is, I think, possible that the idea may be merely a late explanation of a fact that in some past age for some reason a certain article of food was not given. One reason may be that the society was introduced into a country where at the time some of these foods did not exist. The two first mentioned come from the open country, and are only of recent introduction in the forest region.

BUNDU SOCIETY—FEMALE.

In Mende and Vai this society is called Sande. Bundu is, I believe, a Creole word. Girls are instructed in sexual matters, an operation is performed of a nature which is popularly supposed to render them faithful as wives, and they are instructed in singing, dancing and all the duties of a wife.

* I extract these notes from Sierra Leone studies.

The meeting and instruction place is away in the bush, and here the girls are taken at the age of puberty. This place in Mende is called Kpanguima, and the period of seclusion is about six months, sometimes more and sometimes less.

The female Bundu exists in all the tribes of Sierra Leone, but it is said that there is one exception, and not to exist in the north-eastern part of the Limba country.

The chief of the Sande is called Sowi. In Sherbro, Nome is the second grade, and Ndigba the other officials who may even be some of the girls going through the course.

The Sowisia alone dance, the Ligbesia do not. They are only attendants. The functions of Nome I have not been able to trace, and have not always found the name known. It is, though, possibly she who dresses up for the well-known part of "Bundu devil" called Nowe in Mende, which can commonly be seen in all big towns. Nome is probably merely the Sherbro form.

The Nowe dresses in raphia fibre dyed black, and has a black wooden mask on her head. Her hands and feet are covered with cloth so that no part of her body at all is visible. She carries a bundle of twigs in each hand, she may do a little shuffle, but not properly a dance, and soon retires, her costume being too much for her. If she stops to rest she is screened by a mat which a Ndigba carries ready to hold round her.

Another function of hers is to take action if there be any infringement of rules by a man. She points out the culprit and takes him to the civil power, that is, the Chief, to be dealt with in the Barri (i.e. court-house). To aid the Nowe in her dumb pantomime, for her voice is not heard, there are the attendant Ndigbesia.

Another personage in Sande is Samba. She dresses in leaves, and assembles the girls to be taken away for initiation. She may also be called Samba-loli-moi (the Samba dance-person).

Another, again, is Maijo (Majo or Mashu in Sherbro) the name given to the teacher. A similar name Majiajo occurs, but whether this is a lengthened form of the preceding or quite different, I am unable to say.

Among the Temne the headwoman of the Bundu is called Bum Rigba.

A description of the Sherbro Bundu is given in Alldridge. The proceedings, he says, are kept with the utmost secrecy, especially as against the male sex. In Sherbro the entrance fee

for a chaste girl used to be a bushel of clean rice, a fowl, about a gallon of palm oil, and sometimes in addition a handkerchief and a bottle of rum. For an unchaste girl the fee was a country cloth. Later a further fee, as much as three pounds in value, was demanded. These fees go to the Bundu staff. The season is the rice season, which corresponds to the custom of the Kuranko. The girls' dress in the Bundu bush is some strings of long beads of native make called Julu, and apparently they are otherwise naked unless they go out, when they wear a very small loin cloth as well, plus their bracelets, etc.

Bogbeni is the name applied to an initiated Sande girl, who has already been excised.

Girls are often betrothed before they go to the Bundu bush. After six months they may receive their husband.

Dances are performed to the music of a rattle which is a calabash with a long neck covered with a loose net-work of beads made of hard seeds. This is called the Segbule, and the Sangbai a small hand drum, with a skin at one end only, beaten by men, serves as an accompaniment.

Some times a chief will hire a party of Sande girl dancers in Mende country, for a special occasion such as a funeral. The invitation may not be accepted, but if it is a heavy price will be paid, perhaps as much as £2 a dancer.

In Vai a girl who has been through is called Sande-musu, and one who has not Gboroa, but the latter are very rare among the pure Vai. The rite of circumcision is only done at puberty in the Sande and not at infancy. It is called Kese-kun tie. The women do not receive the national mark on the back the same as the Vai men.

If Sande girls accidentally meet a European in the road and they have not time to disperse into the bush, should he greet them, he should address himself to the old woman in charge, giving the usual common salutation of Bua. This is a corruption of Bu wa or Bi wa, You come, and is the common Mende salutation. They may reply in chorus, Ai-ye-jo. Then if they speak further it will be also in chorus, not individually, the leader who directs being the minutest part of a second of time ahead of the others. It is a sing-song reply in unison.

CHAPTER XX

OTHER SECRET SOCIETIES

THE WONDI SOCIETY

THERE is a noxious society called the Wondi. It exists only in the Gba-Mende country. It is said to be older than Poro, and when Wondi comes into the town Poro goes out, thus recognising Wondi's seniority.

Incidentally, as another example of clashing societies in Ronietta Temne friction exists between the Gbenle and Poro.

Wondi has been described as the "black hand" of the Gba-Mende country. It is a most powerful society and its decisions are final. Matters relating to war were especially in its hands. The 1898 rising was in all probability decided on by this society and passed on by it to the Poro, the blame when things turned out badly being subsequently put on to Poro, which I gathered it has been customary for Wondi to do in all awkward circumstances. Still my information may be wrong and I should be sorry to malign an ever innocent society which has its origin in the mists of antiquity. Still were it ever innocent it would hardly have been worth the members' while to make it survive. It would be far too uninteresting.

Every member of Wondi is required to be first a Poro man, and there is a later initiation of selected Poro men into Wondi. This would rather militate against the claim of the Wondi to be an older society, if it really makes such a claim.

I never saw a Wondi dance, so am compelled to extract from Sierra Leone Studies the very interesting account of one by Mr. J. de Hart. I relate merely his statements of fact, not his deductions, and have added the Mende names of the dancers, etc., which he does not give. I went through Mr. de Hart's account with an intelligent Gba-Mende, and the details so far as given seem substantially correct, but Mr. de Hart only saw a formal dance at which anybody might be present.

The date was the nights of the 10th and 11th of November, 1916, and the place Jama. The dance had been in progress some

weeks, and the occasion was the death of a chief. The chief had been buried in the Wondi bush, and the dance, which took place in an open glade near his grave, was continued until his successor was appointed, when Wondi would go.

On my arrival on the scene of the dance, a body of men (Kogba) armed with bundles of rods from two to three feet long were dancing round a bonfire in the moonlight and chanting to the accompaniment of drums. According to my informant, these were the fire people (ngombu-bela), and they certainly appeared to be worshipping the fire in the course of the dance. Another party, one of whom had a round buckler, and another a "Y" shaped stick (? kpangi) said to be used in the dance for pushing the fire people into the fire, and in ordinary life as an agricultural implement in combination with a matchet for cutting thick undergrowth, danced round at a distance. It could not be ascertained what the second party represented. After circling round and chanting for some time these two parties had a fight in which the fire people were victorious. Until quite recent times the victors used to beat their opponents until some were injured or even killed. In dances witnessed by me there was no actual flagellation; the fire people with the rods merely pretended to beat the other party, and some of these on their part pretended to be dead.

As soon as the fight was over several young boys rushed out of the bush and lay down before the fire. There they lay while a man with a long rod resembling a fishing rod uttered incantations over them. Suddenly they all leaped up with a cry. It was not possible to discover what became of them subsequently.

After the whole of these proceedings had been repeated several times, two or three very effeminate looking boys appeared dressed in large feather head-dresses and with their feet and faces painted with white clay. They first of all joined the vanquished party, but subsequently formed a party of their own. These were according to my informant the peacemakers. The fire people seemed afraid to attack the second party while peacemakers were among them. When, however, the peacemakers separated, there was one more fight in which the fire people were again victorious. Some of the vanquished then appealed to the peacemakers (kama-kowesia =? skilful eagles).

All this time the number of the peacemaker's party was increasing, and soon they began to join in the dance with curious bird-like movements.

The final stage of the dance was initiated by the fire people chanting for the women. Hitherto no women had taken part in the ceremony. After a while the women, some of them accompanied by small children, trooped in and formed a fourth party in the dance.

The whole ceremony was definite in form, and every person knew his part. Although there must have been some hundreds of performers there was no confusion. The scene was a most impressive one, especially in its final stages.

At a dance which I saw at Dambarra, shortly after that at Jama, there was a party of men with long rods and a crowd of small boys who leapt about and were according to my information "baboons." But although local variations occur, the main idea of the fight between the fire people and the second party and the subsequent intervention of the people with the feathered head-dress seems always to be clearly preserved.

There is now the noxious side of the society to be mentioned, which did not come to Mr. de Hart's knowledge. Poisoning is carried on in a very skilful way. The person whom it is intended to dispose of, who is, I believe, designated as Legekoti, comes along with a party of friends, and all are treated alike, but the results are not alike.

This poison ordeal is called "Ha-wo-mayia." A mixture is made of all the best poisons known, and it is tried as a preliminary on goats. It is poured into a snail shell for administration. Other lots are prepared and are diluted before being given, also in snail shells. Further an antidote is prepared made of a decoction of the leaves of the sweet potato. All the assembled candidates are given a snail shell full to drink, and then all drink the antidote. The one intended to die has the undiluted poison. On this the antidote is unable to act, but all the rest only feel a comparatively slight indisposition, which is regarded as a necessary initiation ceremony. The selected person, however, dies in a very short space of time. His family are told Wondi has claimed him. It is an honour, and he must not be mourned.

Whether any personal enmity is indicated I am unable to say, or whether it is merely that Wondi has the right always to claim one of the would be initiates as his very own. The body is never seen again by the outside world. The man has vanished completely.

A victim has further to be provided at the fire dance, possibly only on one night during the many nights celebrations. The

affair is called "Gombu-hite." The victim is actually pushed into the fire by Kulawa, and is kept there by the Gombu-wasia till he is burnt to death. The play as regards this one man becomes a real fact. The victim does not seem to be a Wondi-man, unless it be a person who is no longer required in the society. Non-Wondi-men are called Pong'li, I believe, and a Pong'li among the lookers-on is shoved into the flames; and no doubt the person caught is one whom it is known that his family have not sufficient influence to make a fuss about. He might be a slave, except for the fact that slaves, unlike other parts of Mende country, are rare in Gba-Mende.

The section set aside in the Wondi to deal with Pong'lisia are new entries, who are called Koli-bela, or Leopard men, and who have to show their zeal. They may catch a Pong'li and bind and torture him, and then burn him to death. They can exercise all their ingenuity on their victim. Sometimes, and commonly so at the present day, when all these things cannot be done with impunity, the real thing may be done in pantomime, and the most that happens to the victim is that the dead ashes he is cast on are not quite cold. He comes out of the ordeal with a laugh.

The new initiates have allowed them after the initiation ceremony a period of extreme license. They indulge in free love, plunder the market, seize goats and sheep and chickens, and they are only beamed on, provided it is other people's things they take.

As a war society the organisation is as follows:—

Lawesia : attack.

Ngombu-beleisia : plunder.

Kamakowesia : take the women and carry off the loot.

Kabong'sia ; perform sacrifice and ritual.

Kakiba is chief of the Kabong'sia.

Hingda-yira-hei (Subject-one-thing) is a name given to a decree corresponding to the Yu-yira of Poro.

Kulawa and Kakiba are the two big chiefs of the society.

Among other people are Ngombui-jike, a man who carries fire on his head.

Lawesia are they who use the forks.

Ngombu-wa-sia are heads of the fire party.

Kogba-beleisia are other fire men.

Ngombu-beleisia are the ordinary fire men.

Apparently one single female initiate is allowed. She is called Masendi.

OTHER SECRET SOCIETIES

NJOSO-BELA, OR CONJURERS

(Njoso in the dialect of Luawa chiefdom and elsewhere, Ndoso in other parts)

Conjurers are numerous in Mende country, and go about on tour.

I only saw one performance and that as a matter of fact was in Sherbro country at Victoria, or Teso in its native form. The performers, though Mende speaking, were Sherbro people.

A message came to me from the chief in the evening to say there would be a Njoso dance in the town that night. As a matter of fact I had seen the performers come in at dusk and one was carrying a green snake.

The performance lasted from 8 to 10.30 p.m. with the aid of a fire for light, and my one lantern. There were four drums, one with a pair of the long iron "horns" or vertical projections on it. For the most part the men spectators sat on one side with the drums, and the women and children on the other. I sat on a chair at the end, opposite to where the conjurer would come in. I was there early as I wanted to see his entrance.

Soon there was the rattling of the iron rattles (kpowo-isia) on the Njoso man's legs, and he came into the clearing and circled round to greet all the crowd.

Fondo-e e!	Greeting!
Ngafanga a wa!	Spirits, come!
He said, and all the people replied	
Hei-e.	Yes (or, agreed).
"Fondo" is Njoso language.	

The Njoso moi or Njoso-loli-moi (Njoso-dancer) was dressed in a stiff cap decorated with cowry shells on his head. On his body was a black net vest with large meshes. On his arms were armlets of some kind. Round his loins was the usual small cloth, and over that and tied round his waist was a garment more like a woman's stays, made of stiff flaps decorated with cowry shells, some of which flaps stood above his belt, and some hung below. Two brass bells hung on his buttocks, and on his legs were the iron rattles. To protect his legs from the iron, he had bandages round them like puttees, and he had to take them off and wind the cloth round again several times during the performance.

For his conjuring tricks he had a mat with the ends joined so that when he stood inside he only had his head projecting from the top.

For assistant he had a young man who wore no special dress, but who carried a "bouquet" of skins of various small wild cats, chiefly the Ndandakuloi, or mongoose. This man's name is Kojia. He shakes the bundle of skins over the fire to show there is no deception and nothing inside, and the Njoso man was at equal pains always to show his mat was empty—except when he had something concealed inside. The mat was a cylindrical one.

The assistant used to come and go, on and off the "stage," and appear always to be picking up nothing, and dropping nothing out of his bundle of skins.

The dancer stood within his cylindrical mat, the assistant waved his skins over him (technically, *ta kpekperma hñ*), and lo and behold the dancer had a head like a white lion's. It is called "Tamba." After more dancing, all the intervals were occupied in dancing alone, it was done again, and he had a face like a white man. Yet again and he had a Bundu mask, a Nowe, on his head. My boy Aruna was called out. The Njosomoi gave Aruna the mask to hold over the empty mat which still stood upright. He spoke to him, and asked him if he dropped it would it be hidden or lost. Aruna replied that it must be there. He then said drop the head. It fell with a thud. He pulled away the mat, and there was nothing there. It was quite good.

All these wooden heads are called "Sowo-wuisia," that is Sowu heads.

Then the Njoso-moi got two iron cooking pots, one larger than the other. One was put inside the mat, and when the mat was lifted the other was there, and vice-versa; and the missing pot he pulled out of the eaves of the house alongside me.

Similarly he pulled a shilling out of my foot.

He did one thing with fire, but there was not much in it, and, in fact, I could not follow what the performance was meant to be. All I saw was smoke coming out of his set up mat.

After a bit I presented him with five shillings and said I was going. He said wait a moment while he did one more. He did a little more, and then pressed me to stay for the very last one. Inside his mat he went, and for a long space of time his assistant fetched and carried till I wondered what he was going to bring forth. Still the fetching and carrying and emptying of nothing inside went on, till I really thought something must be going to happen. All at once he flung off his mat, and stood there, all his finery gone, and himself bare except for his loin cloth and a hearty

laugh. Mr. Assistant had carried off everything bit by bit in his cat-skin bouquet.

For one performance this conjurer called for four men to help. The Court Messenger and Aruna volunteered but two other men were not forthcoming. Everyone fell back when pressed to come forward. They were all too shy. So the performance fell through.

Creole English has strange names for everything. One wonders where they originate. For Njoso the name is Flūmmūs (Floommoos).

These conjurors had a snake with them, but it did not come on for the night performance. I saw it next day, it was a Kenjiguri, a tree cobra, the *Dendraspis viridis*. The curious thing about it was how immobile it was. It would take a short turn with its tail round the man's arm and the greater part of the body would stretch out straight and rigid. When placed on the ground, it remained absolutely immobile in whatever position it was in. One would say it was dead. If it had been an animal one would say it had been drugged.

I wondered if they fed it and gave it water, and what they did at the time of changing its skin. I did not learn how long such a snake would live in a tame state.

I once saw a fire-conjurer. He was a Konno man named Jobai, and the performance was on the Gold Coast. He first rubbed himself all over with some liquid which seemed to be water with a very little palm oil in it. He then applied burning wood to his body and rubbed himself over with the fire. He stood on the burning sticks, and licked glowing wood till we got tired of watching. He also put glowing sticks in his mouth.

He asked for kerosene too to rub on himself, which was supplied to him, but whether he rubbed that or his own mixture on himself one could not see. In any case the liquid was not peculiar to his own country, and its preparation was simple for he could compound it abroad.

I was told that there was a condition to being instructed in fire eating. The old man who gave Jobai the secret of the preparation, said that he must leave his own country for six years under pain of his leg withering, which withering could only be avoided if Jobai agreed to kill his own mother. What foundation there is for this tale, I did not know.

Captain F. W. Doke of the Sierra Leone Frontier Force told me of some conjuring he saw once in the lines at Daru. The usual

Saturday evening dance was going on, but attracted by a noise in a far part of the lines he and another officer went to see what it was. They found a small party in a hut. A man was having his neck cut all round and the blood flowed freely. Yet afterwards there was no mark at all. On another occasion he saw a man with the inside of his mouth all cut about and the blood pouring out. Yet when examined next day there was only the faintest trace of a cut. Another scene was—a man was put on the ground face downwards, and another got on his back and bit the back of his neck, apparently tearing great pieces out. Of this also there was no trace next day.

On making independent inquiry I found natives who had witnessed performances similar to the first two; and the name given to these performers is Tsurì-bela.

It is curious that the Mende have wonderful stories of the magical or conjuring tricks that the Temne can do. I put it to my cook, Alimendi. The Temne says, "Here is a Mende. Let us tell him some marvels." Alimendi, though, denied the imputation that all Mende were gullible.

It is said a Temne conjurer, or magician, can put a woman into a bottle and carry her about. He can cut off the end of his tongue with a knife, and it will be restored whole.

Still the Mende are not far behind, and the following is a further list of tricks I have been told the Njoso men can do. A man will stand against a wall and disappear into it, and the performers of this feat are called Kovo-bela. A spirit (ngafe) will go into your boot and you will walk upon it, apparently without harming the spirit. This, however, is rather a conjuring trick of the Ngafe himself. A dog will be changed into a deer; and stones into money. The people put stones into a calabash, and see money there instead. It is given them, but becomes stones again in their hands. A man will be shot with a gun, there will be a big wound. He will die and be buried, and the spot noted. In a fortnight bananas will be growing there. If you dig you will find nothing there.

A man's tongue will be cut out and restored; and his eye-ball pulled out and put on a stick and handed round to show there is no deception. The Mende juggler will swallow a gunbarrel, and it will come out of his backside; and he will not die.

I heard of a Mende a number of years ago, named Jekpwende, who had taken a white man by the wrist, stretched out his arm, and the white man could not withdraw it. When he offered two

pounds Jekpwende allowed the stiffened (and query dislocated) arm to become normal.

THE HUMO.

(Humo-bela = Humo people in Mende.)

There are two societies of this name, the male and the female.

The functions of the male society, I do not know, but they are called Hale-bela, that is, medicine men. They have as outward and visible sign a dancer. He appears as a short man and extends himself to a height of about eight feet. He is completely clothed in long fibre like a bear, and wears a mask on the top of his head, and when he lengthens himself he has so much "fur" on him that still no opening is visible. The fibre expands naturally, and so is evidently made to fit his figure when at full length, and contracts when he shortens himself. When short he is below the normal size of a man. Probably he stoops when in the short position, which is the normal one for moving about. When lengthening he either pushes his head up with his hands or with sticks concealed inside his garment.

There are two sections called Kpa and Pekuli.

The functions of the female society are said to deal with matters against native ideas of sexual morality. It may impose a fine, after which the offender is washed by the Humo women with a decoction of herbs. Their dances differ from those of the men.

BONI-BELA.

Mende for cannibals.

TOMA-BELA.

This society exists only in Sherbro and only in three places, Shenge, Kpaku and Timble. It is actually a real medical society, and cures certain diseases with herbs known only to the practitioners, one of which in particular, Toma, gives its name to the society. The society has a dancer who is dressed in a covering of grass or similar material, with a carved head piece.

Although pure Sherbro, I only have the Mende names. The Bullom equivalents, which presumably exist, I did not obtain.

NJAYE.

The people of this society are called Njaye-bela, and the dancer is called Njaye-goli.

PLATE VI



DANCING MAN OF KPOLO-MIA NGUNDU SOCIETY AT NYANDEHUN



NAFALI, DANCER, AT KAILAHUN



HUMOI, DANCER, AT BANDAUMA
(Luawa chieftom)

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Both sexes seem to take part. The house of the society can be in the town or in the bush. The spirit is never seen. A woman seems to be the priestess, and white clay and smoke stalactites take some part in the ceremonies. Offerings are made to ensure recovery from sickness, and "medicine" can be made so that a man shall die. I could not gather that the worship of a snake enters into it.

The Njaye is called Yassi in Sherbro, and Alldridge gives an account of it. He says that white spots are the marks that the person, house or object belong to the society. It is principally but not entirely a female society, and the tendency is for the performers to wear as little clothing as possible. It is their duty to perform certain ceremonies after death.

KPOLO-MIA-NGUNDU.

This is a new society and has been originated quite recently in Luawa chiefdom. In English it is called the Salt Society. Its Mende name, Kpolo-mia-ngundu means literally Salt—it is—fresh. It seems to be a mutual benefit society, which will put up funds on behalf of subscribers if they have a court case. At least that is the theory. There is a dancing man who dresses something like Goboi.

The following is the gist of an official report made by a Government Native clerk who was directed to make inquiries.

It had its origin at Giehun in Luawa during the 1919 famine, which followed the influenza epidemic of 1918. Coco-yams were largely cultivated at this town, and a number of young men who had no means of support began to steal these coco-yams (Colocasia) which were about full grown. The stealing was brought about through the agency of a "night-devil" named Kima. Under Kima's protection the party would go out to steal in the farms. So long as Kima was loose during the night no woman, nor even a non-member of the young society would venture out, for apparently the devil produced a cry which terrified everybody.

The thefts went on, in spite of the owners swearing oaths on the perpetrators. Each member of the stealing party would direct the party in turn to his family farm. To discuss in secret the members made a small clearing in the bush near the town, and put a mark at the entrance to show it was private. The mark was a gateway of sticks wrapped round with creepers, and called Kani. In fact apparently it was like the Poro sign. In here they "would quietly partake of their stolen property, discuss

about the next garden to be visited, elect members to their respective positions. Later on, and in this wise, they would discuss their grievances, and settle all differences between themselves, and in short they all became of "one word."

From the foregoing it can be seen that as most or at least some of the members would be Poro, the procedure of that society was adopted.

"The necessity, however, arose of having some sort of enjoyment during this quiet time. They, however, cannot use the Poro devil, as they knew it would be a direct infringement of the laws of that society. The Njaye devil could not be used, some of the members not being Njaye people. They cannot resort to the devil of any of the existing societies," as they were not all of them members.

In the circumstances they had to create their own. They were not very successful with their first attempt. They made the head like that of the Poro devil, the hair of the body like that of Njaye, the leg was that of Humoi, and the feet of Nafali, the dancer.

The dancing at first did not interest persons not connected with the little society, but later as the new devil's appearance improved, it came more into favour. Certainly the finished article which I saw in more than one town was quite good. Then young men began to come from other villages and desired to join the society, paying small entrance fees. With these fees new musical instruments were bought.

By degrees, the report says, matters improved, and the chief was approached for permission to exist and for formal recognition. Then Kailahun, the town of the paramount chief was visited. The chief was pleased with the devil, both with his appearance, and with his dancing. After inquiry had been made into it by the Chief and his "tribal authority" they were satisfied with its harmlessness and permitted its existence. The Chief's consent having been obtained, important people in the chieftom joined, and in this wise it became a recognised society.

"The purport of the Society is to encourage the young men to carry on public work with more zeal and energy. To create unity and concord, and any amount realised as entrance fees, and other monies accrued, are used for the public benefit of the chieftom."

The final paragraph reads queerly if taken with the account of the origin of the society.

A little later Paramount Chief Lamin of Manowa, wrote to the District Commissioner of Pendembu, under date 21st November, 1923.

My good friend,

This is to inform you that I and all the big men in my Chiefdom have pull a Devil in our Chiefdom, name Polo mia Ngudu. The Devil just the one Regent Momo Banya have at Kailahu. The Devil is good, it make Chiefdom be alright. Reason of writing you this because if such a Devil are in any Chiefdom work can't be spoiled, such as Government work or Chief's work.

Again, I have put up the D.C. Rest-house ; C.M. Sori Koronba will explain where I put up the new building. The bearer will explain better to you.

Thanks for reply.

Your good friend,

P. C. LAMIN His mark.

Sgd. T. S. DAVIES, Clerk.

(I have amended the spelling where necessary.)

There was also in the file a letter from another chief, asking authority to open this society.

From the letter it may be seen that the chiefs had turned it into a machine for improving tribal work on the chief's behalf. This is what they said to the District Commissioner.

My own information goes to show it is essentially a people's society, in which the chiefs are to have no part. The chiefs have their own dancing men, e.g. Goboï and Nafali. The new Kpolo-mia-ngundu belongs entirely to the people. Whether, however, this independence can be maintained is an interesting subject. It indicates a democratic movement against the autocracy of the Paramount Chiefs. The first move has ended in the chiefs claiming it as their own.

The position of the society is therefore still uncertain and may be said to be in a state of flux.

Witchcraft does not enter into it.

KOFUNG.

This is a society which exists in Temne and Limba. The candidate for initiation simulates death and return to life. All meetings take place in a house. The members believe that they have the power of transforming themselves and of escaping from captivity, such as loosing themselves from ropes and passing

through closed doors. Each member is supposed to have his own attendant spirit whose assistance can be obtained when required by calling the name of the spirit seven times. When prisoners escape, the guard will often say in excuse that they are Kofung men. Members may sometimes be recognised by wearing a brass ring on their thumb, or great toe of the left foot, or tied by a string round the waist. Fange, whatever that may be, is one of the "medicines" used by this society.

(From Sierra Leone Studies.)

GBENLE.

This is a Temne society, and perhaps is not general to the whole country. Anyhow it exists in Ronietta. It is connected apparently with the election and installation of chiefs. No Poro man (that is Gbanike, or Manyeke in Temne) can join Gbenle, it is said, unless he gives up the other; and there is a lot of jealousy between the two societies.

This is an interesting detail, indicating perhaps a meeting in one locality of rival cultures coming from different directions, the Gbenle being perhaps pure Temne, while Gbanike is certainly the attempt of the Mende Poro to penetrate Temne.

Accounts of other and less important Temne societies are given by Mr. N. W. Thomas.

CHAPTER XXI

SOME SUPERSTITIONS AND GLOSSARY

I GROUP in this chapter various remaining superstitions from my collection, and beliefs on unconnected subjects which from time to time have come to my notice.

I also give a glossary of some Mende and Sherbro words connected with the secret societies and dances. Some of these are described more fully in the text.

MENDE SUPERSTITIONS AND LEGENDS CONNECTED WITH NATURAL HISTORY.

The Bewe is a slender beetle, $1\frac{1}{4}$ inches long, with wing cases of prismatic colouring. It runs quickly. It digs a hole leading to a circular nest deep in the ground. I saw it once with a big spider near its hole. The spider was lying on its back and apparently dead. The Bewe takes the spider into its hole, and in one month, so the Mende say, the spider is changed into a Bewe. The Bewe comes out for food, but the spider remains inside. Whilst I was watching the Bewe dragged the spider down the hole.

The explanation probably is the larva of the Bewe lives on the spider.

The spirit in the anthill.—There are three kinds of anthills. Hiwi is the name of the great conical one rising to twenty feet sometimes, which is the home of the white-ants. Then there is the small mushroom shaped anthill rising two feet or a little more, with often two or three mushroom roofs one above the other. This is called Kokoi. Another is Ndindi, called the king of the Kokoïs. It is almost cylindrical and grows to four feet high by about two feet in diameter. A spirit (ngafe) inhabits it for it sometimes roars inside, and then the spirit comes out and flies away, being no other than the winged ants themselves.

Sigonde or Sikonde is a bird.—If you are out walking and you hear him you must stop. You wait till he finishes then you go on. If you do not stop and you see him flying, Humoi, a devil, will seize you and you will get fever.

Gbofui is a bird.—If you hear him, you must put an offering of rice or tobacco or any small thing on the ground. If you do not do so you will be sick. He is never seen. He has a one note call, and is supposed to utter the voice of the spirits.

Kegewe or hewe is a bird.—He is seldom seen, but is as big as a parrot. He calls Mia! Mia! Mia! at evening. The fable is that children are transformed into it.

Chamæleon.—If you see a chamæleon some one will die.

Whirlwind.—Kasiloi makes the whirlwind.

Kasiloi is a being or spirit that features much in Mende legend. The derivation seems to be Siloi, spider, who is a being endowed in their stories with great cunning, and "Ka" an honorific prefix also used in other words.

Rainbow.—The rainbow is called Ningi-nange. One version says it comes out of a striped frog's mouth when it rains. The Gba-Mende version is that there is a big snake wound round a tree. He gapes and throws his breath up into the sky, and it is that you see.

Sun, moon and stars.—The sun is gold and the moon silver, said a Gba-Mende.

Thunderbolt.—If a thunderbolt is seen to fall and is found by digging, it is taken and is used to curse people on. (Temne.)

Fire.—If a house be burned the things that have been partly burned should not be carried to another house. If this is done the fire will attack the other house too. (Temne.)

Sickness.—A Mende went sick, his face and wrists swelled. He went bush and found a plant, which he brought back and boiled. He then covered his head and body with a cloth and sat in the vapour until the perspiration came out freely. He did this twice and was cured.

"In former days in Temne country practically nothing was done if a person went sick to help him. That was because when a person was attacked by any kind of sickness, it was said that he had either met with a strange being or devil, and that brought about the death of the sick person." (From a native account).

Ngegba, a Mende, residing abroad, put some rice and palm oil on a plantain leaf in the path leading through the cassada to his house. When asked the reason, he said, his mother had died about a year before, and if he gave her food it would prevent his getting sick. Asked if he had been sick in the past twelve months, he said, only a very little. He was, however, suffering from chronic rheumatism in the right elbow.

Suribah, a Susu, complained of two of his countrymen in a foreign place. He brought his coat and trousers showing a square piece cut out of the lining of each. He said his countryman was going to make medicine of the country, which was very strong, against him. It would cause him to lose his job. The pieces cut out were very valuable because they had his sweat on them. He wanted the other party to be compelled to give them up. He was argued with for half an hour, but all suggested remedies were in vain. It appeared, however, that S. was more anxious to extract a new coat than anything else, so the matter was dropped.

Finger and toe-nails are also used in witchcraft, and should not, therefore, be left about, but this does not often occur as they do not usually grow long—the toe nails for the reason that they are exposed and so subject to natural wear, and the finger nails can be bitten and so kept short. The hair of the head is more readily obtainable for the purpose of witchcraft.

A piece of blue cloth put on a tree stump on the way to the water, by a Mende woman, so that she might not become sick, is put there as a "sa" or sacrifice.

In old days if a Temne ate with two spoons, one in either hand at the same time, it was said that one of his parents would die soon.

When about to lie down for the night a person should not keep on his trousers, nor should he put them under his pillow. If he keeps on his trousers or puts them under his pillow and dreams of them, he will die in a few days. (Temne.)

Offerings of food are laid on the bank of a river for the spirit of the river. Mende women do it when they want to bear a child. Possibly men do so also.

The place where one road crosses another is regarded as sacred, and is a depository for offerings. Where a side road branches one may also see objects placed there; and in eastern Mende on the borders of Kissi country I noticed especially old wooden grain mortars were dumped there when no longer serviceable. Similarly it is general for the old comb of a loom to be hung up in a tree outside a village.

Rice Farm.—I caused some Mende men once to make me a small rice farm as I wanted to experiment with growing rice. After the clearing the seed was planted with the aid of wooden hoes made simply of an angled branch of a tree, without any iron. When the seed was all sown, it was hill rice, I was asked for the

balance of the seed. I was told it was customary to give away the balance over. The workers unhusked it and cooked and ate it. Then came the little shrine at the entrance. On the left of the entrance to the farm was placed an anthill, kokoi, about a foot high. Over the path on the right was planted a pineapple head. A thatch about 2 ft. by 2 ft. was placed sloping backwards over the anthill. In front of it on the ground were scoured three radiating lines about two feet apart. They were about six feet long, and across them three other straight lines or little ditches. Some rice was sown in them, and it was to ensure a good crop. The rains failed, it was in north Ashanti where I was in 1918, and the crop failed too.

Spirits.—There are two formidable spirits in the bush who are a danger to man. They are Konjo and Ndogbo-yosoi. Konjo is bigger than Ndogbo-yosoi (pronounced yusui, nearly). He is very ferocious and can change himself into a man or anything else. If a man has gone bush, Konjo can change himself into his likeness and go to his house and eat his food and go again. When the man himself returns and asks for his food, they tell him he has already eaten it.

Both figure in stories.

Animals are reputed to see spirits. With another European I was climbing the hill on Tamara Island, one of the Los islands, when a big Danish bitch with us suddenly howled for no apparent reason, and refused to follow but started to go back to the boat. A Mende with us said she had seen a spirit (ngafe). After some difficulty and soothing she was persuaded to come on. The dog might have scented some animal but the French light-house keeper said there were practically no animals of any kind on the island.

Persons in a cinematograph will be called "ngafanga."

Temuisia (plural definite of Temu) may be translated Pixies. They are little people about 2 ft. 6 in. high. They inhabit rocks and hills and also forests. They walk in the evening and at night. They are not dead men, that is ghosts. These are called Ndou-bela. Only good people can see them; the bad do not. They do good things for good people! They attend births and deaths. They do not come out in heavy rain. They prefer full moon nights, when they dance in the bush. You can see the circles where they dance.

In connection with this information, the distinction between good and bad people is based on an African code of morals.

Sticks laid across the road before the entrance to a village: fresh leaves on them and a big stone on top: everybody passes round, and not over:—it is medicine to keep away the spirit of sickness from entering the town.

Spirits come out of their graves at night and go into the town. Spirits (ngafanga) of children always go to their houses at night.

Plantations are protected from thieves by hanging up a bundle of anything or nothing in particular about the size of the fist. It will have numerous external decorations, as coloured beads, and kola juice will be rubbed in. (Temne.) This is tied on to a stick in the farm or garden, and everybody who sees it should be afraid of the spirits and not touch anything in the garden.

In Kissi country I saw a bundle of palm nuts suspended. In Limba one sees a little wooden "flag" or flap.

If a person falls sick and dies his parents will put rice flour for him, i.e. his spirit, in a cup, so that he may find something to eat whenever he visits his old home. (Temne.)

Lining up:—It is a curious thing that natives of all tribes, not alone those of Sierra Leone, will always fall in, if left to themselves from their left. It is only when trained that they will fall in from the right.

Totemism seems to be very feebly developed among the Mende. It consists of no more than restraining from using as food the living thing that is the totem of that particular person. In this there is usually plurality, and the abstention is from more than one object. If the reason is totemism its very plurality would break it down. I have never noticed that the object abstained from is ever regarded in any other way with respect, though I have been told by a European missionary in the country that he has heard of offerings being made to the totem. Presumably this is in its capacity as ancestral head of the family, though this can scarcely be the reason if a person have more than one taboo. As may be seen in my chapter on the Kuranko, they, too, have often more than one taboo.

Among the Mende there are some living things that are generally avoided as food. Among them are the small white egret or cow-bird, and I do not know that any Mende will eat this bird. This fact, however, does not erect the cow-bird into the position of a totem, and I certainly could never hear that it was even regarded with respect, rather the reverse. Yet other varieties of the Heron species are regarded as taboo by individuals.

Two particular Mende, who travelled with me once, would not eat crocodile, monkey or snake (python not included). One of them said that his grandfather had laid down the rule.

As regards not eating crocodile, another Mende I knew had an oval mark on the right side of his back above the last rib. He said his mother and another relation had it, and he must not therefore eat crocodile. I have never seen another case to confirm this.

I never found a Mende who had cow, sheep, goat or bush-cow as prohibited articles of food.

When a Mende turns Mohammedan some living things which would be classed as vermin in England are no longer eaten, and an animal may only be eaten if it has had its throat cut.

With regard to totemism in general, I cannot help thinking that a possible source of its origin lies simply in numeration. The names of animals may have been made use of to enumerate or indicate clans or organisations in the tribe when it grew big and sub-division became necessary for war or other organisation, instead of a portion of the tribe breaking off and asserting its independence.

Names instead of numbers would be an easy and natural method of tallying them. Names are more easily remembered (as are streets in a modern town when named instead of numbered) and once the name of an animal became adopted it would in the course of time acquire a certain amount of veneration, all the more if a representation of the animal were made. One may compare the naming of the secret societies in Sierra Leone; one may also compare the names of certain letters of the Hebrew and Arabic alphabets which are those of animals and equally used as numerals. Yet another instance in support of such a possible origin is that afforded by the Gurkha of the Himalayas, who uses a period of years called a Barkha for age purposes. A Barkha is a period of twelve years, and each year in that period has the name of an animal so that there is a dog year, a monkey year, and so on. If a man is asked his age he will say he is a monkey in his third Barkha, indicating thus a certain year between his twenty-fourth and thirty-sixth.

The use of the names of animals for indication purposes is, therefore, common among primitive peoples.

Mende words connected with secret societies, etc.

Agulane.

A Mori word. A cursing "medicine." It is a "book" and they "sondu wua ma," i.e. curse on it.

Bundu or Bundo.	A society for initiation into rites of puberty. It has a different name in every language. Bundu is the Sierra Leone English name.
Bahum.	A "devil" in Yassi. See Alldridge, p. 146.
Batu (gbato).	Whip used for ordeal. See Alldridge, p. 162.
Beku.	Mama Beku, headwoman of Yassi. See Alldridge, p. 144. Sherbro.
Bili.	Circumcision.
Bini (gbini).	Another name for Gɔbɔi in Luawa chiefdom.
Binima (gbinima or kpinima).	A Poro grade.
Bogbenisia.	Young girls in Sande. (Bogbeni=singular).
Bojuwa.	Tongo assistant.
Boru-bore.	A Poro medicine. See Alldridge, p. 146. ?=red bag.
Bɔ fima (boro fima).	A leopard society medicine,=black bag.
Buamo Nɛpɔ.	Head Tongo man.
Bunjue.	Rattles round a woman's waist, used in dancing.
Fela wuri.	Twin stick. See Alldridge, p. 149.
Gbowi.	Ring worn below knee by dancer.
Gɔbɔi.	A dancer in a thick hairy costume.
Gombu-waisia.	Fire-men in the Wondi society.
Hainjo.	Full initiate in Poro and Sande. So called when course is finished.
Hakawa.	"Big load," a Tongo assistant.
Hawai.	A "devil": Common in stories.
Humo.	Society with male and female branches. The name also of the dancers. The male dancer in a "fur" dress becomes long and short.
Jina.	Younger twin.
Julu.	String of beads worn round waist by Sande initiates.
Kabong'sia.	Sacrifice and ritual persons in Wondi.
Kakiba.	Wondi chief.
Kaimahŋi.	Chiefs' section of Poro.
Kambei.	Various persons in Yassi. See Alldridge, p. 144. Sherbro.
Kama-kowesia.	Wondi dancers.
Kamegohŋi.	Poro bush inside.
Kamela.	Poro bush entrance.

Kane.	A screen of sorts denoting approach to Kamela, etc., made of sticks with creepers twisted on them.
Kanga wome.	Armlet.
Karu soto.	Sherbro ordeal. "the enchanted bowl." See Alldridge, p. 162.
Kele.	Long wooden drum.
Kogbe kuti.	Antelope's horn with Tongo medicine inside.
Koli-bela.	Leopard men.
Konjo.	A bush "devil" of great power.
Kpakpe.	A Gba-Mende medicine to protect against sickness.
Kpala-loli.	Stilt dancing.
Kpanguima.	The Sande bush.
Kpomojo.	A member of the Sande. Schoen's dictionary.
Kpowa.	A person not initiated in Poro.
Kpowo (kpowi).	Rattles worn by Taso men below knee.
Kundinte.	"Clean belly." Sherbro. See Alldridge, p. 146.
Kulawa.	Wondi chief.
Laga (Laka).	Poro messenger. Only Sherbro and Temne, not Mende.
Laweisia.	Persons in Wondi who use forks.
Mabori (ma-mbo'e).	Female initiate in Poro. See Alldridge, p. 133.
Maijo.	Teacher in Sande.
Mashu.	A headwoman in Bundu. See Alldridge, p. 140. Query same as the Mende Maijo.
Mashundu.	A place for the preparation of Tongo medicine. See Alldridge, p. 157.
Mayafanga.	A secret killing medicine. Gba-Mende.
Mbolesia.	The mitred attendants on Ggbqi. (Mbole, singular).
Minsere.	Images connected with Yassi. Sherbro. See Alldridge, p. 148.
Misi.	Mohammedan section of Poro.
Mori.	A Mohammedan. Derived from Moor.
Nafali.	A dancer in costume.
Ndigba (ligba).	Lowest grade in Sande.
Ndimomoi.	A creeper used on the Poro prohibition sign.
Ndogbq-lopoisia.	Boys going through Poro course, and specially gymnastics.

Ndogbo-yosoi.	A bush "devil."
Ngafa-goti.	Another name of Nafali, in Luawa chiefdom.
Ngahomoi.	"Mat-hold-man." A Poro attendant who holds a folded mat and strikes it on ground.
Ngolonga.	Attendants on a Poro dancer. Gba-Mende.
Ngurui.	A dancer whose head rises high. There are four "children" to him.
Njaye.	A society embracing men and women. Same as the Yassi of Sherbro.
Njaye-goli.	Njaye dancer.
Njambe.	The raphia dress of a Taso.
Njoso-bcla.	Conjurers.
Njelimoi (yelimoi).	The man who beats a turtle shell accompanying Nafali or other dancer.
Nqme.	Second grade in Bundu.
Nyeme.	Angle irons standing up from a drum with rings let through.
Nqwe (Nqwo, indefinite).	Bundu devil with mask.
Poros.	The male society of the Mende, Konno, Gola, Eastern Temne, Sherbro and Kissi. It is not in Limba, Loko, Susu, or Kuranko.
Sabo.	Twin house in Sherbro. See Alldridge, p. 149.
Samba-loli-moi.	A female dancer.
Sande.	Mende name for Bundu.
Sangbai.	Small drum.
Sao (salo).	Elder twin.
Sasi.	A "medicine."
Sawe.	Yassi medicine.
Segbule.	Woman's rattle, made of calabash with strings of beads on it.
Sebe.	Charm hung on neck.
Senga.	Gba-Mende for Kambe-bela.
Simo.	Poros man who comes and meets new initiate. Acts as speaker for the Poros dancer. See N. W. Thomas.
Simonde.	Young men - just finished Poros course. Sherbro.
So-hina-loli.	"Stallion dance." A dance with a rope tied at one end, and turning somersaults. Said to have originated in Gola country.

Soko.	? =Sowo. Sherbro. A headman of Poro.
Sone.	The medicine man who buries lepers. Gba-Mende.
Sondu-moi.	Swear-man.
Sowo, sowi.	Head woman of Bundu.
Taba-wui.	Nafali's head-dress.
Tange-tanga.	Taso man's head-dress.
Taso.	A big Poro man in Sherbro and Temne, not Mende.
Teilang (telahū).	A Sherbro ordeal. See Alldridge, p. 160.
Tila.	A powerful medicine made from end of elephant's trunk. Put into a bush-cow (tewui) horn.
Toma.	A medicine. See Alldridge, p. 128.
Tuma (toma).	=namesake.
Tongo.	Magic dancers.
Tongo-wuli.	Stick with a top like a bell used by Tongo dancers.
Toto-gbemgi.	Diviner.
Wali.	Board with Arabic writing.
Wondi.	A Gba-Mende secret society.
Wujanga (wuja, singular).	Lowest grade in Poro.
Yamama.	A Person in Yassi.
Yassi.	Secret society in Sherbro. Token white spots on houses and persons. Called Njaye in Mende.
Yele.	Tufts of fibre hanging from waist of Taso men.
Yu-yira.	"One word." A Poro pass-word.

NOTE.—Temne words relating to secret societies may be found in N. W. Thomas's book on the Temne.

CHAPTER XXII

DREAMS

It is not my intention here to write an essay on the theory of dreams. This subject has been so fully gone into in recent years by psychologists who have made a special study of the subject that any remarks of mine other than those strictly bearing on particular dreams would be superfluous. All I am therefore doing is to give some examples of dreams and the explanations that pertain to them, or any deductions that may be drawn.

There is this feature in connection with dreams, that is they are entirely dominated by the environment of the dreamer. A person dreaming cannot dream of places or things he or she has never seen, never heard about, nor in the direction of which the thoughts have never trended. As language is the expression of a person's conscious thoughts or imagination, so dreams are the expression of a person's sub-conscious or unconscious thoughts or imagination, whether they be dreamt whilst awake or whilst asleep. There is this slight difference though in the two classes. Day dreams are more or less reasoned and under control, while sleep dreams are commonly very mixed, and often so much mixed as to be fantastic.

The African dreams of his own world, and the European of his; and in these more modern days where Africa has been Europeanised it follows of course that the present day African dreams dreams that his fathers never could have done, because the subjects were inconceivable to him.

Human beings living in circumstances in which natural or spiritual influences press heavily on them, and having the mental leisure by day to think over the subject, attach importance to what they dream, and seek to give the dream some explanation. If apparently unsatisfactory it is thought possible that some harm may ensue, and so steps must be taken to avert the danger. The reputed antidote against some of the dreams I give below.

I cannot find that in heathen Africa dreams are regarded as a distinct warning by God, chiefly because the great God of Heaven, whom most believe in, acts a very much smaller part

in the lives of the African than many minor deities who do not give dreams.

Every dream is accepted for what it is worth. It is the present dream that counts. Past ones, however contradictory, are past.

One can only assume that the explanations given by the African to his dreams are in their origin purely arbitrary invention, and their origin lost in many cases in the mists of long ago; but once explained, if plausible the explanation is handed down to do duty again.

A man has a dream. It puzzles him. He asks his "medicine" man—a literal translation; it is *Hale-mo* in Mende)—whose reputation would be gone were he at a loss for an answer. He supplies one out of his head on the spot.

The general uniformity of the explanations at the present day among widely different tribes can only be proof of the antiquity of the explanation, and a further fact that emanates is that by now almost every fantasy of the sub-conscious mind has already had an explanation awarded to it.

As regards explanation there is the same feeling in Africa as in other parts of the world, that is, that dreams often go by contrary. For instance, as will be seen below, to dream of money does not mean you will become rich, but on the contrary you will become poorer. It is doubtful if this is an independently acquired explanation. More likely it is a "culture," if I may so call it, which has spread far, no doubt accompanying some religious influence, perhaps, in the case of the Mende, of Mohammedanism. Should this be so, those tribes in which Mohammedan influence is infinitesimal or absolutely nil, and there are a few such in Africa, should be without this explanation. If it be with them also, then the idea is pre-Mohammedan, and not of Semitic origin, but lies far back even before the historical period of Africa.

It will be noticed in the following dreams that climbing a hill or a tree here also indicates good luck, just as it does in other parts of the world. The contrary, of falling, means that bad luck will come.

Then again to dream of the loss of a tooth means that a relative will die, which also is spread wide in the world.

The first list of dreams following is that of dreams by Mende men. How the women dream, I do not know, beyond recording one example.

The second list consists of dreams by Vai men. The Vai

are the south-eastern neighbours of the Mende, and are a purer Mandingo branch. The languages are related, and most Vai persons speak Mende as well as their own language. They are practically all Mohammedan in religion.

My last example is a dream fully described. It was written by a Kuranko youth at Bo school as an essay. The Kuranko are a Mandingo tribe in the north of the Colony, the Konno intervening between them and the Mende. I give it as an example of a modern dream due to the introduction of European civilisation. The native impulses are, however, still there.

Similar dreams of this class are those of shooting with a gun. This would not be a dream that an African, nor a European either as far as that goes, could have dreamt more than about four centuries ago. The explanation supplied to such a dream, that is one of shooting, is that you will kill some animal when you go out next into the bush, a happy hope unfortunately not always realised. This explanation we can assuredly date as having been supplied within the last four centuries, though on the other hand the gun may be a simple accretion to an older and simpler hunting dream. However, it would be interesting to know if widely different people in other parts of the world, and between whom there could be no possible connection, have thought of the same explanation, or have invented different ones to this and other dreams that can be dated.

Explanations therefore are continuously being furnished to keep pace with the material progress of the African in proportion as he becomes acquainted with foreign civilisation. His land of dreams extends its bounds beyond that of his own chiefdom, and his sub-conscious mind roams further afield. His introduction to civilisation expands his conscious mind and his sub-conscious mind as well.

MENDE DREAMS

Going uphill.	You will prosper.
Riding a horse	You are a big man and a chief will give you a wife.
A dog bites you.	If you go into the bush a snake will bite you.
If you see a woman's fishing net (Mbembe).	Next day people will curse you.
If you dream of fire.	It is witch-craft (Hone mia). It is bad.

- If you see a waterpot full of water. Somebody will die.
- If you see a dead man whom you know. If you tell him next day, he will live long thereafter.
- If you do not know him. ? nothing.
- If you fall from a palm tree through the climbing hoop breaking. Bad luck to you.
- If you see a man in white clothes and he gives them all to you. It is very good. You will have good luck.
- Shooting with a gun. You will kill a beast.
- To dream of money. Is bad luck.
- If you dream you see a man clearing bush. That man is being slandered.
- If you dream you see me clearing bush, and you tell. Some people are slandering me.
- If you see men with swords. They are Hona-bela, i.e. witches.
- If you dream a front tooth comes out. Either your father or mother will die.
- If two teeth come out. Both will die.
- If a molar comes out. Your grandmother will die.
- If you dream men are all around you, you standing in the middle, and you spring up high in the air. It is good for you (Nyandengo bi va).
- If you are climbing a rocky mountain. You will not die soon. You will live long.
- Climbing a tree. The same.
- If you are bathing, or go down to a dry stream, and you sit down, and the water rises to your armpits. It is good.
- If you sleep and you see water flooding round you everywhere. Somebody will die.
- If you are covered with white clay. Somebody will die.
- (NOTE.—To smear the body with white clay is in connection with mourning, or a dedication to the spirit world).
- If you dream you are in rags and poor. It is good luck.

- You kill an elephant in dream-land. Witch-craft is hanging over you.
It is bad (Hona hingdei mia).
- If you see cattle running. They are Hona-bela, witches.
They always go into cattle.
- If you dream of a dog. Slaves (Nduwonga) are there
(? for you).
- If you dream of a snail. Very good.
- If you dream of a fish called Ndegbe (cat-fish). Very good.
- If you dream of a fish called Kama-nye (a scale fish). It is very bad.
- If you dream of a new house with the mud walls up but no thatch on. Somebody will die.

Among explanations given by Mende women for the reason of aborting some have said they dreamt of sexual connection, others but less frequently have dreamt of food.

VAI DREAMS

- If you dream that a leopard kisses you. You are going to die.
- If you climb a hill. Good luck.
- If you dream you cook rice, and make flour, and make rice balls, and you put money on top and make a present of it. In that year you will get good luck.
- If you see two hills and water between, and walk in that water. You must take care of yourself.
To avoid danger take a red goat, put money in his mouth, kill him and give him away.
If you cannot get a goat take three fowls and seven red kola nuts, and make a sacrifice—also three plates—and make a present of the lot.
- If a woman-devil follow you in a dream. You must not tell anybody.
Take a black cloth and make a sacrifice. If no cloth, take a black fowl.

MOIGULA'S DREAM.

Moigula was one of my boys a number of years ago. He was a Mende. He was sleeping on my verandah as night watchman. I was woken up by a horrible yell. I went to see what the matter was and found Moigula in a great state of fear. A "Ngafe" (spirit or ghost) had caught him by the leg, he said, and then vanished. I told him he was mistaken, and that it was probably the cat that had walked over his legs. However, he was much alarmed, so I told him to sleep inside the house for the rest of the night, which he did.

He told me next day that the "Ngafe" came to him in his sleep and asked him what he was lying there for. He said, he was watching his master's house. The "Ngafe" then caught hold of his leg telling him to go. Whereat he woke up with many yells.

The next day he made a sacrifice of a trifling nature to the "Ngafe."

(NOTE.—It is not impossible that the spirit had a little more substance).

Besides having bad dreams a man may be haunted by a hallucination, which perhaps can hardly be classed as a day-dream. A Mende came to me once complaining that he frequently saw a devil when alone. His head used to get dizzy and he would faint. Asked for further details as to the devil, he said it was like a very tall woman with a big belly. Whether the latter was due to her being with child I did not ascertain. I suggested he should at once call for somebody to come when he saw her, but he said the devil could not be seen by anybody else.

Having considered the matter from the point of view of an antidote, I gave him six grains of calomel, and had thereafter no further complaints.

CHAPTER XXIII

PROVERBS

PROVERBS illustrate the life of a people, and especially the environment in which that life is passed.

Comparing African with European proverbs, one finds in both these branches of mankind a desire for pithy expression, accuracy of thought being often subordinated to pithiness.

In the proverbs of both races there is occasionally the same idea or the germ of it ; but the mode of expression differs, and the idea is clothed in terms of the environment of the people. If, however, it were simply a matter of environment alone, it might be said that the thoughts of both races run parallel, and that it is only the translation into words that differs. There is more than that. One finds also different ideas and a different outlook on life ; and some of these ideas as expressed in proverbs are almost entirely unintelligible to the European. It is a different brain that is working. It approaches the European brain in some particulars, and then is off at a tangent. Physically the African negro has been made by the Creator different from the European, and it would be surprising were it found the difference is confined to the physique. The brain differs also.

Hence if we want to find a test of how near different minds can approach each other, for one thing we can study the proverbs of the two peoples. They afford a useful touch-stone.

MENDE PROVERBS

- 1 Mbela de yombo ; i kawo mayela.

A brother-in-law (is) a fowl's feather ; it sweeps the rubbish pit.

Explanation :—I give you food, you give me none.

- 2 Ngī balima ; ngī nya banya nyei meni.

I am not vomiting (it) ; I have not eaten my second wife's fish.

- 3 Tuwo mia ; a le ti lima.

It is the illicit lover ; he climbs up their heart.

Explanation :—Ngi li nyamungo ngi mbai va. His heart is bad for his friend.

- 4 Ngiye be, ngiye be ; kokoye a vese nduahū.
A hill here, a hill here ; the bush-fowl scratches between.
- 5 Ngoti be, ngoti be ; kpi a gbia nduahū we.
A buttock here, a buttock here ; everything goes out between.
- 6 Nguli be, nguli be ; ndo-njahū mia.
Dip here, dip here ; is to leave the water behind.
- 7 Hūa hiyengo nyini, i mbuwo go.
The animal just weaned, he does not know the noose.
- 8 Papapoli, ti woi yakpe.
The grasshopper, their voice is the same.
- 9 Hingda i yo ndopo wuloi ma, i nya woli bo.
The small boy has nothing, he pierces my ear. (? yo=lo).
- 10 Ba bi bunde bu, bia bi gole a gbou.
If you are under the camwood tree your skin will become red.
- 11 Te, ba bi bundo ye wu bi gowe ma, a gbou lo.
They say, if you pour camwood water on your foot it will become red.
- 12 Nwoni wuloi i ya hei ngi lei beke ma, a kpoo gewe lo we.
The little bird has gone to put his beak on a branch, he makes all sorts of cries.
- 13 Nwoni wuloi a hei njekoi hū, a kpoo gewe lo wei.
The little bird sits in the "Christmas" bush (Alchornea sp.), he makes all sorts of cries.
- 14 Ngi nyamungo ke nu bolohū ba.
He is bad like a man who vomits.
- 15 Numu, ba nyei wa bua, a ndahei lo.
A person before he pulls out a big fish lays the bait.
- 16 Kanda ndoa nye gbeti bei bia (=Kanda, ndoa, nyaningo, gbeti, mbei, mbelia).
Cassada—remnant—spoilt ; swamp-rice dried up. (You now eat) the spoilt remnant of cassada, for your good rice is finished. You ate cassada and left a despised remnant because you turned to good swamp rice. Having eaten this you are glad to go back to the spoiled remnant of cassada.
- 17 A njia le, a misao.
He speaks, he has no fear.
"Misao" said to equal "e lua," he does not fear. The word is apparently obsolete and I could not find a person who knew it well.
- 18 Tanga nwonwa nduwame wei.
Bitter cassada cooks quick.
This=Tanga nwonango wa a nduwame wei ; Cassada,

very bitter, it cooks soft in a short time. Tange is the cassada with the broad leaf, Kande that with the small leaf. This proverb equals Numu nyamungoi, *ngi lowei lo guwe* ; which means : A bad man, his reputation goes far. (*guwe*=? *guha*).

- 19 Baggi wopoi ē hei *ngi vului va*.

An empty sack will not stand by itself.

The ancient word for bag or sack was Nongba, now almost obsolete, and many Mende do not know it. The English word Bag has taken its place, especially as canvas sacks are in such common use for produce. Sondo-bolo is also used. It is a bag closed with a sliding string. Formerly all native bags were made of fibre. (E lo is sometimes substituted for E hei.)

- 20 Fasimbo ! *bī sherbu go*.

Lazy loafer ! you do not know the truth.

Explanation :—The lazy loafer comes to you, you take him in and feed him. In the morning you say, Come, do some work. He refuses and sauces you.

(Fasimbo=Fasi-mo, Saucy man. Sherbu, apparently an obsolete word=Tonya, truth.)

- 21 Hingdo gbowa i ko.

The foolish (or crazy) man does not know.

Explanation :—Dramatis personæ : myself ; Aruna ; a woman ; Squire.

I give Aruna, the fool, money. Aruna gives it to a woman to buy and cook food. The woman buys and cooks the food and gives it to her friend Squire. Squire invites Aruna to share it, and Aruna does not know it is provided with his own money.

- 22 Bi gahui a meni lo, i le bi woli ma.

Your body will hear better than your ear (i.e. by a beating).

I am doubtful if this is a genuine Mende proverb. It is a Hausa one, and on enquiring if it existed in Mende, was promptly given it.

- 23 Nwoni wuloi a hei njekoi gbovoi hū, kpaoui gbi a pe lo.

A little bird sits in the "Christmas" bush ; he makes all the noise.

Njekoi is the Alchornea.

- 24 Gbe, i lo njekoi ma, a kaloi lele.

See, he stands at the "Christmas" bush ; he blacks a basin.

Both above means the man is loafing.

PLATE VII



PARAMOUNT CHIEF KAIKAZOKO OF MESSIMA



MENDE DWARF, FULL FACE, WITH
ARUNA AND LONG BOY



MENDE DWARF, SIDE FACE

The following is a saying rather than a proverb.

Bi nyamungo nyamungo le, kea namu-wei-ange kula-wua-koti bu.

You are very bad, like the dirt below the stone on which the clothes are washed.

(Namu-wei-ange is said to mean the dirt that oozes out of dirty clothes when they are washed.)

VAI PROVERBS (FROM KOELLE)

- 1 Kundi dondo gbeng a boa nkundo, ke were nkune dsau.

One single hair only has fallen from my head ; this will not spoil my head.

Explanation :—I have sustained such a trifling loss or injury, that it is not worth speaking of.

- 2 Moe kama bira boyara kirawakoa.

One takes the elephant for a friend on account of the way.

Explanation :—One makes a big man his friend in order to share the benefit of his influence.

- 3 Fen dondo were fem feragba bo ; a kunni abo, ke a kuroake.

One thing does not pay the debt of two things ; if it pay it then it must be large.

- 4 Kumare turi abundowa.

The palm nut decays in its own bunch.

Explanation :—Everybody wishes to die in his own home.

- 5 Moi kereke ya mo akoo.

A man fights for his people.

- 6 Korimu mua, muwe suye ture dong.

We are leopards ; we do not eat putrid meat.

Explanation :—We do not want the help of others to obtain our wishes.

- 7 Dsa we fen ta san.

The eye does not buy a rag.

Explanation :—Inspect a thing before buying it.

TEMNE PROVERBS.

- 1 If fire should break out on the road leading to the stream,

where shall we go (i.e. for our water).

- 2 If green leaves burn, what of dry ones.

- 3 To try, and fail, is not laziness.

- 4 To strike the vulture does not matter, but the consequences.

- 5 To eat an alligator is not gluttony, it is simply a matter of tit for tat.
- 6 A white fowl is still white, even though you may dip it in palm oil.
- 7 To strike a branch on which sits a bird that is on the point of flying only makes it fly the sooner.
- 8 You should not say to a person who is carrying you on his shoulder that his head is emitting a bad odour.
- 9 Seeing a person is not knowing him.
- 10 One who refuses to take what is given him will never fill a farm house.
- 11 To respect a person is better than to give him food (disrespectfully).
- 12 He who spoils (or disarranges) anything should know how to re-arrange it.*
- 13 A child with rice, an old man with tobacco.
- 14 The breeze that knocks down green trees will not leave the dry.
- 15 A buk ong'an o Meni. A snake bites the Mende man (and he makes soup of it, this second part being understood).

KURANKO PROVERBS

- 1 Atu ; ntetu ; iseiyē.
 Leave it ; I will not leave it ; You will see it.
 Explanation :—The big man speaks—Leave it. The small forward man says—I will not leave it. A third man speaks—You will see it, i.e. you will regret it. The meaning is—The forward young man, his days are few.
- 2 Kindiame, a ti me.
 The sweet (cooked) rice does not last long.
- 3 The snake who does not hide does not last long.
 This is the Mandingo equivalent of the foregoing. Both these have the same meaning as the first.

* Nos. 1 to 12 from A. T. Sumner's Temne Grammar.

CHAPTER XXIV

MENDE GAMES

DANCING is the chief form of amusement, but games pure and simple are not entirely unknown. The youths indulge in acrobatic feats in which training is given as I have mentioned elsewhere. Wrestling is performed, but not seriously as in other countries, and there is stilt walking or dancing.

Games as we understand them are largely confined to children. Some are very complicated as the examples I give here will show. One may see in the bush or farms pebbles arranged in patterns on the ground. It is here the children have been playing.

For adults there is the game called "Ti" in Mende, or "Warri" in Creole English, which with variations is spread all through Africa, though where it originated, or to trace its possible lines of migration, in my present state of knowledge I hesitate to do.

TI.

There are two players, and the game is played on a board with twelve holes, six on a side. The boards are commonly on pedestals nine inches or a foot high, and are often ornamented. Usually but not invariably there is an additional hole at each end for captured pieces.

In default of a board the game may be played in holes dug in the ground, and in one Temne town I saw the holes had been made in a smooth rock. Evidently in that town there were some ardent devotees of the game.

1 Each hole represents a "town," and in each four seeds or pebbles are placed.

2 Moves are from left to right on the player's side.

3 The player begins on his own side taking all the men from one town and dropping them into his own and his opponent's towns in strict succession.

4 In his first and second move the player has a certain liberty of action. He can drop the men into successive town singly or more as he pleases.

5 In subsequent moves all the men must be taken from the town he elects to play from, which must be his side, and must be dropped one by one into successive towns without missing any. If he is moving more than eleven men he misses his starting town on coming round to it.

6 When the move ends and there are two or three men in the last town men were deposited at, or in each of the last towns occupied in the move, the player looks back to see what men he can take. The player captures all men in each of the last towns moved into back to but not including the nearest town in which there are not either two or three men. Such town acts as a stop if it contains more than three men, only one, or, none at all. He cannot take out a man lying by himself because he has himself just played it into an empty town which he found empty on the way. This acts as a stop.

7 It is not permitted to take out the men and count them before beginning to play (so as to be sure how far they will reach).

8 A single man moving cannot capture.

9 Captured men are removed from the board.

10 The game ends when the player has cleared his opponent's side of the board. He wins all the men remaining on his side of the board.

11 If the player moves in such a way as to leave no men on his side of the board his opponent is compelled if possible to play so as to put a man across. If the opponent is in such a position that he cannot do this that opponent clears the board.

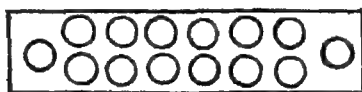
12 If at the close of the game neither party can clear the board the remaining men are divided between the two players.

There is a lot of play in this game. Some years ago I played it frequently with one of my boys, but he always won, and it seemed to me that rapid play lent itself easily to cheating. An irritating thing is when one's opponent towards the end of the game indicates that you have to do a certain move, and this entails your losing the game. Much practice is necessary to enable one to know in what town the present state of the game permits one safely to end a move.

It is a sound principle to make one's opponent play across into one's own side of the board as much as possible, while he tries to avoid it. Towards the end of the game this is imperative, as the player with most men on his side has a much wider

range of action and is enabled to protect his remaining men better.

Some years ago, before the War, a European member of a firm in the Gold Coast endeavoured to popularise the game in England and found a firm of dealers in games which was willing to take it up. A number of neat folding boards were made with brass holes, and the pellets could be shut up inside together with a book of the rules ; but it did not take on. I believe the rules given were the Lagos rules of play which differ from those I have given above.



Plan of Ti board.

NJOSO-GOWE

Magic Foot

Played by children in Mende country

(Diagram below)

There is one player.

A great circle about six paces in diameter is marked on the ground in a sandy place.

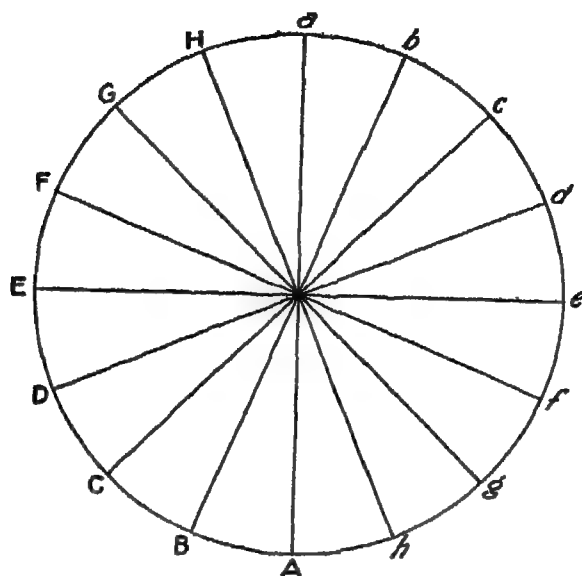
It is divided by eight diameters.

At the middle and at each point an object (stick or stone) is placed. These the player or dancer has to pick up one at a time and bring it back to the base, traversing the whole of his previous route for every stick he picks up. This is the procedure.

Route :—

- 1 A to middle ; picks up stick, returns to base A where he drops it.
 - 2 A to a ; picks up stick and returns to base A where he drops it.
 - 3 A to a ; a to b ; picks up stick ; b to a ; a to A.
 - 4 A to a ; a to b ; b to B ; picks up stick ; B to b ; b to a ; a to A.
 - 5 A, a, b, B, C, picks up stick, C, B, b, a, A.
 - 6 A, a, b, B, C, c, picks up stick, c, C, B, b, a, A.
 - 7 A, a, b, B, C, c, d, picks up stick, d, c, C, B, b, a, A.
 - 8 A, a, b, B, C, c, d, D, picks up stick, D, d, c, C, B, b, a, A.
- and so on till H is reached.

It is a test of memory and endurance, and whoever has collected most sticks before he makes a slip has done best.



Plan for playing Njoso-Gowe.

SANI-GBULA MAYANGE

Glass bottle do not scratch

Played by children in Mende country

(Diagram on opposite page)

There are two players. Small circles are made on the ground in a line to the number of twelve, or perhaps the number is variable, and a stone is placed on each.

Aruna turns his back and must not look. He sings the words in answer to Ali who takes up a stone in turn and says "Bo."

1 Ali begins at the bottom. He takes up the stone at No. 1 and says Bo.

Aruna sings

Sani gbula mayange.

Glass bottle do not scratch.

Ndopo, sani gbula mayange. Child, glass bottle do not scratch.

Ali puts his finger on the vacant spot and says Bo.

Aruna says Fofogbame. Empty space.

2 Ali takes up No. 2 stone and says Bo.

Aruna sings as before

Sani gbula mayange.

Ndopo, sani gbula mayange.

Ali puts his finger on No. 1 vacant space and says Bo.

Aruna says Fofogbarne.

Ali puts his finger on No. 2 vacant space and again says Bo.

Aruna says Fofogbarne.

So it goes on with every stone, and the singer of the words must remember the empty spaces, which becomes increasingly difficult as the stones decrease in number.

It is a memory test.

LINGUISTIC NOTE.—I am a little doubtful as to the precise meaning of the title. Sani is a glass bottle. Gbula is a gourd with a neck like a bottle, and is used as such. It is the old indigenous Mende word for bottle, Sani being a foreign word. Pu-gbule or European calabash is the strict equivalent for a glass bottle. Yange means to scratch, and Mayange to itch, as well as scratch.

I give the translation of these three words as supplied to me and hesitate to amend the meaning, but accepting them means that one must accept "Mayange" as equal to "Ba yange," which I was told was so. This implies again that the B of Ba (=you not) is interchangeable with M in Mende as one finds in some at least of the Bantu languages. In modern Mende the change is not made, so if correct it must be archaic, now only handed down in stereotyped form of words as names of persons, proverbs, Poro words, etc. This I have found. As the word Sani is probably at most three or four centuries old, not only is the name modern, but the game would seem to be so also. This would place the archaic interchange of M and B as comparatively recent.

A possible other meaning of the name is—Glass bottle scratches Calabash.

Plan of the game.

12	0
11	0
10	0
9	0
8	0
7	0
6	0
5	0
4	0
3	0
2	0
1	0

NWONINGA-SUNI-KPA-LOLI

The game of the cunning birds.

Played by children in Mende country

There are two players.

Ninety-nine marks are made on the ground as shown below.

Aruna turns his back and must not look, and sings the words.

Ali puts his finger on each mark in succession, beginning at the bottom, and checks off Aruna.

I	}	Nwoni
I		
I		
III	}	Nwoninga suni kpa.
III		
III		
IIIIIIII	}	Nwoninga suni fokulo ; ndogbo nwoninga suni kpa.
IIIIIIII		
IIIIIIII		
IIIIIIIIIIII	}	Nwoninga suni fokulo ; ndogbo nwoninga suni yaya ; nwoninga suni kpa.
IIIIIIIIIIII		
IIIIIIIIIIII		
IIIIIIII	}	Nwoninga suni fokulo ; ndogbo nwoninga suni kpa.
IIIIIIII		
IIIIIIII		
III	}	Nwoninga suni kpa.
III		
III		
I	}	Nwoni.
I		
I		
I		

Nwoni=bird. Nwoninga is indefinite plural of Nwoni. Nwoninga suni kpa=the birds are very cunning. "Suni" is an archaic or obsolete word not used in conversation so far as I am aware. Its meaning is "kasongo" or "yalango wa" meaning cunning.

Nwoninga suni fokulo ; ndogbo nwoninga suni kpa. The birds are cunning (so is the) bush-fowl ; the bush birds are very cunning. Fokulo is a small species of bush-fowl with long yellow legs.

Nwoninga suni fokulo ; The birds are cunning (so is the) bush-fowl.

Ndogbo nwoninga suni ya ya ; the bush birds are most cunning.

Nwoninga suni kpa. The birds are very cunning.

This is a memory game.

KOTI-WUMBU-LOLI.

The game of pick up stones.

Played by both boys and girls in Mende country.

There are two players.

Stones are arranged in heaps containing one, two, three, etc. up to ten.

The game is played as follows.

Aruna turns his back and must not look. He sings the words.

Ali handles the stones.

1 Aruna begins :—

Koti gbe mu henga (or, hea, the meaning being identical)
ji yira, ji fere, ji sawa, ji nani, ji lolu, ji wqita, ji wqfela,
ji wayakpa, ji tau, ji pu.

Gele wumbu.

See the stone we have placed. Here is one, here is two, here is three, here is four, here is five, here is six, here seven, here eight, here nine, here ten (or, this heap—is one, etc.)

Take up one.

Ali says :—Ngi wumbua, I have taken it.

2 Aruna sings :—

Koti gbe mu henga, ji yira, ji fere, ji sawa, ji nani, ji lolu,
ji wqita, ji wqfela, ji wayakpa, ji tau, ji pu.

Fele wumbu, Take up two.

Ali says :—Ngi wumbua, and takes one stone.

Aruna says :—Pekei wumbu, Take the other.

Ali says :—Ngi wumbua, I have taken it.

3 Aruna sings as before down to “ji pu,” and adds “sawei wumbu.”

Take up (number) three.

Ali says :—Ngi wumbua, I have taken it, and takes one stone from the heap of three.

Aruna says :—Pekei wumbu, Take up another.

Ali says :—Ngi wumbua, and takes the second stone.

Aruna says :—Pekei wumbu, Take up another.

Ali says :—Ngi wumbu, and takes the third and last stone of that heap.

So it goes on all through the game, Aruna changing the last two words to suit the next heap of stones.

At 4 the order is Nani wumbu ; at 5 Lolui wumbu ; at 6 Wqitei wumbu ; at 7 Wqfelei wumbu ; at 8 Wayakpei wumbu ; at 9 Tauwi wumbu ; and at 10 Puwi wumbu, and when the last stone in number ten heap has been picked up, Aruna says :— Ke i gboyoa, and it is finished.

This game is a memory test. If Aruna leaves a stone in one of the heaps, or orders too many to be picked up he has lost the game.

CHAPTER XXV

MENDE SONGS

THE following songs are part of a collection I made from natives belonging to various parts of the country.

To obtain an adequate translation of a song is usually a very difficult matter, and I have been obliged to omit a considerable number of the more unintelligible. It is, in the first place, not easy to recognise the words of a song, even in one's own language, when heard for the first time. In a foreign language, and especially in an African language, the difficulty is all the greater. Words are often slightly modified in pronunciation as well as shortened, and a further complication is that the singer is himself very commonly unable to give a meaning, not only to single words but to whole lines. The singer, if he does not frankly admit he does not know the meaning, will give a version, while one of the audience will say something quite different. The many meaningless words they will describe as "song-words," and there their information ends. For this reason the songs of one part of the country may be quite unintelligible in another part. The meaning has to be explained, although the difference in the dialect may be quite insignificant.

I may state that personally I have rarely succeeded in understanding a song until it had been explained to me, and I could get it down in writing to study at leisure. A considerable drawback to such studies is that the singers can rarely be made to say the words in an ordinary tone of voice. They almost invariably have to sing them; and I may add incidentally that it is fatiguing to have songs bawled at one, usually indoors, at the top of the singer's voice, and repeated over and over again until one can get them written down fairly accurately.

The allusions to native customs and ceremonies, and to animals, are, of course, obscure to any but the natives themselves. To understand them requires a very competent local knowledge.

One grammatical note must be added. It will be noticed that the vowel sounds "e" and "o," varied sometimes to "ye" and "yo" after "i," often follow words standing at the end of a

phrase. This is a common feature of the language, especially when calling to a person in the distance. In the songs these vocal additions are necessary to complete the rhythm.

PORO SONGS

- 1 Ki wai wai, ki wai-o.
 Nya nde, nya nde wai,
 Ngi le gbe wq.
 Ki wai wai, ki wai-o.
 My brother, my big brother,
 His birth was long ago.

The words in the first line were described as "song words" and said to have no meaning, though this is doubtful. Without knowing the allusion the song is meaningless. It is said to be sung to gather everybody together when they come out of the Poro bush.

"Gbe="gbele," time.

- 2 Gbe-yo ! ma gbe-yo, ye.
 Ndevei i ya hema-o.
 Disperse ! we disperse (or, leave).
 The bat has gone to hang up.
 Sung when leaving. The "bat" refers to the Poro spirit.
 "Hema"="helema."

- 3 Bi woma gbe.
 Ndevei i ya hema.
 Look behind you.
 The bat has gone to hang up.

- 4 Ngului bonani-o.
 Kamala wului.
 Bonani-o.
 Bewo.
 The stick is straight.
 The stick is (good) for the Poro house.
 It is straight.
 A "bewo" stick.

Kamala, or Kamela, is the entrance to the Poro bush.

5 Ma (or Ba) dundui ji hĩ lawo wa kpa.

Nya woma lo.

Nge ye ge sao.

Ndopo, bi nde ti nya la ge.

Gbe! gbe!

Semomoi lo.

Ba nya la ge.

Do not talk big about this dance and spread it
abroad.

I am behind.

I said just now, No.

Boy, you say they call my name.

Stop! stop!

It is my sister-in-law.

Do not mention my name.

Dundui is a dance at night, after the Poro dancer (or, Devil) has left the town.

One meaning supplied is "A man dance and finish. He want to go to him town, and take up him load for go. Someone see this and tell him to stop. He say No." Another is that the dancer has had as a partner his sister-in-law. He has had connection with her and asks that it be not noised abroad. I do not venture on any suggestion myself. "Kpa" is also rendered, "kpwa," "kwa," and "kuna."

SANDE SONGS.

6 Sande le kule.

Sande le kule.

Ho, Nyangoma, Ho, Ya!

Pombo-o, Nyangoma, O, Ya!

Sande le kule.

The Sande gathering.

The Sande gathering.

Ho, Nyangoma, Ho, Ya!

Pombo, Nyangoma, O, Ya!

The Sande gathering.

A Kp-Mende (Northern Mende) song. Nyangoma, an eclipse, used as a name by men and women. Pombo, a name.

- 7 So wai ! A wai, So.
 Maba njei le ya.
 So wai ! A wai, So.
 Maba njei de (or, le) ya.
 The big Sowu, she comes, Sowu.
 You and I will cross the water.
 The big Sowu, she comes, Sowu.
 You and I will cross the water.

A Kɔ-Mende song.

"Maba" may be a man's name ; may="mabie," you and I ;
 or may mean an image.

- 8 Songa tia njiama-o.
 Bua, buli vayema-o.
 O ! Nyangoma ! O-yo.
 O ! Nyangoma ! O-yo.
 O ! Nyangoma ! O-yo.
 Bua, buli vayema-o.

A Kɔ-Mende song. It is a Sande song also called a Koso wuli
 or Magic song.

Songo=Sowonga, indefinite plural of Sowu.

Nyangoma, a personal name.

"Njiama" explained as "ti ya hale woma," They have gone
 after medicine.

"Vayema"=Va'ema=Valema, growing.

- 9 Hani lo a kpukpuli bu,
 Bi toa.
 Hani lo a kpukpuli bu,
 Bi toa.
 Something is dropping its dung,
 You see it ?

Sung when the Sande women are returning to the bush. First
 line a quick monotone ; second line brought out crisply.

Said also to refer to an insect or reptile in the roof, warning
 people sitting below.

- 10 Nyahei, be fo kamela.
 I lea mia we.
 Jembe lenga !
 A mu le ngalui ma njego.

Woman, you must not enter the Poro bush.

She has passed yonder side.

Little fish !

Let us pass by the moonlight up stream.

A Gba-Mende song.

Line 1. Instead of " fo," enter, an alternative word is " gbia," pull out.

Line 3. Jembe or Jengbe is a fish. Lenga means small ones. The women are the fishers in Mende country, using fine mesh hand nets.

SKIPPING SONGS

11 A winde mahū panda-o.

Ngeyei i bulerna.

Jump over it properly (plural)

The rope is not missing you.

The rope is always a cane, and the last line was explained as meaning that the rope is not splitting ; if the cane splits it is a bad one.

In skipping the rope is not swung high. Two men squat down and turn it, and the person who skips has to do so bending down.

12 Bono ! Keiye !

Keiye ! Bono !

Gbe mu guli jia ga-o.

Bono ! Bandy-legs !

Bandy-legs ! Bono !

Let us walk quickly ape-like.

Ngeya-loli mia=It is a rope dance.

Guli=Ngori, definite singular of Ngoro, an ape, chimpanzee.

13 Gbo bi lembi a yima-o ?

Te wɔ, te, kpakpae gbama.

Gbo bi lembia ?

A mu velima-o, e, ye.

Why are you stooping down for so long ?

They said long ago the Kpakpa medicine is worthless.

What are you waiting for ?

We say good-bye to you.

Kpakpa is a protective " medicine " either for a town against sickness or a person against some mishap.

" Yima " may mean sleeping.

14 Nyine ! Nyine ! tondo nyine !

Ba yo yo, yo yo,
Gboso gula koli ma-o.
Ba yo yo, yo yo.

Rat, Rat, Common house rat !
Help me, oh (help me).
The trap falls on the leopard.
Help me, oh (help me).

This means that the small man may sneak in under the rope like a rat, but the rope catches the big man like the beam falling on the leopard in the trap.

15 Foli gbi i le ;
Foli waong.

There is no sun there ;
Clear sun light.

A Sherbro-Mende song. This refers to the rope being turned so as not to leave a space one moment, but the next turn gives a clear opening for the skipper to jump through.

16 Nge gbua a kpindi hti, loe nya va.
Ke i lo nya ma, e, ye.
Loe bua nya boli.

I cannot go out at night, I have a swelling.
And it remains on me.
The swelling has (now) come out of my throat.

A Sherbro-Mende song.

This seems to mean that the dancer says he has something the matter with him, in case he should fail to get through. He gets through and says he is all right.

17 Kpendi bei, jianji.
A ombo ! ngi na hti go.

Stunted-rice ?
Alas, I do not understand that.

A Gba-Mende song.

"Stunted-rice" seems used as a term of reproach.

HOME SICK SONGS.

- 18 A mu yama Njama-o.
 Oh ! mu yama Njama, -o, o, o.
 Oh ! Yumbe, wa-o, o, o.
 Oh ! mu yama Njama-o.

Njama is a town, Yumbe a person's name. This is an improvisation, and the names can be readily changed.

- 19 Ho ! nene lo,
 Bawuiya, Bandajuma,
 Bia gbe wo-o, Bawuiya.
 Oh ! (they) are delightful.
 Bawuiya and Bandajuma.
 You were at Bawuiya very long ago.

WAR SONGS

- 20 Bombotui !
 Ko lopa !
 Ta bombo male
 Peli ngande ma.
 Bombotui !
 The stout man !
 War boys !
 They meet the stout man
 at the cross roads.
 The stout man !

A Ko-Mende song. "Ko gama wuli mia," i.e., it is a war gathering song.

Bombotui is the name of a big rat and is applied to stout men with a big belly. "Bombo" in line 3 seems to be an abbreviation of "bombotui."

Cross roads are a sort of sacred place, and objects are invariably to be found at them placed there as a sacrifice or offering.

- 21 Bo ! konde-o, bo !
 Bo ! i ya lumai nde-o.
 Bo ! the great snail ! Bo !
 Bo ! He has not made up his mind yet (or agreed yet).

A Ko-Mende song. "nde" = "le," yet.

BOAT SONGS

- 22 Guri be, guri be !
 Lo nja hñ mia !
 Guri yakpe mu li.
 Paddle here, paddle here.
 Leave it in the water yonder.
 (With) only one paddle we (can) go.
- 23 Mu de gbei ge njei gbayango,
 Mu ye gbei fombui leke.
 We ascended a short time ago, the water was strong.
 We descended at the time when the water is
 swiftest.

FARMING SONGS

- 24 Sekpende sele ;
 Kpoko a foli mane.
 The hawk swoops ;
 The night pounces on the sun.
 A Gba-Mende hoeing song. Said to be sung when your back
 aches. (See No. 55).
- 25 Tindo be a ve ;
 Ta lewe.
 Tindo !
 Jo i lewe be.
 Ye lo ngi woma ?
 Yenge ngi woma.
 Ti mbei ti kula bu,
 Ve ta lila.
 The tindo, the rice, it flies over,
 It passes.
 Tindo !
 Jo passes here.
 Who is behind him ?
 Yenge is behind him.
 Their rice (is) under their cloth.
 All, they take it away.
 " Ba le wuli mia," i.e., It is a rice-cutting song.
 Tindo is a small bird.
 " Ve " in line 1=to blow, apparently the meaning being it
 moves the rice as it flaps over.

"Ve" in the last line="hokpongo," completely. For "ve" I was also given "vu reng" in both places, then it was corrected.

"Vu"=rushes; "reng" or "leng"=erect.

For Jo and Yenge other names could be substituted. Jo is a man, Yenge a woman.

- 26 Ngomo a mba le Mande hũ a folo ;
G bendou nga i be.

A person with crawl-crawl must not cut rice in Mende country in the sun (or by day).

Wait till the scab dries first.

Ngomo=nowo-mo, a person with the skin disease.

"G bendou" is the same word as "mawulo," and "gbe" is substituted by some singers. All mean "wait."

"Mande," so pronounced in this song.

- 27 Ba lema wu li.
Eye—ngi ya golo-ye ndama.
Ba lema wu li.
Eye, ngi ya boyi-ye gbitihũ.

To cut rice you go.

Eh! I am the "golo" on his leaf.

To cut rice you go.

Eh! I am the red-rat in the grass.

A Gba-Mende song.

Golo is an insect. "Golo-ye" is an expanded song form for "Goloi."

Boyi-ye, red-rat, is a similar form for Boye.

- 28 Ba nga wuli.
Ba nga wuli-ya-o.
Ho! Mbomo! Sowi lo a loli-o.

Sweep off the top of the rice!

Oh! Sweep off the top of the rice!

Oh! Mbomo! the Tongo headman will dance.

A Ko-Mende song.

"Tongo ngule mia," it is a Tongo song. "Mbomo" said to be a "Tongo" medicine, "as big as a man's thigh."

"Sowi," definite of "Sowo," a Tongo society headman.

- 29 Toto vema
 Ki vema. (or, To vema).
 Toto vema.
 Ki vema.
 Nga mba le kpa hñ.
 Ndopoi e tewē na.
 Ba tewē a yonga.
 Be li a mbowei-o.
 Toto vema.

The first four lines and last seem to have lost all meaning.

I will cut rice in the farm.

The boy must not cut there.

Do not boast.

You must not go with a knife.

A Gba-Mende song.

"Vena" also sung for "vema."

- 30 Ba-o, le, mu le-o.
 Ba le, mu belingo-e gba.
 Ba-o, le, mu le-o.
 Rice, oh cut (it); we cut (it) oh!
 Cut rice, we are very skilful.
 Rice, oh cut (it); we cut (it) oh!

A Sherbro-Mende song.

- 31 Jobo! Jaba! Ye wq,
 Mu ya lobai la-o.
 Jobo! Jaba! Mother said long ago,
 We must go and make the farm.
 "Ye wq" seems to be a contraction of "Ye i lea wq."
 "Logba" is the part of the farm cleared but not planted with rice.

HUNTING SONGS

- 32 Mu yama woma-o,
 Sukobondo!
 Dogbqi i nyani kamaso ma.
 Mu yama woma-o.
 Ndiamo!

Let us return,
Sukobondo.
The bush is spoiled for the hunter.
Let us return,
Friend !

A Ko-Mende song.

Sukobondo or Sukowondo is a personage connected with some ritual ; used as an ejaculation.

- 33 Gbama, tindo !
 Gbama, tindo !
 Gbama, tindo !
 Hŋa gbo wa-ye
 Wai-ye wa.
- It is in vain, Tindo.
 It is in vain, Tindo.
 It is in vain, Tindo.
 A big red bush-cow,
 Big, (oh so), big.

The hunter has failed to get the bush-cow (tewui).
Tindo is a small bird made the hunter's confidant.

VARIOUS SONGS

- 34 Wai wai, Kimbo.
 Wai wai, ngi be'enga.
 Njoso ! ngi be'enga.
- Wai, wai, Kimbo !
 Wai, wai, I am in need.
 Magic dancers ! I am in need.

A Gba-Mende song.

It is a " njoso-wuli " which may be rendered a Magic-dance song.
The " njoso " men are conjurers.

Kimbo is the Aard-vark, a burrowing animal.

- 35 Ah ! wunge, wunge-e !
 Hamboi ya wova.
 Ngombui nya li houa.
 Ah ! wunge, wunge-e.

Ah! Wunge, Wunge!
 The grid has become old.
 The fire has seized my heart.
 Ah! Wunge, Wunge!

A Ko-Mende song. The song of an old man.

Wunge is said to be an insect like a cricket. Hambo is a wooden grid for drying fish or rice in the sun or over a fire.

- 36 Jeje! Bondo!
 Mani gogo gbia-o.
 Gogo gbia-o.
 Ngi nya gomi gbia-o, ngi wa.
 Squirrel! Bondo!
 Pull out the fibre of the palm frond.
 Pull out the fibre.
 I hunch my back, I come.

Bondo is a man's name. "Gomi" is the part of the back between the shoulder blades. In dancing it is worked in and out.

- 37 Jangba! Ma-be-o.
 Bi nya gbama, jaga ange-o.
 O ya! E! Jondo!
 Drum! You and I.
 You are hurting me, walk quickly with me.
 Oh, grip tight.

A Ko-Mende song.

Jangba, a drum, is also a personal name.

For "jondo" a variant is "jonjo."

"Gbama" = Gbalema, hurting.

- 38 Nga lua wunde ma-o,
 Ngombu-o.
 Nga lua-o-e.
 I fear the 'fire brick,
 O fire!
 I fear it.

A Gba-Mende song.

"Ngunde" is a stone or lump of clay, or old pot, used to support a pot over the fire.

39 Nja nwoni, king nwoni-o !
 Nja nwoni, king nwoni-o !
 Nwoni a yia bondo, kenye, kenye, kenye.
 Ki bo.
 I jia, lele, le-o, le-o, le-o, le.
 Nwoni, i yia bondo.
 I jia lele, le-o, le.
 Nwoni a li jale.
 I jia.
 Jale jia.
 He ! mu ya-o.
 Mu wa, ma gola tei ma-o, e, ye-o.
 Mu wa-o-e,
 Mu wa.
 Ah ! Jekende, nwe-e.
 O ya ! Jekende, nwe-e.

Water-bird ! " King "-bird !
 Water-bird ! " King "-bird !
 The bird speaks in the Bundu bush—Kenye, Kenye,
 Kenye.
 Ki bo.

He walks slowly, slowly, slowly.
 The bird speaks in the Bundu bush.
 He walks slowly, slowly, slowly.
 The bird goes quickly.
 He walks,
 He walks quickly.
 Heh ! we are going.
 We come, we surprise the town.
 We come, we come,
 We come.
 Ah ! Red-crab ! for sure.
 Ah ! Red-crab ! for sure.

A Gba-Mende song. It seems to be a children's song accompanying some game ; compare the children's games given in another chapter.

Bundu is the great female society.

" Kenye " apparently represents the bird's note. I could get no explanation of the bird called King-nwoni.

40 Mu hale wa bumbua, ndama gbe-o.

Bundu ne wa ; nya'e.

Mu hale wa bumbua, ndama gbe-o.

We took big medicine, see the big "tongo"
medicine.

Bundu ! it was very "sweet" ; it is I.

We took big medicine, see the big "tongo"
medicine.

A Ko-Mende song. It is a song accompanied by the Segbule
or rattle used by the women.

Nya'e=Nya le.

41 Ai, Majiajo !

Ba nya lukpe.

Koli be wa bu.

Ngi koli hũgo-e.

Ah, Majiajo !

Do not push me,

The greedy man's house is very big.

I know the greedy man well

Majiajo is the name of a leading dancer. It is also the infant
name of a girl.

"Koli be wa bu." Another rendering, and I am told a more
correct one is "koli we wa-ma-o." "Be" and "we" are both
abbreviations of "pele," house ; "wa" is big ; "bu" is under,
and "ma" on, the latter forming a present participle. A Mende
always talks of "under" a house. The sentence might therefore
as in the text be translated—The greedy man is in his big house.

42 Bo ! Kpa wa-yo ;

Ma-ndambi jongo.

Ba ngiyei nde.

Bi nya mawulo,

Ngi ja a bi wotoi.

Ah ! there is a big distance between us ;

As long as the great forest vine.

Do not climb the hill.

Wait for me,

(Until) I touch your backside.

- 43 Ndopoi e gewele mc.
Gete ngewele mc keng.

The boy must not eat "small" rice.
The pestle eats "small" rice entirely.

A Gba-Mende song.

- 44 Chichipene, chia pene.
Kpukpulamo e hele,
Ke bi kpai i wilia ndobela ma.

(You have done this, do not do it again to me).
The person easing himself squats down,
And your spear is cast on the dwellers in the lower
regions.

Line 1, or, Sisipene, sa pene. These seem to be archaic words, which were paraphrased to mc as "Bi ji wea, ba na pe gboma ange," the translation of which is above.

"Hele" = to hang (the backside) over.

"Kpa," spear, a euphemism, apparently, for excrement coming out with a squirt.

The "Ndo-bela" are persons who have departed this life and who thereafter inhabit Ndou or Hades. As a matter of fact there is also a conflicting and perhaps a later belief that deceased persons go to God's land up aloft.

Everybody laughs at this little song. It has something to do with pulling up roots when preparing the ground for rice planting.

- 45 Ai, gbe, Manjo !
Ndialogbiame, fama, fama.
Lumbi-o yo, o yo.
Bi nya bama na, hiye.

Ai ! look, Manjo !

The parting asunder, the parting gift, the parting
gift.

Lumbi oh !

You are killing me. Get up (and go).

A Kɔ-Mende song.

The plaint of a dancer who has not received a big enough present. Manjo is the leader of the dance ; Lumbi the name of the drummer, or perhaps a reference to the head of the Poro.

- 46 Ba-le-moi-o !
 Ba-le-mo belingoi gba !
 Ba-le-moi-o !

Musician !
 Most skilled musician !
 Musician !

Ba-le-mo = Music-strike-person. "Ba" is an instrument having notes, with calabashes below as sound-boxes.

- 47 Bembe nga-o.
 Bi li ange waili-wa-hū
 Pass round above
 Go with me to the big shady-place-under-the-trees.
 A love song. The first line is obscure

- 48 Jangba ! Ndoli ma-o.
 Kande gula ndoli ma.
 E ! mu yama-o.
 E ! yo, yo ! O yo, yo !
 Drum ! At the dance.
 A marvel occurs (falls) at the dance.
 Eh ! we return.
 Eh ! yo, yo ! Oh, yo yo !
 A Ko-Mende song.

- 49 Bondo ! Ndane ma-o yo, yo.
 Bondo ! Ndane ma.
 Bondo ! At the dance, oh !
 Bondo ! At the dance.

A Ko-Mende song.

Bondo is a personal name. "Ndane" is said to be a Tongo dance, or "Ndanema" a Tongo player.

A "Shaking" dance according to Schoen (Dani).

- 50 Buno ! londo ! ngi do manene.
 Dogbo bakui ! Kambaima !
 Jobondo indea ge
 Buno ! londo ! ngi do manene.
 Buno ! be quiet. I soothe the baby.
 Weaver bird ! Kambaima !
 Jobondo said not long since.
 Buno ! be quiet, I soothe the baby.

A Sherbro-Mende song. The words of this song are rattled through. The meaning is quite obscure.

Kambaima, a man's name.

- 51 Ngeya, be, ma molo na, o-e-ye.
 Ngeya, be, ma mo' na lo.
 Ngi tende.

Rope, you say we . . .

Rope, you say we . . .

" Ngitende."

A Ko-Mende song of obscure meaning.

" Ngitende " is said to be some kind of vine.

- 52 Ba to gbia nyama.
 Nya ngi tokpoi mawuni.
 Gbwa nya, oh ! ji joso.
 Ji joso, i ya heni-o-he.

Do not be jealous of me.

I climb the palm tree.

Second wife ! oh, . . .

. . . , he has not sat down.

A Ko-Mende song.

The meaning of every line is obscure. " Ji joso " was explained as meaning " plenty of keys," a sign of wealth.

- 53 Ho, Banda !
 A londo, ngi nde.
 Ho, Banda !
 Bundo ! Kpekpa mapi ma.
 Ho, nyande.

Oh ! Banda !

Cease, I say.

Oh ! Banda !

Bundo ! cross the Mapi (river),

Oh ! it is fine.

A Sherbro-Mende song.

Banda, or Banta, is a country next to Sherbro with a strong Temne strain in the population.

Line 4 is very doubtful.

- 54 Bo ! Bo ! iyakpci-o.
 A masa ngule, ngule.
 Kainye, kinye, ki.
 I hitia pili ma le-o.
 A mu le, le, le-o-yu.
 Kinye, kinya, ki.
 I hitia pili ma le-o.
 Boi ! ji bi nyaha wai lo.
 Ajike.

Bo, Bo, only one.
 Pass them round well.
 Kainye, kinye, ki.
 (the noise) has reached the road.
 Let us pass,
 Kinye, kinya, ki.
 (The noise) has reached the road,
 My dear ! since you are my big wife,
 Let us all sit down before you.

A Gba-Mende song. It is a children's song accompanying some game in which stones are moved in a circle from one to the other.

Line 1. " Bo " is a word used in games when a counter is placed.

Line 2. This is said to =A tewe panda panda.

Line 3. These words indicate a rattling or crackling noise.

Line 8. " Boi " is used, I believe, as a form of familiar address between women, corresponding to Ndakpaloi, shortened to Ndakpwe (=young man) between men.

Line 9. A jike=Mu hei gbi bi gobu.

- 55 Kebende chele,
 Popo logbwa.

The hawk swoops down,
 Night is coming on.

A Gba-Mende song. Described as a Rice-cutting song, and also " Njoso-loli-bela ti wuli mia " =The magic dancers their song it is. (See No. 24).

This song may run—Sekpende sele, Kpoko lo i gbua (or wua).

" Sele " is said to mean planting out rice in tufts.

- 56 Ndondo ! nga ngule ! gbe nyama.
Jong-yo-e.

Cease ! I sing ! Leave me alone !
Courage !

Meaning obscure, as one rendering given me was—Cease, I am looking at the cloth I am wearing.

- 57 Gbe mia bi kpokpo mbu ?
What is beneath your cloth ?
O lumbo, dumbe pene.
—, a pot, clay.
Pene nana kpwiti nje a lapa.
Clay, prickles, grass, water, it swims.
Gbe lapa ? Lapa kolu.
Gbe kolu ? Kolumbe (=kolu lumbe).
What iron ? — ?
Gbe lungbwe ? Lungbwe dia.
Gbe dia ? Dia kondc.
Gbe kondc ? Kondc lui.
What snail ?
Gbe lui ? Luc petc.
Gbe petc ? Petc kao.
Gbe kao ? Kao membu.
What refuse ?
Gbe membu ? Membu simbi.
What "membu" tree ?
Gbe simbi ? Simbi kowe ?
Gbe kowe ? Kuwe bamba.
Gbe bamba ? Bamba hfi nya.
What eagle ?
Gbe nya ? Nya tupu.
What woman ? A female puff-adder.
Tupu a bwa gahu i bure nje ya gbaiye.
A puff-adder comes out, its body bursts, ? ?
Gbe gbaiye ? Gbaiye ndili.
Gbe ndili ? Ndili, ho-o-o-o-o.
What python ? The python.

This song is sung by two persons ; one asks the question, the other gives the answer, usually from a distance. Every syllable is very clearly enunciated. I could get no translation, and many words were stated to be merely " song-words."

The song runs on lines something like the following :

What house ? A house boat.

What boat ? A boat race.

What race ? A race horse.

What horse ? A horse pond.

Similar songs exist in Hausa. See A. J. N. Trehearne, " Hausa Superstitions and Customs," p. 368.

DRUM AND HORN.

Besides conveying their thoughts and wishes by the aid of song, the Mende brings to the assistance of his voice the drum and horn. Using two instruments, it would seem that the range of neither is so great as that of other tribes which use the drum only or the horn only. All the same there are other tribes which seem incapable of conveying information at a distance by any sound producing instrument.

Among information that can be conveyed are the following :

1. That food is ready but not the nature.
2. Calls to dances, Poro meetings, etc.
3. Personal names, including of course chief's names.
4. A death.
5. Announcing an animal has been killed in the bush.
6. Sum of money in round figures.
7. Calls to gamble.
8. Announcing a visitor.
9. War or trouble coming.
10. Complimentary drumming.

There is also the well-known Büm, Büm, on a big drum in quick time, the drum note that the chief is moving.

This is a call to gamble :

Go ! Go !

A mu mehei me-o !

A wa a shilli' yira-o !

A wa a penny yira-o !

A wa Ka-Ka-Ka-Ka !

War ! War ! (=gamble).

Let is eat food (first).

Come (plural) with a shilling.

Come with a penny.

(All) come quickly—quickly.

On one occasion some years ago, when I was in the Gold Coast where a great number of Mende had come to work, I recognised the arrival of a new and better drummer than the ordinary, for it is unusual for drummers to leave their country. Accordingly, returning one evening from the bush after dark, I tested him with a message or two. I told the man with me to take 3d. and give it to the drummer and tell him to call up my boy

Mosey at the house, which we had not reached yet, and tell him he was a fool. The distance was about a quarter of a mile with bush between. When I reached my house I waited a bit, and then presently a strange call was heard. I asked Mosey who was being called, but he did not know. Soon my messenger came back and reported the drummer himself had just gone away, but another man had picked up the Sangbai (drum) to call him back. A little later I heard the drum say distinctly, "Mo-sey!" "Mo-sey!" Mosey heard it too, and said he was being called. Presently it said, "Mosey! kiri-kiri-kiri-kiri." Mosey said, "Ah! they are cursing me."

A second message I sent to the drummer was to call up Boma, my cook, and tell him there was a girl waiting for him outside the village, and she was a virgin. By-and-bye came "Boma! Boma! Boma!" and Boma came out of the kitchen to hear what the drum had to say. Instead of telling him about the girl, it said "kiri-kiri-kiri" to him also. Boma gasped and said, "They are cursing me too." I then thought fit to tell him I had done it and it had cost me 3d. The message was evidently unsuitable, firstly because girls specialised as indicated are rare, and if they were not, no sane drummer would shout out into the night air that a lady was waiting.

Chiefs have their individual horn calls. The following was that of Nyagwa, a chief who was deported from Sierra Leone after the 1898 rising, and died at Accra in 1907.

Nyagwa, Nyagwa, *kokeanie*,
which is said to mean, Nyagwa, Nyagwa, what is the matter?

Other calls are

Mwamwa i wua nya ma, or Mwamwa i gbua nya ma.

Both versions were given me for the same call, and one means "Fear enters me," the other "Fear comes out of me"; so I do not know which is right.

Kokande, Kokande, ba lima hoe?

Kokande, Kokande, are you going?

Frafra goja! Ti wa ka, ka, ka. Ti lole? Ti fere kpe.
Frafra goja!

Frafra goja! They come in a multitude. How many?
They are only two. Frafra goja!

This is said to mean that however many the enemy are they are only equal to two men. "Kokande" and "Frafra-goja" are apparently personal or horn names.

CHAPTER XXVI

STORIES

THERE is an abundance of folk-lore among the tribes of Sierra Leone, and in view of the pervading Mandingo influence the bulk of the stories must be common to all the tribes. I give a few here, and others may be seen in my Mende grammar, where they serve as reading exercises.

No two story-tellers will relate a story exactly alike, and not by any means in the same words even in the same tribe. As long as the fundamentals are there the narrator will be satisfied, but he will embellish and fill out as pleases him. This is perfectly reasonable, for we may ask ourselves what a story is for. It is not a chronicle or history to be repeated by heart, as do the Fina men in Kuranko. It is for the entertainment of the hearers, and their entertainment is the principal object of the story-teller's opening his mouth. Hence a very great latitude is allowed and taken, as different versions of the same story have shown me.

The nucleus of the story may be traced in some cases to a distant source, and many are of Mohammedan origin, brought originally by some wandering story teller. It soon adapts itself to a local setting. For instance it is of no use to tell a dense forest audience a story in which the animals and trees are those of the savannah country. They, and especially the children, will not understand them. It is not a natural history lesson, and so a local setting has to be adopted with local personal names, and established in its new dress the new story becomes embedded in the folk lore of that tribe.

The local setting in some cases takes a slightly Europeanised form, as may be seen in one or two of the stories I have given here, the writer-out of them having acquired some acquaintance with English story-books. I have not excluded them on that account. In fact I think they become even more interesting, for the reason that the process of foreign accretion is all the more easily to be studied.

A MENDE STORY

THE HUNTER AND THE ELEPHANT

There was formerly a famous hunter named Kpana. His sole work was to hunt elephants. He had at this time killed over a hundred.

A meeting was called by the king of the elephants ; so elephants came from all parts of the world to attend this meeting. The purpose of the meeting was to find a way of ridding them of their famed enemy Kpana. Some of the elephants said they should all surround his house and crush it down on him. " Well," said the elephant king, " You are not near the man's house. When he sees you coming he will kill you."

Others said that a big hole should be dug, so that when Kpana passed by it he would fall in and be killed. " What do you say ? Dig a hole for Kpana ? Why it was by means of a hole that he killed my grandfather."

The meeting had lasted for eight days and they had not come to any decision. At length one of them who had never spoken since the meeting commenced, said " Listen to me. I have found a plan. You all know that men love none but their own kind. My plan is that one of these maiden elephants be transformed into a beautiful girl, and that she should seek information as to Kpana's secrets." The plan was unanimously adopted, and in a short time everything was ready.

One day Kpana was counting his elephant skins in the bush, when he was warmly accosted by a beautiful woman he had never seen before. The woman was the transformed elephant. The woman was finely thought out, but the transformation in the bush was so badly done that traces of the elephant remained in her. Her feet were very large, and a tuft of hair remained behind the ears. Kpana stopped counting the skins, and at once invited the young woman into his house. They began to talk at once, and he showed the girl his gun, saying, " This is my trusty gun, and it will not rest till all the elephants in the world are killed in the bush."

This remark chilled the visitor a bit, but she took courage and sat still. Kpana next, to the delight of the woman, began to explain his mode of hunting and his magic art. In fact there was only one magic art that he did not explain, because he was told not to do so, even to his best friend, and that magic word was " Gbe ngi wili ho " (Let me shoot then). As the visitor had got what she

desired, she took leave of Kpana and departed. When she reached home all that she told was hailed with delight.

During this time Kpana was planning to go out hunting. Gbu . . ., a bullet whizzed into the woods among the elephants. "That shot is from Kpana," said one of the elephants. Like the thundering of mighty cannons those huge beasts formed a circle round Kpana. He uttered a magic word, and there was nothing of Kpana but an ant hill. "Trample down the ant-hill," said the elephant who visited Kpana last, and who had been elected a leader. Kpana had a narrow escape. He ran swiftly through the bush with his enemies close behind him. He said another magic word, and he was changed into a bird and flew high above his pursuers. "Wait," said the leader, "he will sit down when he is tired." They tried very hard, and just when the first elephant stretched itself to seize Kpana, he used another magic word. But it was all in vain. At last the hunter thought of the only magic word which he had not told to his visitor. He said the word and was lost.

When he was back in his right senses again, he said never again would he hunt elephants, for they had taught him a lesson—never to let anyone know the secrets of one's heart.

A MENDE STORY

THE WOMAN AND THE TWO GHOSTS

Once upon a time there was a great festival in a certain town, and many people came from afar to see it.

The dancing continued for several days, and two ghosts heard about it, and they changed themselves into very fine young men and went to the town where the dancing was going on.

When they arrived the people in the town gathered round them admiring their beauty.

As these changed ghosts were enjoying themselves in one of the dances, with a great crowd round them, two young women fell in love with them. The dancing lasted for three days, and on the fourth day the men informed their lovers that they were returning home. Upon this they told the young men that they were going to follow them wherever they went. The men begged them not to follow them, but they refused to go back.

Unable to make the women go back to the two men continued their journey until they almost reached the place they were bound

for. Here again they asked them to return, and urged them until one consented. As she turned her back to go the young men asked the other woman to go too, but she refused and said, "Where you die, there I shall die."

Once more they resumed their journey, and they soon came to the empty and ruined village where they were once buried. Here again they pressed the woman to return, but she still repeated what she had said before, "Where you die, there I shall die."

As she was repeating this sentence the men stepped a few paces away from her and each of them plucked a certain leaf, and squeezed the juice into his eye. No sooner had they done so than each of them began to change his form into a ghost. At the same time their graves opened and they jumped into them.

The woman watched, but she was not afraid.

It was now dusk, and the men had entirely changed their bodily form and were no more to be seen. Darkness came on, and it being a long road home, the woman decided to spend the night in this desolate place. She lay down to sleep without the least fear, but near midnight she was awakened by a human voice near her. Thinking it was earthly men she rose to go to them, when she received all over her body strokes from these people. She thereupon began to run away, but in the dark the branch of a tree fell on her head with such force that she fell dead at once.

"Moral. It is not good to disobey."

A MENDE STORY

THE STORY OF THE THREE HUNTERS

Once upon a time three hunters of equal size set out for a hunting party in a thick forest.

They travelled all day and came to a small hill where they built a small hut to stay in.

After they had spent a week in the bush one of them died, and the other, Vayombo, asked his companion Kpana Dowi to stay and guard the dead body while he went to report the matter.

Before Vayombo left, however, Kpana got very frightened, so much so that he asked Vayombo to tie up the dead body tightly. When he had done this Vayombo hastened to the town.

Not long after it began to get dark, and as Kpana was about to go to sleep, the rope on the dead body began to break. Kpana

awoke completely, and was by this time so much afraid that he went to the bush to cut more rope to tie up the body again.

This he did three times, and on the fourth occasion he took his gun and everything with him, and ran with great speed for the town.

He had not gone far when he became tired of running, and he climbed up a tree thinking that the ghost of his companion would not see him if he came by.

By this time the dead man had got up, and he placed his hands in the fire and followed Kpana. When he reached the tree where Kpana was he told Kpana to come down. Kpana was terrified and refused to come down.

The ghost thereupon began to climb the tree himself, and reaching Kpana they began to fight. Soon they fell down together, and a more serious struggle began. They fought nearly all night, and when they heard the people coming the ghost escaped from the man and went off to where he had died and lay down quietly as he was before.

When the people came Kpana Dowi told them that the man was not dead, and that he had been fighting with him for the whole night.

So instead of burying the dead body they made a great fire and burned it.

A MENDE STORY

THE TWO SONS

Once upon a time there lived a man who had two sons. The elder was called Ngajamalo, and the younger was called Monegbama.

Ngajamalo was twenty years of age, and his brother eighteen, when their father died. Before he died he said that his property should be shared equally between them.

Two years after his death the sons shared the property between them just as their father had said. With the money and kernels the elder son became rich, and was made chief of the country. One day as he was travelling in his chiefdom he came across his brother in one of the towns of the chiefdom, and in a conversation with him asked what had become of his share of the property. Monegbama in reply said, "I have paid the debts of a man whom I met dead in a distant town. There was nobody to pay his debts

and to bury him, so I paid for him, and with the rest of the money I buried him."

Ngajamalo became angry at what his brother said, and answered, "In time to come you will have nothing for yourself." Monegbama replied to this, "Though you are rich I shall be strong enough to make you pay for your own house in time to come."

Not long afterwards a war broke out between the natives and the English, and in this war Monegbama, the younger brother, became the leader among the natives to save his brother's country. The war lasted for two years, and at the end the only daughter of the king of that nation was captured by Monegbama, and he married her as his wife. He made for themselves a boat and two rings with the names of his wife and himself on each of the rings and on the boat.

One day he and his wife went out to sail. By luck their boat was seen by one of the messengers whom the king had sent out to search for the place where his daughter was, and to find out who captured her. The moment he saw the boat, he went to the King and said, "Sire, I have seen your daughter, and I know the person who captured her and has made her his wife." At these words the king sent rich presents to the person in whose keeping was his daughter, and asked him to come and pay him a visit.

As soon as these presents reached Monegbama, he told his wife that he would go with her to see her father the king. The next morning the husband, the wife and the King's messenger set sail for the town of the King. When they had reached half way the messenger threw the husband overboard and promised the woman that if she told anyone, she too would be killed by him.

As they reached her father's house, he asked her the reason of her husband's refusing his invitation. She did not answer for she was thinking of her beloved husband.

In due time, the man who had been thrown overboard was swimming hard for his life. Luckily he saw a Jinn sitting on the rock in the middle of the sea, and the Jinn said to him, "If I save your life will you give me the first child that you and your wife get?" To this the man agreed, and in a short time he found himself just under the house where his wife and father-in-law lived. When the servant came with a calabash to fetch water for the princess, he dropped his ring in it, and it was carried to the princess unknown to the servant.

As she drank the water, she saw the ring and at once sent for the person that dropped the ring in the calabash. In a short

time he was brought to her, and she directed him to be given new clothes.

That night she slept with him, and he told her all that had happened to him, and how he was transported to her in the night. In the morning he was brought by her to the King, his father-in-law, and when all was set forth, he ordered the messenger to be killed.

A year afterwards a child was born, and when she was six years old, they took her to the bank of a certain river to fulfil her husband's promise to the Jinn. As they reached the bank the man offered his daughter to the Jinn to be killed. "Will you kill your own daughter for me," said the Jinn to the man. "That I will," replied the man; and he was just about to kill her when the Jinn stopped him and said, "Far away in an inland town I was the one whose creditors you paid. You bought cloths, and buried me with them. Therefore when I saw you drowning I changed myself into a Jinn to pay my debt, and now that I have paid my debt, you, your wife and your daughter are free." So the husband, the wife and their daughter went to the King's house where they lived to the end of their days; and the people to whom we are paying taxes are the race of Monegbama, the younger brother of Ngajamalo. On the other hand we are the present race of Ngajamalo, whom his younger brother promised that in time to come, he would ask him to pay for his own houses though his brother was a chief.

A KRIM STORY

MUSAWO AND THE ENVIOUS WOMAN

Long ago a certain rich man had a hundred wives, and it so happened that all of them were pregnant at the same time. All gave birth at the same time except one.

The chief's favourite wife went to him at night and told him that this woman who had remained pregnant for forty years was a witch, and that she should do all the work herself and thereby die of fatigue.

The unhappy woman went one afternoon to get firewood. As she took the axe and began to split the wood she was frightened by the voice of someone. She looked all around but she could not see the person who spoke. Then the voice was heard again, saying, "Cut off your thumb with that axe." As soon as she had done so, she saw a man of perhaps forty years of age, who said

to her, "Fear not, my dear mother, I am your son. Give me the axe that I may get your firewood."

In a very short time he got such a big bundle of firewood that his mother took him to be a devil. He took the bundle and told his mother to walk in front while he followed. They reached the town, and he placed the load in front of his father's house, and greeted his father.

When this envious woman saw this, she grew mad, and her colour was changed from black to white with rage. She besought her husband to find some means by which they could get rid of him. The chief agreed to this, and a plan was made that he should be given a bowl of rice, which should be mixed with the most deadly poison on earth.

I should mention that this man Musawo could communicate with any living creature on earth.

So the mosquito went at once and told Musawo that the chief and the envious woman had formed a plan to poison him by means of his food.

At daybreak his father sent for him. When Musawo arrived, he gave him a bowl of rice to eat. Musawo seated himself and took a handful of the most poisonous part, and said, "It is my custom to give the first handful of any rice I am invited to eat to the son of my father's favourite wife. Just as the boy held out his hands to take it, his mother who had been there all the time, said hastily, "Do not take it, my dear son, it is full of poison." Then Musawo refused to eat the rice because it was full of poison.

She went to the chief the next night and told him that this apparent man intended to murder him, and the best thing possible was to get a bundle of "lalang" grass and hide some fighting men under it, and afterwards tell Musawo to carry it to the other end of the town. The idea was that as soon as Musawo took it, the fighting men should cut him to pieces.

But the mosquito had informed him of their plan. He therefore got a spear, and when he reached the spot, he said aloud, "Let me throw my poisonous spear and kill the snakes that hide underneath." They shouted for mercy, and Musawo forgave them. He then took the grass to where the chief said.

This wicked woman went a third time to the chief, and told him that if he did not try to kill Musawo, the latter would take his place. The chief therefore gave orders to two men to seize Musawo and throw him into the Sewa River. Their plan succeeded, and they carried him to the bank of the river. They left him there,

and went to drink palm wine in the neighbouring village. Luckily a Mandingo came along with five sheep, and he found Musawo in this condition. He was curious to know the reason, and asked him.

Musawo told him that he had been asked to be chief, but he did not like the post, so his father had told the people to carry him in a hamper and crown him. Then the Mandingo asked Musawo if he would agree to take his place, which he very willingly accepted. He took his place, and Musawo went into the world to earn money, and in due time he was crowned chief over a big kingdom.

The two men came back and they threw the Mandingo into the river.

After four years Musawo asked the inhabitants of the country for leave to depart. For his good service he was given a hundred bags of silver and gold and everything that a king ought to possess. He reached his home, and all welcomed him gladly. The next day he called together the chief, the wicked woman, and all the big men of the town. He gave two bags of silver to his father, telling him it was a gift from his father who wanted to see him in the afternoon. He also gave four bags of gold to the wicked woman, and eight bags to the big men of the town. He told them that all their people who were supposed to be dead were living under water and would also like to see them in the afternoon.

So they all made hampers for themselves, and Musawo put them all inside by the afternoon. He then addressed them in these words, "I am sorry to tell you that this is your last day. There is no treasure under the water. I got mine from this wide world."

They all cried for mercy, but all in vain. Instead he made all haste to let down into the water, the wicked woman and the chief before the others.

So ended the lives of the conspirators; and Musawo and his mother lived in great happiness ever after.

Moral. "Too much hatred will end in great sorrow."

A LIMBA STORY

THE SPIDER AGREES TO HATCH THE ALLIGATORS' EGGS.

Once upon a time all the alligators made up their minds to lay their eggs in one special place, the time being the beginning

of the dry season. Every place was nice and dry, and all of them gathered together on the sand-banks near the shore to lay their eggs.

After they had laid their eggs, all of them became weak, and were unable to do any hard work, except to lie down and watch their eggs.

Now when the Spider heard that all the alligators had come together and laid their eggs, he planned a way by which he could eat these eggs without any trouble. So about two days after the eggs had been laid he went to the spot where the alligators were, and found them in deep sleep. Then he told those who were awake to rouse their mates because he had brought a suggestion, which, if they followed, their eggs would be hatched for them in less than a day.

They agreed and woke the rest.

Now Mr. Spider got up and stood in their midst, and said, "My good friends, you have done nobly well for laying so many eggs, but I guess it will take you a very long time and hard work to hatch these eggs, as you are all at present very weak. So I make it a suggestion that you should all give me at least a pound so that I may come to-morrow and suggest means by which I will hatch the eggs in less than a day."

For this suggestion all of them were glad, and they consented to give one pound. Then he took this money and bought a large pot, a tin of palm oil, a bag of salt, pepper and other ingredients. He set out on the appointed day to hatch the eggs. When he reached there he told them to bring all the eggs to him, and then he told them to go out and not come near the house until he opened the door.

When they had gone away he kindled a fire, and set up the big pot, and began to cook the eggs. After he had cooked and eaten all the eggs, except one which he managed to hatch, he called all the alligators to come in front of his hut.

When they had all come he said, "Well, my friends, I have hatched your eggs. To make you feel sure I will show you some of the young ones." Then he entered the hut and brought out the young one he had, and said, "Whose is this fine one?" Then all of them answered in a chorus, "It is mine."

He did this about a dozen times, all the time changing the young alligator from hand to hand. "I am sorry," he said, "I cannot give you your children just now as they have grown so fond of me that they cannot bear to part from me. So I shall

go away in the night, and in the morning come and open the house and share your children between you all."

Early in the morning the alligators went and opened the door, and to their great surprise and sorrow they saw only one child. Then they all sat down, and began to cry for the loss of their eggs.

As they were crying their friend Mr. Hawk came up, and asked them what was the matter. The alligators related their sad story, and begged Mr. Hawk to help them to catch Mr. Spider. Now it happened that Mr. Hawk was also a good friend to Mr. Spider, so the Hawk went to Mr. Spider. The latter told him what he had done to the alligators and called their home "Romonko."

Early one morning, Mr. Hawk went to Mr. Spider and said, "My friend, I have come to teach you how to fly."

"Oh, it is very good," said the Spider, "it is what I have been longing for."

Then the Hawk said, "Get on my back at once so that I may fly with you."

Mr. Spider, little guessing what Mr. Hawk meant, jumped on his back. The Hawk gathered all his strength, and flew with great speed towards Romonko, the home of the alligators.

Alas for Mr. Spider when he at last discovered that the hawk was carrying him to the home of his enemies.

Then Mr. Spider said, "Oh, my good friend Mr. Hawk, do not carry me to Romonko, I beseech you; for Romonko is a place not to be joked with." But Mr. Hawk heedless of Mr. Spider's complaints, flew on until he reached the home of the alligators and delivered Mr. Spider to them.

When Mr. Spider was given to them, they decided to tear him in pieces. Then he said, "Oh, 'To-tear-him' is my uncle's name."

"Well," said the alligators, "let us fry him."

"Ha, Ha," laughed the Spider, "'To-fry-him' is my mother's name."

"Let us burn him, then," said the alligators.

"Ho, Ho, He, He!" laughed again Mr. Spider. "'To-burn-him' is my father's name."

"Well, now, the best thing to do with him is let us tie him in a hamper with some bananas."

At these words Mr. Spider began to cry, knowing quite well all the time that if he was tied in a hamper with ripe bananas

and thrown into the river he would not drown. But he wanted to deceive the alligators, hence he was crying.

"Oh, yah! Oh, yah! I am going to die to-day and leave all my family."

Then they tied him neatly in a hamper with ripe bananas, and threw him into the river.

No sooner was he thrown in than he swam to shore and sat down eating the bananas and throwing the peel at the alligators. When they saw him they tried to seize him with their claws, but never got him. He in his turn cut off their claws and went away. From that time even until now Mr. Spider determined never to bathe again in the river.

A KURANKO STORY

THE LEOPARD AND THE OTHER ANIMALS

Once upon a time there lived in a large forest a leopard which had three young ones. These she found very difficult to feed, so she travelled round the forest in search of prey.

She did this for a long time. None but the wily fox knew that she was the cause of the other animals becoming fewer and fewer, for none knew of her presence.

There arose a great restlessness in the forest, and one day the animals called a general council in order that they might discuss the matter and take prompt action.

The fox as their head and spokesman got up and addressed the assembly, saying that since their homes had been ravaged by their destructive foe the leopard, a plan must be devised and executed in order to put a stop to further destruction.

The fox proposed that they should leave their homes in the forest for new ones.

This they did, and the leopard seeing no other way of getting her prey any more, pretended to be dead in the presence of a deer who happened to be at no great distance.

Before she died, as she pretended to do, she asked the deer to go round and call the other animals telling them that their aunt was near and dying. The deer approached without fear every animal he met and delivered his message.

Soon afterwards all the animals assembled at the spot where the leopard lay and started crying, with the deer as chief mourner.

The noise made by the animals was so great that a person passing even at a great distance could hear. The fox, who came afterwards, did not sit near his companions, but took his seat some little way off. Before, however, going to sit down he examined the condition of the leopard for a long time, and noticing that she was only pretending went yet a little farther back.

During the mourning the deer asked, "Now, comrades, here lies our aunt who used to tear us to pieces with her mighty paws. What do you think should be done with the three cubs?" "Of course," replied the ape, "they will be buried alive." As the deer went very close to the leopard the fox advised they should look and examine her closely and they might observe something; but they paid no heed to him.

Not long afterwards the leopard pounced upon the animals and devoured them. The rest fled into another forest leaving the leopard alone.

The leopard grew very thin, and the cubs nearly died with hunger.

During their flight the animals came to a river. There was no means of crossing it, so the fox and the ape made a boat and passed over all the animals.

There they lived for a long time. One day, however, a deer took the boat and went on the river to fish. As he was fishing the leopard disguised herself by putting on a deer's skin, and as the deer approached the leopard pounced upon him and killed him.

In this way the leopard was able to cross the river with her young ones and devour the other animals. The animals were so much troubled again by the leopard that they were forced to leave their homes again and cross the same river to another place. This time they took good care not to take any deer with them as the deer had been the cause of so much loss to them. The leopard and her cubs lived happily on the deer, and after they were finished the leopards died of hunger,—

"The deer being paid in their own coins."

A TEMNE STORY

THE FOWLS AND THE CATS

Once upon a time the fowls used to be the lords of the cats, and sent out the cats to go in search of food. This food consisted of ants, which were wrapped up in packets and brought before the fowls as spoil.

Of the spoil the fowls as masters took four fifths.

The cats objected to this, and once or twice they tried to rebel, but were cowed by the fowls who said they would burn them with their combs. That is to say they feared that if they rebelled the fowls would burn them, because they believed that the red colour of the fowls' feathers was fire.

It happened that one day the cats' fire had gone out, and so they sent one of the younger ones of the family to beg for fire. When he reached the fowls' house, he found the oldest of the fowls quite drunk and asleep, and the rest away from home.

He tried to wake him, but could not do so and went and told his mother. The mother cat was very angry, and sent the younger cat a second time to beg for fire. The young cat returned with the same news that he was unable to wake the old fowl.

The older cat not satisfied with the young cat's statement, snatched the firestick from the hands of the young cat and made her way to the fowl's house.

She, the mother cat, also found the cock fast asleep, and quite drunk. She took the piece of firewood which she had brought with her and placed it near the fowl's feathers, and blew air on it.

She thought by doing so the fire would transfer itself from the cock's feathers to the firewood.

After several attempts she came to the conclusion that the red colour which was on the comb and on the feathers of the fowls was not fire. She then woke the cock, and told him that they, the cats, were not going to serve the fowls any longer.

The fowl was very angry and promised bad things to her if she spoke again. She told him that they knew now of what the colour of their feathers consisted.

So from that time there has ever been great enmity between the fowls and the cats, and whenever they meet they are sure to fight.

A TEMNE STORY

THE WIDOW AND THE ELEPHANTS

Formerly there lived in a hut on a farm a widow and her son who had never in their life possessed fire.

One day she sent her son to the elephants, who were the only creatures who had fire at that time. She said, "Go and tell the elephants to give me fire."

The boy left his mother and went with the message to the elephants. He travelled far until he came to them. After he had delivered his message the biggest elephant said, "Mind you, our pot is on the fire and there are no stones for the pot to rest on. It is only held by the firesticks, so take care you do not meddle with these sticks which hold the pot up. You may take those by the side."

The boy, being a rascal, did not mind what the elephant said, and took the biggest of the sticks which were chiefly holding up the pot. The pot fell over and all the food was spilled on the ground.

The elephants who were hungry got very angry, and all cried out and wanted to kill the boy. The chief of the elephants, who was also very much annoyed, asked the others to let him go and bring or kill the boy; and they agreed. The boy had already gone far, but the elephant soon overtook him, and was only a short way behind. Seeing that he could not escape by running, the boy looked round for a place to hide in, and seeing near him some bush being brushed by a farmer, he went up to him and said, "Farmer, please hide me in the middle of the bush that you are brushing. The elephant wants to kill me for I have thrown their food on the ground."

The farmer did so, and continued to work very gently so that he should not quickly reach the place where he had hidden the boy. The elephant reached there soon after this, and said, "Farmer, if you do not produce the boy, I will swallow you with all the bush that you are brushing." (i.e. cutting).

The farmer was much afraid of what the elephant said, and he threw the boy far, far away ahead of the elephant. The boy got up, took the fire stick, and after rubbing the dust off his clothes, started running hotly chased by the elephant. The boy was still ahead, and reached a woman who was washing clothes. The boy said to her, "Mother, please hide me between these clothes, the elephant wants to kill me." The woman did so, and when the elephant came he said, "Woman, if you do not give me the boy, I will swallow you with all the clothes, and drink the water after that."

The woman shivered at this speech, and threw the boy a great distance in front of the elephant. The boy got up and wiped the blood off the cuts he had received when he fell. He took his cap and firestick and started running. The elephant, seeing this, chased him again until he came to a place where the boy had

been hidden by a woman cooking rice. He said, "Woman, if you do not give me the boy I will swallow you, the pot you are cooking rice in, and also the house in which you are cooking." The woman fainted at this speech. On recovering she took the boy and threw him far ahead of the elephant. The elephant seeing this, went on following the boy. When the boy got up he went some way and found a musician playing music. He said, "Father, please hide me under your instrument so that you may save me from the elephant." This the man did, and began playing the most charming tune. When the elephant came, he started dancing at first, but when he thought of what the boy had done, and what he had sworn to his companions he would do, he said sternly, "If you do not give me the boy, I will swallow you with your musical instrument." The man said, "You may as well do so for I have no boy to give you." This made the elephant so angry that it first of all tried to swallow the musical instrument. In doing so the instrument stuck fast in his throat, and he died.

The boy got up, took the fire-stick, and thanked the man very much, and went home to his mother with the fire.

NOTE.—To brush a farm = to clear a farm.

A KISI STORY

KPANA'S DREAM

One day a Kisi man took some kernels to go and sell them in a certain town.

On his way he met some of his countrymen, and they walked the whole day together and slept on the road. As they lay sleeping Kpana dreamed.

Just when he lay down, he dreamed a war broke out, and he had to run away to a village. Here he got a wife, who was so jealous that he wished he had never married her.

In that village was a Bundu society in which were twelve girls. Some people went and asked the girls to take husbands as is the custom in this country. Five of them said they wanted Kpana.

Their parents swore not to have anything to do with them again, for they had chosen a poor husband. They told their parents they might do so, but they would not give up Kpana. Kpana was told that the girls were to be taken out of the society in two days' time.

Now every day when he used to visit his traps he used to catch many animals, and when going home a certain rock on the road used to say, "Kpana, bring all those animals here. Let me eat them." Without hesitation he would do so.

On the day appointed his wife went very early in the morning to fish, and came and cooked for the children, who were still happy.

Kpana also went to visit his traps, and this time he caught only a rat. When he was leaving the rock called to him to give it the rat. Kpana said he was not going to give it.

The rock told him if he did not give it, he would kill him. So Kpana gave the rat, and when the stone had finished eating the rat, it told him to take off his clothes.

When he had done so, he was told to close his eyes ; and when he opened them again he saw one million young women, one million young men, all dressed in gold and silver garments. He saw musicians of every sort, and a horn which required four men to carry it, was blown after him. His garments were all made of diamonds ; the hammock was on four men's heads and those men were all of the same height.

He also saw thousands of cows, thousands of goats, pigs, ostriches, and so on. He was told by the rock to sit in the hammock and go with his people to the town, and when he reached it he was to get up and boast, and when he had finished he should tell the forest to fire guns.

When he sat in the hammock the people started to play music, and when the people in the village heard it, they all got up and prepared to run.

Just as he reached the town he sent for his wife, who when she saw him, was almost beside herself for joy. She was then dressed in the most precious garments, and as for the girls in the Bundu they were sent twenty cows to eat. Every girl in the society wanted to marry Kpana now ; but he refused them all.

One day as he was in the middle of enjoyment in the dream, one of his companions, with whom he was carrying kernels, woke him up. When he was awake, he was so furious that he scattered all the kernels, but afterwards he gathered them up and carried them to the town, where he sold them for four shillings instead of six shillings, because the bushel was not full.

Of that sum he paid a debt of three shillings. With the shilling he bought a small bag of salt. On reaching a river the bag fell into the water, and before he could recover it, it had all dissolved.

He died in that same year of a broken heart.

(This story reminds one of that of the Barber's fifth brother in the "Arabian Nights.")

A KISI STORY

THE SPIDER AND HIS WIFE

Once upon a time Mr. Spider and his wife made a farm, and the time came for sowing the rice; and as they were sowing the rice Mr. Spider's wife became pregnant. So he told his wife to go down the hill and sow the rice there. In addition the spider made a proposal to the effect that when their children cooked the food for breakfast, the person who reached the farm hut first *should eat all the food.*

The reason why Mr. Spider said this was that the woman was pregnant and so could not run as fast as he could.

This went on for some days, when Mrs. Spider got tired of it and went to a Mohammedan priest to give her some medicine. This man took pity on the woman, and gave her some medicine, which when placed on the stumps of trees which usually helped Mr. Spider to climb the hill quickly, would throw him down the hill back to the place he was working at.

The woman was very glad, and thanked the man and took the medicine, and put it on top of all the stumps in the farm.

Early next morning, Mr. Spider went to see his traps, when by good luck he found a pig in one of them. He was so pleased that he did not trouble to set them again, thinking that he was going to eat the pig alone. So he went and bought a bushel of rice and ordered his children to cook all, not knowing what was going to happen.

Not long after they heard one of their children call for breakfast. Mr. Spider wasted no time but ran fast up the hill trying to catch hold of the stumps to help him to climb, but found himself at the bottom of the hill, while his wife walked up more slowly than ever.

Thinking that his wife did not want food because her belly was big, Mr. Spider started to run again. He caught hold of one of the stumps and instead of its helping him, he found himself immediately at the bottom of the hill again. In the meantime his wife was now nearly at the top of the hill where the farm hut was, and again Mr. Spider started to run. This time he reached

just to the door of the hut, when he forgot and caught hold of the stump near him, and that moment instead of being inside the hut found himself once more at the bottom of the hill.

So his wife went in and ate all the rice together with all the pig, and then went down again to work, quite satisfied.

This happened for three days, when Mr. Spider went to the same Mohammedan priest, and asked him to show him what was the cause of these happenings. In reply the priest told him that unless he asked his wife for forgiveness the same thing would continue to happen for many years to come.

So Mr. Spider begged his wife for forgiveness, and the woman agreed, and they lived happily ever after.

A SULIMA (SUSU) STORY

THE TWINS

Once upon a time there were two twins who lived in a far off country and had neither father nor mother. Being left by themselves in a state of poverty, and having neither food nor clothing, they agreed to go out into the world to seek their living, and promised to be faithful to one another.

So they set out on their journey ; but they had not gone far when one of the brothers asked how they were to get their living. The other said he could perform some magic, by means of which he could change himself into a horse, and the brother could sell the horse and thereby get money enough to satisfy them both. This horse was supposed only to stay three months with any purchaser, at the end of which time the horse would die and the brother resume his ordinary form.

This they did several times, and gained much money. But they were not satisfied with such gains, and desired to increase them. So this horse was again sold to a man, who on receiving the horse, said that if it died it was to be brought to him. At the end of three months the horse died and was taken to the purchaser to see what he could do with it. The owner then dug a grave, and buried the horse, and at the same time ordered the men to watch the grave, and he himself set a chair close to the grave to watch, and further ordered them to kill anything they saw.

After a time ants appeared on the surface, and they were all killed by the men. They had nearly killed them all when one appeared on the surface which held the boy's life, and unnoticed

by all the men changed itself into a dove and flew away. Fast followed the purchaser, changing into a hawk, in pursuit. The dove came to a farm, where it found a woman pounding rice, and it dropped under the woman like a shilling, and the woman picked it up. The hawk in pursuit changed itself into a musician and started to play music in order that the woman might give him the shilling. It was through hard begging that he got the shilling from the woman. When the musician had got the shilling he put it in his pocket, but was careless and let his pocket open, and the shilling fell to the ground in a hundred grains of corn. The musician changed himself into a hen and began to peck up the grains. The hen was just finishing when the last grain changed itself into a fox and ate up the hen, and the boy then got his usual form back and was at liberty.

The brother was so very glad to see him safe again that he embraced him with much joy. They then enjoyed the wealth they had gained, and lived happily afterwards ; but promised never again to undergo such perilous tasks.

CHAPTER XXVII

BOTANICAL NOTES

THE vegetation of Sierra Leone is divided into three classes. Of these one is that of the low lying land on the sea-board. Far away in the interior is the savannah country, and between the two are the remains of what once was dense forest, and this area is being encroached upon by the savannah type of vegetation.

The seaboard vegetation is a very narrow strip, and gives way to the dense forest type of vegetation wherever there is high ground.

The type of the principal importance is the dense forest type as on this the economic wealth of the colony depends, but as will be seen it is more for the land that it occupies than it now has value, its intrinsic value having passed away. This is the region of the great timber trees, of the same species as are found in the yet undestroyed forest of the Gold Coast, and which extend with variations as far as the great Congo forest. It contains trees affording valuable woods for joinery; trees bearing a variety of fruits producing seeds containing a high proportion of useful oils; and trees producing a variety of dyes. Where the forest is still uncut its density prevents the growth of smaller plants, since the sun never penetrates to the ground. It flourishes best on hilly and rocky ground, and can grow neither on swamp land, nor can it withstand fire introduced by human agency. Accordingly it may be said to be a delicate growth.

Its principal enemy is man. The two cannot live together, and all over tropical Africa one sees it going down before the attacks of its enemy, and only able to restore itself when by the agency of man again the population of the country is decreased or entirely destroyed.

Above all it depends on an abundant rainfall, which rainfall tends to decrease in proportion as man destroys it, thus rendering the remaining forest increasingly less resistant.

In parts of Africa, where there still remains a vast untouched forest area, the rapid destruction that is going on is not immediately

apparent to those who do not study critically the forest borders. Sierra Leone, however, furnishes a useful object lesson. As late as seventy years ago timber was a principal article of export from all that region well furnished with waterways in the shape of the Scarcies and Rokelle rivers with their branches. Now one might walk up and down the country for days looking for a fair sized tree. Not only have the big trees gone, but the younger ones are no older than ten years' growth at a maximum, at which period they are burnt to prepare the land for a farm. All one can find are inferior trees along the river banks.

In former times there was a great forest area south of the railway line that runs due east from Freetown direct to the Liberian border. Now there is scarcely a vestige left until the Liberian border is actually reached, but in travelling south from the railway to the sea one skirts the edge of the Gola forest, insignificant in reality, but seemingly large in this country. Whatever it may be on the Liberian side, as regards the small part that oversteps the frontier, it is not noted for the size of its trees. I am, therefore, inclined to think that this western part of the Gola forest is mostly of recent growth, which growth became possible through the depopulation of the country in the last three centuries as a result of the slave trade, which was in former days very flourishing here. Incidentally the Spaniards were the principal agents by sea, and the Vai by land, and the latter are still one of the tribes of West Africa that at the present day carry on this trade actively. They are the sole purely Mohammedan tribe on the seaboard, and naturally to them pagans only exist to be enslaved. There is every indication that the bulk of the forest here is of recent growth and expansion.

North of the railway one sees survivals of the forest in places. These are mostly the hilly spurs of the high plateau of Kuranko and Konno, where the steepness of the ground has deterred the population from making farms. Along the rivers too a narrow margin manages usually to survive, affording a small but adequate supply of timber to the inhabitants of the grass country to whom the grass land timber is not of a useful kind.

In the course of my travels through the country I almost invariably found a total indifference to the value of forest. It was merely regarded as an obstacle to the cultivation of the rich soil beneath it. I learned frequently that when a present chief's grandfather founded the town there was dense forest all about, there being now perhaps not a single tree. One chief laughed

and said it was a matter of indifference to him whether his children found the soil exhausted or not. They could go elsewhere and search for farm land. This was really the attitude of all the chiefs in the country, though they did not say so as plainly. Still one cannot blame them when one hears of just the same thing in the older provinces of Canada.

I always think that one of the things that strikes one most in the vegetable world is the unceasing warfare that ever goes on between genus and genus, species and species, and between individuals of the same species, all fighting for the right to live. This warfare divides itself into two kinds, each operating in a different sphere. Each tries to get its roots lower into the ground than the other in order to hold the receding water, or it tries to get its head higher than the others in order to reach the equally necessary rays of the sun. If one falls out in the struggle a host of enemies rush in for the vacant place. The fall of a great forest giant lets in a column of sunlight down to the ground, and for a brief spell herbs make a strong show until a waiting young giant shoots himself up and shuts down all smaller than himself.

There is no right in the vegetable world. It is only might that prevails.

One may go into a vast area of dense forest with its great buttressed trees. They spread wide on the ground, but have only very shallow roots. The surface of the ground is clear of everything but the tall columns of the trees, often a hundred feet without a branch, though at the present day no longer so in Sierra Leone. A man enters to make a clearing. Fire is his agency applied to the base of the big trees. In a few months of the dry season there is a space of half a dozen acres piled up with fallen giants, with a few still standing. Still the fire continues its work, until between the great trunks there is space to plant the crop desired. It will be many years before the forest trees finally rot away so great is their bulk. Among the ruins of the forest one may note mahogany trees (*Khaya* sp.); the *Cedrelaceæ* which are a softer sort of mahogany called cedars; the *Antiaris* (*Vaowui* in Mende) formerly used to supply bark cloth; the *Fawe* () with its very small leaflets and long wooden beans the husks of which are burnt to make soap; the *Hewi* with its scented bark; the red camwood; gumcopal (*Kobe*); rubber producing trees including the *Boboe* (*Funtumia*); the *Bune* with its large scarlet follicles; *Baji* used to make mortars for pounding grain and also a yellow dye; the *Semi* used for making drums; the *Kendi* tree

PLATE VIII



A BUSH BRIDGE



PORO IMAGE AT GBANGBATUK

with its lob sided leaf; the Kundi tree growing on the borders of swamps, with prop roots and of which the hard red timber is very suitable for bridge building; the Kola tree, the nuts of which are a valuable article of export; the Solokpoi a tall straight umbrella tree: this is to mention only a very few, and to them may be added among vines the jenje (*Landolphia*), the rubber vine.

When these trees have fallen, and by the time the crop has matured, there begins to appear as if from nowhere a tree which promptly annexes all the ground to itself. It is the *Musanga Smithii* (*Urticaceæ*), with its prop roots, hollow soft wood stem and umbrella top which grows up with indescribable rapidity. Not a tree of this species may be nearer than a hundred miles. You cannot trace it struggling year after year on the ground waiting to spring up. It is non-existent. Yet cut a gap in the forest and it fills the gap completely. This mystery tree, however, does not last long. Perhaps in ten years it will be fifty feet high. It has done its duty to protect the soil as yet unaccustomed to the direct sun's rays, and gradually more normal life takes its place.

When the forest has been completely cut down a medley of small stuff grows up, and this is regularly cut and burnt for the preparation of farms. It is in this growth that the oil palm (*Elais guineensis*) of a number of varieties grows; and this is called the secondary forest. Among trees common to the secondary forest may be mentioned a ficus that climbs palms and other trees and eventually chokes the life out of them and grows in their place; the Mambui with black velvety edible fruits, with another variety in the grass land; and great silk cotton trees which furnish the Kapok of commerce. The palm trees, however, were in the world before the forest trees, but were surviving quietly all through the forest age, not among the forest trees but in the more jungly growth along the streams. In recent years, when there has arisen such a demand for the two oils that this tree produces, one from the pericarp of the red fruit, the other from the kernel, its growth has been encouraged, till in parts of Sierra Leone the land appears to be covered by one huge forest of the trees, which in old age shed their lower fronds and stand up straight and tall with a top more or less spherical when viewed from a distance. The palm is equally at home on a mountain side as on low lying ground, but will not grow in water. A third use of the tree is to produce the well known palm wine.

The coco-nut is a tree of recent introduction into West Africa, and very recent in Sierra Leone. It prefers sandy soil, and will

grow on the sand of the sea shore ; and there is of course the ancient legend attached to it that will be recalled by the reader, that is, it will not grow beyond the sound of human voices. This legend which I did not, however, find again in this colony, is merely an attempt to explain a well known fact.

Other trees of the order of palms are found in the swamps that fill the bottoms of the valleys. The commonest is that called Kere in Mende (*Phoenix reclinata*). It never grows high, but is very useful for thatching and for mat making, and in the coastal region it is used to make piassava being mixed with the *Raphia* which produces the original article.

The *Raphia vinifera* (Nduvui), the " Bamboo " palm, is so named because a palm wine is made from it, but the principal local use is for building with, other varieties of *raphia* being also used. The very long straight fronds make the rafters. The leaves are stripped and bent double over two light sticks and pinned together and so make mats like tiles for roofing. The fronds are soaked in water and from them is made the genuine piassava of commerce. (Kaje).

Other palms are the climbing *calamus* (Kavui) with its great hooks along its branches ; the bamboo, a light variety, on the southern part of the eastern frontier in small quantities, but plentiful in the far north up the hills ; and, in the swamps the screw pine (*Pambe*) with its prop roots, and pine-apple like fruit, but not very common.

If one looks for ferns one will see them in profusion on the road side and on the banks of streams, but they are not in such great variety as they are in Gaboon to quote one region I know. The stag-horn grows on the great silk-cotton trees (*Bombaces*) and on other trees more rarely ; and in Kissi country are to be seen also rarely, tree ferns of the species of *Cyathea* (? *mannii*). Bracken is seldom found in the forest region but is very common in the grass land.

It is no uncommon thing to see a small forest round towns and villages, when there is none surviving anywhere else. Chief among the trees is the kola. Orange trees will be there too farther inland, and are mentioned by Finch in 1625. The *Bombaces* rear themselves above all the others covering much ground with their enormous buttresses. The origin of thick timber growth round a town was defensive purposes. The old stockades have taken root, and one may trace the lines of them in the big trees at the present day.

It is often said that there are no flowers in West Africa, by which is meant flowering plants, but this is a great mistake. That they are mostly scentless is a fact, and so they are not agreeable for ornamental purposes. They spring up in great profusion in farmland as soon as the crop is cut, and the land is beginning to lie fallow. For sweet scented flowers one must look rather to the trees and especially shrubs.

Among flowering or other interesting plants may be mentioned the yellow coreopsis, the canna lily, the *Bryophyllum* (*Crassulaceæ*) the leaf of which will sprout, the *Tetracera potatoria* (*Dilleniaceæ*), a water producing plant, the *Anchomanes arum* and a few species of water lilies.

Orchids are neither numerous nor generally striking. Of ground orchids one may see, but it is rare, the tall and fine flowered *Lissochilus*, while tree orchids are confined to a few varieties of *Angræcum* and of *Listrostachys*. Another epiphyte is the *Loranthus* of two or three varieties. This is very common, its great growth and weight often bending down the tree it has adopted as its own.

This is a brief account of the dense forest, or to be more precise as regards Sierra Leone, the secondary forest.

The forest region ends abruptly and the grassland comes up to its very edge. The transition from one vegetable world to another is a matter of a couple of steps. You leave the dark glade and are immediately in the full glare of the sun with grass all around you except behind where is the tall dark forest you have just stepped out of. Here is now a drier climate, and less rainfall, and fire resisting trees which are usually called the savannah type of tree. There is no intermediate stage. As far as the fire of the annually burnt grass reaches, there reach also the savannah type trees ; and there cease equally abruptly before them the trees of the dense forest type.

The difference in the appearance of the two types of tree is very conspicuous. The savannah tree usually grows up alone as so many young ones succumb to the fire, and so a number of them have wide spreading foliage, among which may be mentioned the *Azelia africana*, which stands out like a fine English oak, and has a red wood of the hardest. Nevertheless the majority of the trees are very twisted and gnarled, though the length of time they are in the fire is perhaps no more than a quarter of an hour per annum. Then all the leaves frizzle and come down, and the country side is a black wilderness with not a few trees left smouldering and which

show up brilliantly at night. In a very few days without waiting for a shower of rain, which would be really a tornado, a green carpet spreads itself on the ground, and buds appear on the trees, which in a few days more are covered with a delicate green foliage.

Besides the *Afzelia*, another common tree with a hard wood and conspicuous from its tall and narrow foliage is the *Lophira*, with long strap like leaves, a variety of which grows in the forest region. Another tree has a standard stem and an umbrella like canopy of digitate leaves, and has a thicker and more cork-like bark than any other in the savannah. The well known baobab, with its enormously thick pulp wood body out of all proportion to its foliage, is rare, and I only saw it in one or two towns in the extreme north, where it had been planted. Being a tree with an edible fruit, and the bark making a rope, its propagation and extension is almost entirely by human agency. The tall Fan palm, the *Borassus*, is also rather uncommon.

In the grassland grows the Poni or guinea grain plant, the grains of which in former days were in much demand by Europe as a spice.

Having mentioned tobacco frequently in the preceding chapters I may state that in this country as in the Congo region the tobacco does not grow on the coast but only far inland. It is without doubt indigenous, and Finch, writing in 1625, refers to tobacco as being then used to smoke in Sierra Leone, and gives no hint that it was a new practice. Possibly its use as snuff is older.

The savannah country, or grass land, is where the European is most at home. The dense forest is no place for him to reside in. His brain must eventually give way under its overpowering sombreness. In the grassland are long-distance views, and except when the grass is at its highest a man can wander where he will, and antelope and other animals of the chase seen among the well spaced trees carry an interest never to be had in the dense forest region. Hence the savannah bush is also called the park land or orchard bush. Only those who have travelled months on end in the forest know the joy of coming out into a park like region where the sun shines. Yet on the other hand those who have travelled long in the dusty shadeless grassland without water often think fondly of the cool and shady forest glades with a stream every mile. Nevertheless though it be agreeable to walk in, it is certainly not so as a permanent residence.

Leaving now the grass land, we pass through the remnants of the once dense forest, and arrive on the sea board. From the typical narrow belt of vegetation that fringes the coast the forest on the 2,000 feet high Sierra Leone mountains must be excluded. Just as Mt. Cameroons has given its name to a vast territory behind, so have the mountains of Sierra Leone given their name to the whole British Colony. There is still a great deal of forest on these mountains, especially as in quite recent years steps have been taken to preserve it. The great reservoirs of the water supply of Freetown are up there, and it is imperative that no cutting nor burning be allowed. As it is, the rainfall of Freetown has during the period that records have been kept, shown a great diminution, and this is no doubt due to the destruction of the trees inland.

The principal tree of the seaboard is of course the mangrove. It supplies a timber useful for building purposes or for piles for piers, etc. ; but since it has been found that the mangrove mud is good soil for rice growing, the mangroves are being rapidly cleared. On the sand of the beach down to the very water grows a fleshy leafed creeper with a convolvulus like flower, and perhaps a border of coarse sand binding grass, and then over the fringing lagoons and back behind the mangroves is the vegetation peculiar to the sea-board. Scattered all along are "grass-fields," usually flooded in the rainy season, and bordered by small trees and thick vegetation growing in depressions, which except at the end of the dry season are flooded creeks. These grass patches are just like fields surrounded by hedges in England, hence their name. The grass itself differs from that of the savannah country being a fine soft kind, and like the other is annually burnt by the natives.

There is one principal tree, and often the only kind seen growing in the middle of these "fields." It looks like an apple tree and is called Kise, in Mende, its botanical name being *Parinarium macrophyllum* (Rosaceæ). Mango trees are common at all the villages. Oil palms only grow in small patches of bush on the higher plots of ground where the water does not reach.

As to the edible plants of the colony, or those of economic value, the principal article of food is rice which I have mentioned in several places above. The next chief crop is cassada. Sweet potatoes are common, yams are few, and coco-yams (*colocasia*) are grown a little. Millet and guinea corn are grown more than maize, and a very common intermediate crop, grown less in Mende

country than elsewhere, is Fundi (*Digitaria exilis*), a small grain called in the English of the country "Hungry Rice."

Pumpkins, garden eggs, okros, pine-apples, benni-seed, ground-nuts, bananas, plantains, tobacco, onions, are among the other edible plants that are cultivated.

Cocoa and coffee grow in small quantities in the southern part of the colony, and ginger has firmly established itself round about Moyamba.

Cotton has long been established in the country. It is of three kinds, called in Mende, Fande-wai, the straw coloured cotton; Ndulu-fande, the red-brown cotton; and, Kwande the white cotton. Foreign cotton has been introduced with results so far disappointing as I mention in the course of this book.

I have in this chapter only attempted a general survey of the plant life of the colony. Details of plants as I met them I have given in the narrative.

These are some of the various kinds of rice grown in Mende and Sherbro countries. The two forms of the Mende word given are the indefinite and the definite, the latter being that used when the name is stated alone.

Mba, mbei.	Rice generally.
Mba-gala, mba-galei.	Rice grain, or seed.
Mba-wu, mba-wui.	Rice head or ear.
Aiyetome.	Swamp rice in Sherbro.
Bongo, bongoe.	Red rice. Short thick grain. First planted in mud in Sherbro. In Mende sown direct.
Bolo-gutui.	Grows in Sherbro.
Demeyenga wuloi.	A northern rice.
Fase, fasi.	Tasteless. Grows slowly.
Fili-bei.	Grows in Sherbro.
Gobe.	? American by origin. Grown in swamps in Sherbro, on hills in Mende.
Goro-feli.	Red. Long haired (like an ape). Abundant in Sherbro, but scarce in Mende, being new.
Jobo, Joboi.	? a bluish rice, with long grain and fine flavour.
Jonge.	Second seeding.
Kokovaya, kokovayei.	Red. Several heads to one stalk. Grows everywhere.

Meka, mekei.	Red. Slow growing.
Marra, marrai.	Black. Long grain. A very common hill rice.
Pave.	Tasteless rice. Sherbro.
Pende or pindi.	An early rice. Short.
Sana, sanai.	? nature.
Sanganya, sanganyei.	Red. Ripens slowly.
Nja-gbati.	Swamp rice in Sherbro.
Tupu-bongo, tupu-bongoi.	Strongly striped. (Tupui=puff adder).
Vubate or Bagibei.	Plentiful grain in the ear. ? Sherbro.
Wuja-wulo, wuja-wuloi.	Small grain. Grows quickly.
Yake.	Swamp rice in Mende.
Yepekanga.	Grows in Sherbro.

NOTE.—The term "dense forest" is I gather from recent publications more usually called now "rain forest."

APPENDIX I

SPECIMENS OF

LANGUAGES SPOKEN IN SIERRA LEONE

OR NEIGHBOURHOOD

THE following special signs are used :—

- e = er, (soft(r).
 o = or, aw (soft r).
 ~ = nasalisation.
 — = long vowel.
 ˘ = short vowel.
 .. = trema.

MENDE

- | | |
|--------------------|--------------|
| 1 yila, yira, ita. | 6 wɔita. |
| 2 fele, fcre. | 7 wɔfela. |
| 3 sawa. | 8 wayakpa. |
| 4 nani. | 9 tau, tawu. |
| 5 lolu. | 10 pu. |

LOKO

- | | |
|------------------|-------------------------|
| 1 ila, ira, ida. | 6 ngwɔhita. |
| 2 fele. | 7 ngɔfera. |
| 3 sawa. | 8 ngosawakpa, ngosagba. |
| 4 nai. | 9 karabu. |
| 5 ndowo, lo, do. | 10 kapu. |

KONNO

- | | |
|-------------------|------------|
| 1 njiri, njiring. | 6 woro. |
| 2 fela. | 7 wɔfela. |
| 3 sawa. | 8 sei. |
| 4 nani. | 9 kononto. |
| 5 dulu, lulu. | 10 tan. |

VAI

- | | |
|-----------------|----------------------|
| 1 Dondo, lonlo. | 6 sundondo, solano. |
| 2 fera, fela. | 7 sunfera, sofera. |
| 3 sakpa, sagba. | 8 sunsagba, sosakpa. |
| 4 nani. | 9 sunnani, sonani. |
| 5 soru, solu. | 10 tan, tɔn. |

GBANDI IN LIBERIA

1 hita.	6 woita.
2 fele.	7 ngofera.
3 sawa.	8 ngohakpa.
4 nani.	9 tau.
5 dglu.	10 pu.

KPWESI (GBERESE) OR GBELI IN LIBERIA

1 tong.	6 maida.
2 fera.	7 maifire.
3 sawa.	8 maisawa.
4 nani.	9 mainang.
5 dglu.	10 pu.

BUZI IN LIBERIA

1 gla.	6 doseta.
2 felego.	7 dofera.
3 saago.	8 dosawa.
4 nane.	9 ta'u.
5 doluo.	10 pu.

KURANKO

1 kiling.	6 woro.
2 filla.	7 worongla.
3 sawa.	8 segi.
4 nani.	9 konondo.
5 loli.	10 tang.

SUSU

1 keren.	6 senni.
2 firing.	7 solo-fere.
3 sakhan.	8 solo-masakhan.
4 nani.	9 solo-manani.
5 suli.	10 fu.

KONIAKA (CALLED KOMMENDI IN SIERRA LEONE)

1 kele.	6 wolo.
2 fila.	7 womvia.
3 saba.	8 sei.
4 nani.	9 kono.
5 lolu.	10 tan.

TEMNE

1 pin.	6 t'amat ro kin.
2 parang.	7 t'amat de rang.
3 pasas.	8 t'amat re sas.
4 pangle.	9 t'amat ro ng'angle.
5 t'amat'.	10 t'ofat'.

BULLOM (AND SHERBRO)

1 bul.	6 membul.
2 t'ing.	7 ment'ing.
3 ra.	8 menra.
4 hiol.	9 menhiol.
5 men.	10 wang.

KRIM

1 mq.	6 nuenmo.
2 ayeng, ar'ing, niring.	7 nuen ar'ing.
3 ara, ningra.	8 nuen-ara.
4 ahliol, nihiol.	9 nuen-hiol.
5 anueng, nenueng.	10 wan.

KISSI

1 pele.	6 ng'ampum.
2 muu.	7 ng'ameou.
3 ng'a.	8 ng'omaa.
4 hiolu.	9 ng'omahiolu.
5 ng'oenu.	10 tq.

GOLA, OR GULA

1 kun, gun.	6 digu, diegun.
2 tie.	7 detie.
3 ta, tae.	8 eta, detae.
4 tina.	9 etina, detina.
5 nono.	10 izia, zia.

LIMBA

1 funti.	6 (ta) sohunte.
2 tai.	7 (ta) sontai.
3 t'at'at.	8 (ta) sont'at'at.
4 tanno.	9 (ta) sontano.
5 tasohi.	10 kof, kphi.

LIMBA, WARRA-WARRA DIALECT

1 nti.	6 kasohante.
2 kai.	7 kasonkale.
3 kal'at.	8 kasont'at'at.
4 kana.	9 kasonkana.
5 tasqhe.	10 kqhe.

OTHER NAMES

Mende.	Huro or Wuro by Vai. Kosso formerly by Creoles.
Vai.	Karo by Mende.
Bullom, Western	Sherbro generally.
Bullom.	Bomo by Mende, Mampa by Temne.
GqLA.	Gula by Mende.
Kissi.	Gi'i by Mende.

VAI NUMERALS WRITTEN IN VAI CHARACTERS

1	ᵇ ʋᵇ ᵇ
2	ᵇ 11=
3	ᵇ Δ
4	I ᵇ
5	πππ 11 10
6	πππ ʋᵇ ᵇ ᵇ
7	πππ ʋᵇ ᵇ 11=
8	πππ ʋᵇ ᵇ Δ
9	πππ ʋᵇ I ᵇ
10	π ʋᵇ

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